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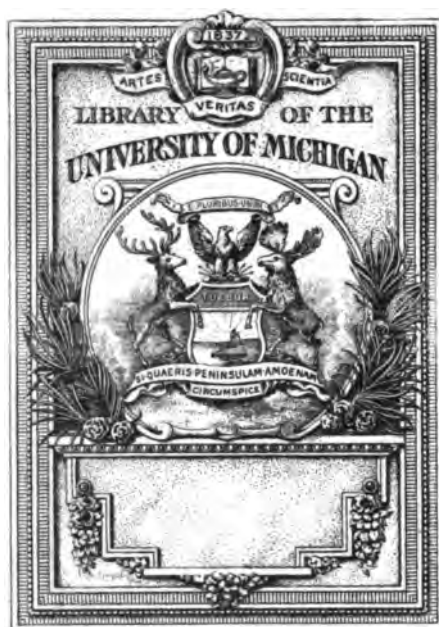
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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XIX.

MARCH, 1904—AUGUST, 1904

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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THE BOOKMAN

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

It is with pleasure that THE BOOKMAN announces the accession to its permanent editorial staff of Professor Frank Moore Colby, who is already so well and so favourably known to all our readers by his special contributions during the past three years.

An Announcement

In this issue of THE BOOKMAN we are printing the first of a series of articles which we believe will prove not only entertaining, but also of real value to all who are interested in careers of activity and enterprise. This series deals with the various sides of a great daily newspaper and its relations to contemporary life. The first paper, telling of the War Correspondent,—who he is, what he does, and how he does it,—is of particular interest now that all the big war men of the American and European press are gathered in the Far East watching the progress of events. The subject of the second paper of this series will be The Newspaper and Wall Street. It will aim to show how the finance of the country is "covered" and will discuss the question of the venality of the press. It will describe how the news of the money world is gathered, and how the newspaper handles its forces on the day of a great panic, and it will tell of the intimate personal side of the men who are being spoken of as "Captains of Industry." This article is from the pen of Mr. Edwin Lefevre, whose volume of tales, *Wall Street Stories*, was so much discussed at the time of its publication two

years ago. Other papers in the series will treat of the Newspaper and Politics, of the European Correspondent, of the City Editor, of the Reporter, of the exploitation of special features. The final paper, on the Policy of the American Newspaper, will be written by Professor Harry Thurston Peck.

We have just seen a French translation of one of Mr. Roosevelt's books, and in casually running through it, we came upon a most delightful thing. Mr. Roosevelt had quoted the famous remark of Senator Ingalls to the effect that "In politics, the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are an iridescent dream." To this quotation the French translator felt it necessary to append an explanatory foot-note which reads as follows:

"The Golden Rule: One of the aphorisms ascribed to Pythagoras."

A superb example of British self-sufficiency has lately been given to the world by the editor of the London *Athenæum*. That personage, in speaking of the American skyscrapers erected in our cities, casually remarked that in the United States these buildings are generally known as "flat-irons." Whereupon Mr. Joseph B. Gilder wrote a courteous letter to the *Athenæum*, pointing out that the term "flat-iron" is not the name of tall buildings in

The Golden Rule in France

The Omniscient Briton

general, but is applied to one particular building in New York because of its peculiar shape. As Mr. Gilder is an American and a New Yorker, it might have been assumed that he spoke with adequate knowledge. But no, the British editor loftily waved the explanation aside, and observed that while some of these buildings might be of a peculiar shape, this fact was unimportant, and that all high buildings constructed with a steel or iron framework are invariably spoken of by Americans as "flatirons." How did he know this? Simply because he was a Briton and had therefore inherited omniscience as a racial birthright.

✱

Several years ago, we happened to be dining at a Continental *table d'hôte* and found ourself seated next to an Englishman who turned out to be a member of Parliament, and a very genial, unaffected gentleman. Like many of his countrymen when they are out of England, he put aside his national reserve and chatted pleasantly of many things. At last he spoke of the visit of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery to London, and happened to mention the State from which they came and which he pronounced "Massakussitts." A moment later, he commented on the odd names of some of our States; and so we ventured to inform him of the proper pronunciation of Massachusetts. We shall never forget the look of bland incredulity which flitted across his face. "Oh, but you know," said he, "that *ch* is pronounced like *k*." Rather absurdly we grew a little hot under the collar, and replied that this was precisely what we didn't know; that we had lived in various parts of the State of Massachusetts and had never once heard any human being call it "Massakussitts." But we might just as well have whistled up the chimney. The Englishman smiled in a deprecatory way as of one who did not wish to engage in controversy; but his conviction that he was absolutely right was as impregnable as Gibraltar. Was he not a Briton and therefore always and unchangeably infallible? In like manner, most of his countrymen when they speak of the Potomac, call it Pot-omac with the accent on the first syllable; and they explain obligingly that the word is from the Greek noun *potamos*. It is not for us to

tell them that it is really of Indian origin. They know better, for they are Britons. There is a certain importance in this trait of theirs, for it explains just why it is that Great Britain is gradually falling behind in the rivalry of nations. The same self-complacency which makes them impervious to special information about the pronunciation of a foreign word, makes them equally impervious to the lessons which other countries could teach them in much greater things. They are absolutely satisfied with what they have and what they are; and the result is that the United States and also Germany are outstripping Britain in every sort of enterprise and industry. The attitude of the editor of the *Athenæum* is therefore much more than an amusing piece of British *morgue*. It holds in itself the explanation of the gradual decline of a great world-empire.

✱

Kind words for editors have been the rule of late. It may be that Leslie

Stephen's touching account of his work on the *Dictionary of Biography* has started the wave of

compassion, or it may be that fewer manuscripts than usual have been returned. At all events, in the columns of this magazine and elsewhere it has been said, and we think proven, that the editor is no monster, and some have gone so far as to credit him with good intentions, decent manners and a rough notion of what he wants. It is, however, a false peace, due solely to the animal spirits of a few happy contributors, meaning no more than if an inebriated charity worker were to toss a dollar to a tramp. The relation between editor and contributor is one of the "imperfect affinities" described by Charles Lamb. There are periodicals professedly founded on mutual love, but they are like those boarding-houses which landladies advertise as "all one family"—to be avoided by any boarder who can climb a tree. Mr. Bliss Perry in a recent essay on the analogy of boarding-houses to magazines has said that as the landlady of the *Atlantic Monthly* he does not particularly like some of the dishes he serves. He thinks that would be too much to expect of any caterer and mentions a number of talented editors who in bringing

contributors and readers together suppress their private tastes. He might have added that the relation of caterer to green grocer, of editor to contributor, is apt to be cold-blooded. And it is well known to all who have read and boarded that geniality is injurious alike to editors and landladies, and that taking their work as a whole it needs more criticism than it receives. They lie becalmed on the habits of their majority, and they need a blast from the discontented to make them go.



Editors complain of abusive letters and unreasonable demands. Landladies tell you of vipers nourished at a table that, if anything, is far too good. For all that, the honest grumbler is the ally of progress and the friend of man. Boarding up and down the world this many a year, worn to the bone with table-talk, a veteran of countless boarding-house engagements and contentious meals, we have learned that the comfort of the many hangs on the fury of the few. The wrath of the party in the third floor front, hideous though it be, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb in the back parlour. The malcontent shakes his fist, and the beds of the meek are made in the morning. Towels and food and heat are no mere products of the arts of peace. They are wrung by the fear of insurrection. It is the voice of Rienzi in his bath-robe, the oratory of some hall-room Hampden, that brings these things to pass. So it is with printed matter, whether it be a magazine or a Dictionary of Biography. It is absurd to say an editor knows his business. Editors, landladies and kings never know their business, but the Wat Tylers of criticism help them to learn. That is the main point in the boarding-house analogy and Mr. Perry left it out. Editors are far too sheltered as a class. Only a small fraction of the large volume of instructive denunciation and ridicule ever reaches them. An explosive or sarcastic reader relieves his feelings in private conversation, and that is as far as it goes. Time and again on talking with editors you find them strangely unconscious of opprobrium. With certain editors it is unsafe to take it for granted that they know what the joke is against themselves. They would not even wink at a brother augur. The critics of Mr.

Stephen's great work were often utterly unreasonable. No doubt he had ten letters blaming him for an error in a day of the week to one that caught him in a glaring misinterpretation of a man's whole work. No doubt he was deluged with complaints to the effect that Brown received two columns, and Jones, incomparably the greater, only one, while Smith, the ineffable, the peerless, was actually left out altogether. Nevertheless, no work of that class was ever done in a sluggard's heaven of acquiescence, and had it not been for the sense of a lively, captious and watchful few even Mr. Stephen would have sometimes slept. No public-spirited citizen should ever lose a chance to prick an editor or write a letter about rapid transit and crowded trains.



In the last four issues of the **BOOKMAN** a number of well-known authors have replied most courteously to our request for a statement of their opinion as to the fairness, honesty and efficiency of their reviewers. It is a favourable opinion on the whole. It would seem that the reviewer generally read the book and the author generally read the review. There was no general charge of conscious unfairness, bribery or corruption. Most of the writers found the criticism helpful and only one thought the reviewer should be abolished. Instances of inconsistency, ignorance and imbecility were numerous, but not nearly so numerous as one might reasonably expect from the copiousness of the material and the nature of man. Apparently, then, the author has no complaint to make against the present stage of criticism so far as his own books are concerned. Yet to such of us as are not authors the haphazard and lavish words of the average reviewer are something of a puzzle. Some time ago we read the following in one of those columns which several of our correspondents have praised for the fairness of its reviews:

Here will be no blurred or slighted words.
 . . . Nature herself will be here. . . .
 Here will be supreme artistry of style, the most felicitous word, always the inevitable one, each sentence will be as exquisite in its cadence as it is translucent to the thought behind it. Here will be little miracles of obser-

vation, flashes of wit, the gentler irradiation of humour, swift, incisive scorn of things petty and base, etc.

It was not written of Shakespeare or Shelley, but of a new novel somewhat above the average. The obvious question is, What is left for Shelley or Shakespeare?

✱

The reader's main grievance against the average reviewer is not that he has not read the book, but that he seems to have read nothing else. He reveals no scale of values or consciousness of the existing body of literature and his good and bad superlatives stand *in vacuo*. It is a loud exclamation over an isolated phenomenon, and there is no telling whether it is the chastened joy of an epicure or the thrill of a Bushman on eating his first piece of pie. Of course, most reviews run to extremes of praise, but that fact is no more astonishing than the suddenness and depth of the occasional damnation. If Smith is "supreme" and Jones "miraculous," how can they have the heart to breathe a syllable against poor Robinson? Indeed, no one in the whole world merits dispraise if Smith is actually "supreme." Personally we do not agree with the prevailing view as to the vanity of authors. They are no doubt susceptible to praise, but they are by no means indifferent to the kind of praise or the person of the praiser. We have pointed out before that while an author seldom growls when you pat him, he retains his private notions as to the value of the caress, and as a rule prefers to be liked by some one who has given evidence of a capacity to dislike sincerely a writer now and then. When many are called and all are chosen he has no sense of being singled out. The habitually amiable reviewer who prefers what is called "appreciation" to criticism is really the coldest and most cynical of creatures, for there can be no enthusiasm without prejudice or love without hatred. There is an insult to all good things in the vile ubiquity of his admiration. It is not your crusty or disdainful person that is truly heartless. He has at least the enthusiasm of his discontent and he would hardly take the pains to write down his cross-grained sentences if he did not hope that something he cared for would

some time turn up. He has an affectionate disposition, but it is upside down. For the heart of stone look to the man of stereotyped benignity, equable because unmoved, smile of a doll and its bosom of sawdust, adjectives like continental currency of high denominations and worth two cents. Reviewers are aware of this awful apathy, so they introduce a jerky variety by mechanically scolding an unlucky Robinson after a long course of beaming on exactly equivalent Smiths.

✱

But this is taking far too serious a view of the matter and assumes that reviews are essays in criticism, which, indeed, they are not. They are merely the reports of *avant-couriers* made on the chance that they will spare the public some inconvenience. Praise is the line of least resistance. If a book must be dispatched quickly they know it is safer to praise it. It should be remembered, too, that the language of reviews has come to be conventionally heightened so that reviewers feel it is discriminating against a book to call it merely good. There has grown up an Oriental etiquette and any decent author is Brother to the Moon. It is not always misleading. After a little experience with the phrases we instinctively extract their cube root, unless it be a Southern estimate, in which case we extract the tenth. "Exquisite" means that somebody rather likes it. "Supreme" is not invidious to Shakespeare or the glories of the past. Reviewers have no past, and as a rule they pretend to none. The hegemony of the next fifteen minutes is what they have in mind. In Macaulay's time when reviewers could save or kill and mangle and devote a month or two to the process the question of fairness was more important. Words had a value and their misuse brought suspicion of corruption when reviewers had time to think. Macaulay writing in 1830 could say:

It is amusing to think over the history of most of the publications which have had a run during the last few years. . . . The newspapers are for a fortnight filled with puffs of all the various kinds which Sheridan enumerated, direct, oblique, collusive. Sometimes the praise is laid on thick for simple-minded people. "Pathetic," "sublime," "splendid," "graceful," "brilliant wit," "exquisite humour," and other phrases equally flattering fall in a shower

as thick and sweet as the sugar plums at a Roman carnival. . . . Extreme poverty may, indeed, in some degree be an excuse for employing these shifts, as it may be an excuse for stealing a leg of mutton. But we really think that a man of spirit and delicacy would quite as soon satisfy his wants in one way as in the other.

Nowadays it is more obviously a light matter and the spirit of current comment is better expressed in the following lines, which have recently been much quoted :

LEONINA SOCIETAS.

A reader of the Hour

Met the Writer of the Week,

Where Critics of the Minute

Formed an influential clique :

"He has style," they said, "and power ;

And his treatment is unique."

So the Reader of the Hour

Bought the Novel of the Week,

And he made his friends begin it ;

And he still delights to speak

Of 'The Hovel'—

That great Novel!

(Which the very drug stores sell!)

And he likewise likes to tell

That he knows the author well.

"He has style, and native power,"

Says the Reader of the Hour,

"And his treatment is unique."

Lee Wilson Dodd, in "Life."

■

A New York evening newspaper recently announced its intention to change its name, reduce its price to once cent, and become as lively as a yellow journal while retaining its former intelligence. Thereupon its conservative rival remarked that, while its friends said it should rejoice, it could not but deplore the disappearance of a possible competitor and the accession to the ranks of cheap journalism. If the apostate paper had been in any sense a competitor on its own high plane, it generously mourned the loss of this incentive to better things. To this rebuke the renegade replied by reprinting under the caption "Generous Rivalry" a circular which the other had issued in the hope of winning its subscribers: "Owing to the recent change in the name, character, general make-up, etc., of the evening paper which you have been accustomed to read, it has occurred to us that you would probably wish to substitute for it a thoroughly high-class newspaper. As such ours ought surely to appeal to you." The

casual reader will not echo this Pharisee's groan, knowing by this time that the penny and the pictures and the scare-heads have little to do with essentials. There is no moral issue here. The wild red letters often read most gently, and type that wears a buccaneering swagger may usher in a sentiment from the Fifth Reader. Many a man has read for murder and found only Dr. Watt. Nor is there as yet any intellectual issue in this particular case, since by the terms of the publican's announcement there was to be as much wit and wisdom as before. The main thing is the spirit of the controversy. Newspaper wars have lost their picturesqueness. Nasty things are now put so delicately that many people hardly notice them.

■

The change has been sudden. We need go no further back than 1897 for a striking editorial exchange of personalities between two great New York dailies. Rumours of Charles A. Dana's resignation as editor of the *Sun* having led it to say editorially that "Mr. Dana . . . can still be found doing business at the old stand," the *Tribune* quoted the statement, spoke of its "characteristic modesty and good taste," and added :

"For more than a year this journal has regarded with contemptuous silence the falsehoods and forgeries with which the *Sun* has assailed it and its editor. . . . To these personal diatribes, the railings of a vicious and angry cad, the *Tribune* made no answer and gave no heed."

Of what sort the *Sun's* attacks had been it is not hard to imagine. Nowadays newspapers cut at each other obliquely, deal in allusion and innuendo, till the reader longs to see them grapple and have it out. Those two evening papers, for instance, would have really gratified their readers if they had each said all that they thought. It might have been violent, but very likely the public would have agreed with both. The newer way no doubt makes for better manners, but the ventilation is not so good. And the combat-craving reader now has to content himself with things on the level of a Pewee controversy, a mere battle of burlesque, wherein two yellow journals each claim the original production of an absurd figure in a cartoon, and parody each other's editorial style.



To the present generations of Americans, the late George Francis Train was known solely as an exaggerated type of crank—one of those rare cranks who attain a sort of national reputation and who, because of their entire harmlessness and because their eccentricities afford continual amusement, come in time to be regarded almost as institutions. Such in his own day was Daniel Pratt, "the Great American Traveller," and such in a less degree was the Count Johannes. George Francis Train, however, was intellectually far superior to either of these persons; and, indeed, the first half of his life was the life of an able and successful man of affairs. He had a singularly forceful personality, and having been thrown upon his own resources in early boyhood with little or no education, he first took to farming, then to a small retail business, and at the age of sixteen was a shipping clerk in a mercantile house of which, after two years, he became manager. At the age of twenty he was a partner in a very successful firm, having an income of \$10,-

000 a year—in those days (1849) a magnificent sum of money. Next, having gone to Melbourne, Australia, he established a house of his own, whose success speedily enriched him. He organised a fleet of clipper ships to California, and, returning to America, built a railway four hundred miles in length connecting the Erie ports with the Ohio and Mississippi. He next became interested in street-railways, and set about incorporating railway companies in Europe, America, and Australia. From 1862 to 1869, he was engaged in building the Union Pacific Railway, associating himself with the rather too well known Crédit Mobilier. At one time he owned real estate in Omaha which was subsequently valued at nearly \$30,000,000. Up to this period his restlessness and intellectual activity had been expended upon creative enterprises; but now, that he had acquired wealth, he gave himself less and less to labour and allowed his energies to display themselves in many original ways, some of them merely eccentric and others decidedly grotesque. He had a passion for travelling, and made a circuit of the world in eighty days, anticipating by tw

plan which is certainly unique in the annals of office-seeking; for he charged an admission fee for the privilege of hearing him boom himself. We do not know whether anybody voted for him, but as he netted some \$90,000 during his campaign he had, at any rate, a consolation purse which many an unsuccessful candidate might envy him. Soon after, he espoused the cause of the notorious Woodhull-Clafin partners and was arrested at the instigation of Mr. Anthony Comstock for publishing matter which was deemed offensive. He was never convicted, however, but was declared a lunatic, and to the day of his death he proudly described himself as "a lunatic by law through six courts."

Train had a natural dislike for every form of constraint and for every kind of convention. He loved to run counter to the prejudices of conservative people, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. He used to deliver Ingersollian lectures on Sunday evenings years before Ingersoll was ever heard of; and to make these lectures particularly obnoxious to the serious element, he spoke upon texts parodied from Scripture, as for example, when he announced as the subject of one discourse "Hit his eye; be not afraid." At another time, feeling the need of a new sensation, he strolled calmly up the street without a stitch of clothing on. He plunged into the woman suffrage movement. Toward the end of his life he became an enthusiast for simplicity of living and declared that he needed no nourishment other than a few peanuts every day and a glass of water. Many remember him as sitting on one of the benches in Madison Square Park surrounded by children, with whom he was always a favourite, a kindly even though eccentric figure. In the height of his career he lived extravagantly, with a villa at Newport and an annual expense account of over a hundred thousand dollars. During the past year and until his death he inhabited a room in the Mills House, where the weekly sum of three dollars was ample to support him. Two years ago he dictated his *Life in Many States*—a volume of nearly three hundred and fifty printed pages, reeling off the whole narrative in thirty-five hours. It is a bizarre account of a bizarre life,

and any one who likes anecdote and snapshot impressions of the world will find the book extremely interesting. Its author was certainly ill-balanced to a degree, but it is also just as certain that he never was insane.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's very interesting unconventional biography of Lord Beaconsfield (reviewed elsewhere), is the part relating to the woman whom he married and who made his brilliant career possible,—first by the financial ease which his wife brought him, but far more by the perfect devotion and domestic peace with which she surrounded him down to the day of his death. Disraeli detested strenuous women. He wanted to be loved and not instructed, and no more intense fondness for home life was ever shown than by this man whom so many have pronounced a selfish, unprincipled adventurer. Mary Anne Evans (a name oddly enough, identical with George Eliot's) was, when Disraeli first met her, in 1832, the wife of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. She was then fifteen years older than Disraeli, and his earliest impression of her was given in the words: "A pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle, and gifted with a volubility which I should think unequalled." Six years later, Mr. Lewis died; and in the following year, the widow was married to Benjamin Disraeli, a man in whom at that time no one else believed. Their life was one long honeymoon. Disraeli always showed her the impulsive ardor of a young lover. Sir William Gregory, who liked neither of the pair, tells of an incident which strikes him as vulgar, but which Sir William was certainly more vulgar to sneer at.

"It was ludicrous," says Sir William, "to see the tokens of affection and apparently of admiration which he [Disraeli] lavished upon Marianne, as we irreverently called her. One evening, on coming up from dinner, he knelt before her and devoured her hands with kisses, saying at the same time in the most lackadaisical manner: 'Is there anything I can do for my dear little wife?'"

Elsewhere Sir William spitefully calls her "a most unpleasant woman, flat, angular and underbred." As Sir William, who thus described her, had often been

her guest and had received a high political appointment from her husband, the question of breeding is hardly one on which Sir William can be cited as an authority. Toward the end of her life, Disraeli himself said of her: "We have been married thirty years; and she has never given me a dull moment;" and when she died, he spoke these words: "A perfect wife; to her I owe all I think

of consideration, and receiving her ministering with that evident enjoyment which is the most delicate flattery of all. The secret of the spell she held him by was a very simple one. She loved him with her whole heart and soul, she believed in him above all men."

The portrait which we publish of her, though it seems that of a young girl, was painted by Chalon in 1840, when she was fifty-one years old.



LADY BEACONSFIELD.

I ever have accomplished." And Sir William Harcourt wrote:

"It was a pretty sight, that of the remorseless Parliamentary gladiator who neither gave quarter nor asked it, who fought with venomous weapons, although he struck fair, and shot barbed arrows which clung and rankled in the wounds—it was a pretty sight to see him in the soft sunshine of domestic life, anticipating the wishes of his wife with feminine tenderness

Perhaps the criticism provoked last year by Mr. A. J. Dawson's *Hidden*

**Marmaduke
Pickthall**

Manna, that it was written too much from the inside and would seem in parts obscure to the average English or American reader, might also with justice be applied to Marmaduke Pickthall's *Said the Fisherman*.



MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Mr. Dawson's novels of life in Morocco were the result of years spent in that strange land; of a knowledge of every detail of creed and character. In much the same way Mr. Pickthall knows Syria. He has made many long journeys through the country with only the natives as his friends, and used to live and eat in the Damascus taverns where so large a part of his story takes place. His family designed him for the diplomatic service, but his total inability to grasp any knowledge of mathematics led to repeated failures. Finally he decided to go to Syria and get into the service by the back door. For three years he lived in and about Damascus; then once more struggled to place himself in the diplomatic profession, but with the same result as before. Despite his shortcomings in other branches of knowledge, he possessed an extraordinary genius for languages. He says that he would pit himself against a Russian to learn any modern tongue within two months without his nationality being detected. In the case of Italian, for instance, Neapolitans always supposed him to be a Tuscan and Tuscans thought him a Venetian. But no Italian ever imagined that he had been born outside the peninsular. In Syria he applied himself to Arabic, and in a short time was able to read the language, write it creditably and speak fluently with the natives.

With the death a few weeks ago of the Princesse Mathilde Letitia Wilhelmine Bonaparte, there passed away a woman who had exerted an extraordinary influence on the literary life of Paris during the Second Empire. She was a daughter of King Jerome, and she might have been an Empress had she accepted the marriage which her cousin, Louis Napoleon, offered at a time when he was still an exile and adventurer. Instead she married a Russian, from whom she soon separated. When Louis Napoleon came into power, first as President



ROBERT EDESON as Lieutenant Ranson.
(See Drama of the Month.)

and then as Emperor, she presided over the Palace until his marriage to Eugénie de Montijo. Then Napoleon, to show his gratitude, placed at her disposal the Petit Trianon at Versailles. But Versailles was so far from Paris, and Mathilde had little liking for emulating Marie Antoinette and playing the shepherdess. She preferred the society of artists and men of letters. So she passed her winters in a house on the Champs Elysées and her summers in a villa on the lake at Enghien which had belonged to Marshall Catinat. For the seventeen years during which the Second Empire lasted every one in Paris distinguished in politics, and music, and literature, and art came to her salons. She herself had great talent and was often compared to Marguerite de Valois, the skittish spouse of Henri Quatre and author of *The Héptameron*. Théophile Gautier, Taine, Renan were her intimate comrades. The Goncourts have recorded many of the sayings at her table in their *Journal*. To the lives of none of these was her life so closely linked as it was to that of

Sainte-Beuve. But after years the quarrel came, a question of politics, and they were estranged to the end of the great critic's life. Then, too, there is a story that between two leaves of a book belonging to the Princess, Sainte-Beuve found a cruel cartoon of himself with the words "*Vieux Singe*" underneath in the Princess's handwriting. It was a fearful blow to his vanity, and he never quite forgave it or forgot it. He is said to have uttered the words "*Vieux Singe*" on his death bed.

✱

"There has come a new turn in the world drama," says President Wilson of Princeton. "We have taken the centre of the stage. . . . We see the faces of the nations half sneering, half fearing. . . . The world has grown intensely conscious of America." This is no new turn. There has never been a moment when a world was not watching us, when a continent or two was not amazed by us or a hemisphere

**President
Wilson on
Americanism**



THE VIRGINIAN. ACT II.
(See Drama of the Month.)

provoked, when an orator was not saying just what Europe thought of us, how Asia wondered and Africa winked; and that man is no true patriot who implies that even for an instant we were not the

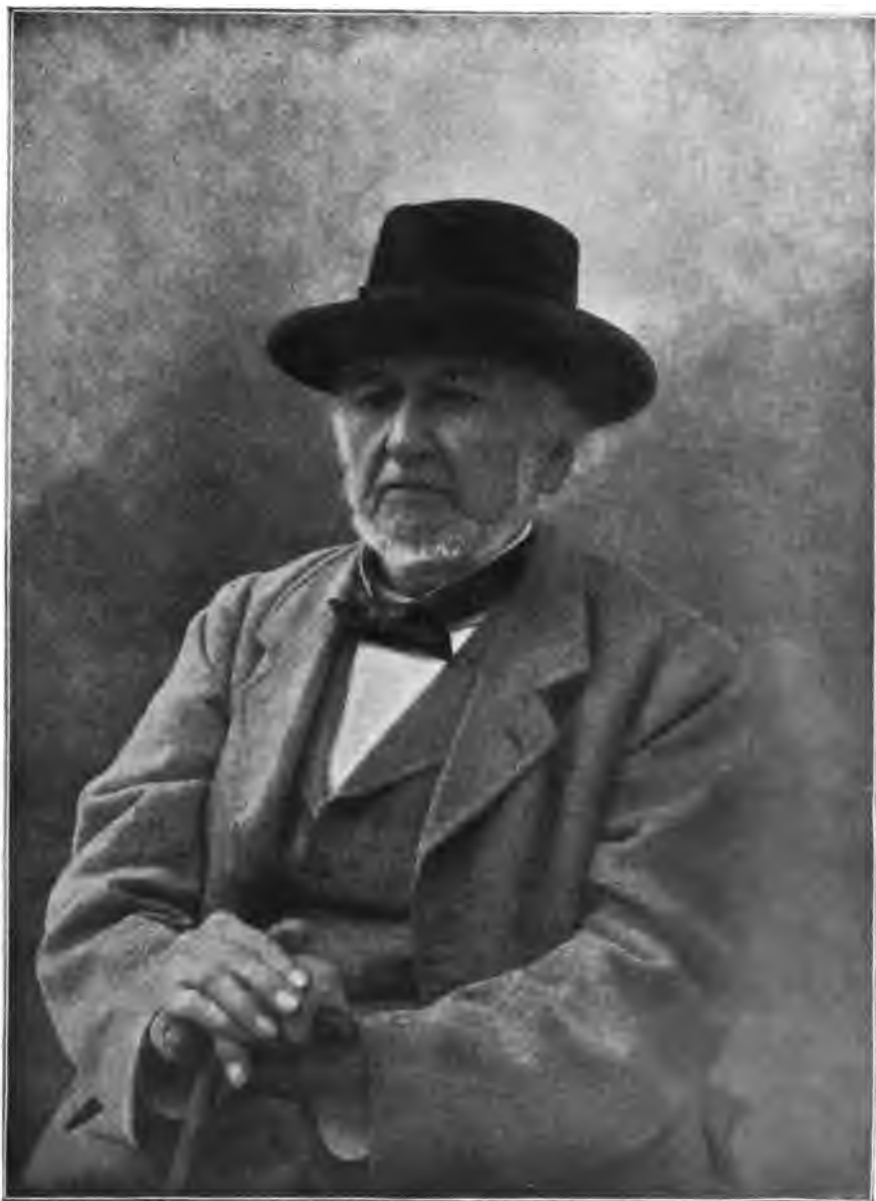
centre of the stage. Nor is it a mere matter of nations. It is a planetary affair, with gossip going on in the Zodiac and a rumpus in the Milky Way, Mars sneering, and Saturn thunderstruck and



PRINCESSE MATHILDE BONAPARTE.

an uneasy smile on the face of the firmament that ill conceals its fear. We hate a cautious patriot who talks like a plum when he feels like a pumpkin. It is a generous emotion, and why not let it go? In this mood a world is not enough for us; we bump our heads against the sky. The purpose of a patriotic outburst is not to convince, but to intoxicate, and words fail unless they move a reader at

least to wave his pocket handkerchief. When a man is out for a whirl with his feelings, the main point is that he should whirl. Where is the good old unqualified oratory? We miss it from the literary point of view. They were good in their way—those old fife-and-drum sentences—and they produced the intended effect. The heart said hooray in the hush of the intellect, and why not? Nowadays the



The Latest Portrait of MR. GLADSTONE, Taken at Cannes in March, 1898.

orator tries to be both logical and lyrical, "on double business bound and both neglects."

✱

But apart from this inadequacy of orchestration President Wilson's address on Americanism sums up very cleverly and effectively what a great many people

are thinking. The following passage shows him more at ease, and we think more interesting than in many of his recent essays :

"Because of our Americanism we had no patience with the anti-imperialist weepings and wailings that came out of Boston, not because we didn't think them entitled to their fair



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW, Whose Novel, "The Deliverance,"
Is Reviewed Elsewhere in This Issue.

opinion, but because we knew that the crying time was over and that the time had come for men to look out of dry eyes and see the world as it is. There is no use crying over spilt milk; that isn't the American spirit. The only reformer who is worth his salt is the one who will do the thing he can do and not mope over things he can't accomplish. A peculiar Americanism is our impatience with more than two opinions. We are too fond of labelling men into one or the other party. It makes a man uneasy not to be able to label his



MR. HENRY HARLAND, whose novel "My Friend Prospero" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

neighbours. So we allot certain principles to each party. Time was when there was a definite body of opinions which was called Democratic and the same was true of the Republican Party, but it has become so that each party represents now a series of negations rather than opinions."

At the very moment that a western professor of literature was demanding that a graven tablet should mark the spot where Mr. Hamlin Garland conceived or laid the scene of (we forget which) the greatest story of the age (the title of which for the moment escapes us), news came of the English agitation for literary knighthood. It was "really a crying scandal," exclaimed an English correspondent, that there should be so few official honours bestowed on authors. The complaint, they say, is periodically renewed on the chance that the king will finally hearken. But neither tablet nor knighthood can equal the device suggested by a passage in Mr. Chesterton's amusing essay on the German Emperor in *Varied Types*:

The very essence of the really imaginative man is that he realises the various types or capacities in which he can appear. Every one of us, does in reality fulfill almost as many offices as Pooh-Bah. Almost every one of us is a ratepayer, an immortal soul, an Englishman, a baptised person, a mammal, a minor poet, a jurymen, a married man, a bicyclist, a purchaser of newspapers, and a critic of Mr. Alfred Austin. We ought to have uniforms for all these things. How beautiful it would be if we appeared to-morrow in the uniform of a ratepayer, in brown and green, with buttons made in the shape of coins, and a blue income-tax paper tastefully arranged as a favour; or, again, if we appeared dressed as immortal souls, in a blue uniform with stars. It would be very exciting to dress up as Englishmen or to go to a fancy dress ball as Christians.

Some of the costumes I have suggested might appear a little more difficult to carry out. The dress of a person who purchases newspapers (though it mostly consists of coloured evening editions arranged in a stiff skirt, like that of a saltatrice, round the waist of the wearer) has many mysterious points. The attire of a person prepared to criticise the Poet Laureate is something so awful and striking that I dare not even begin to describe it.



RANSON'S FOLLY. ACT III.

the one fact which I am willing to reveal and to state seriously and responsibly is that it buttons up behind.

This scheme is too costly and elaborate, but it is by no means impracticable that an author should dress the part, gold and white for the six best sellers, and the like. Still less is there any reason why readers should not wear a livery, if only some slight token, a feather, a string of beads. He goes out after reading Howells with a poppy in his hat and has a pleasant talk with a stranger whom he knows for a reader of Miss Wilkins by his tiny doughnut badge. The Crawford ruby bangle, the Garland prairie-dog cap, the slashed red sleeve of Weyman, the terrible James hair-net, these things not only show homage of a sincere and personal sort, but they draw, repel, group, classify, invite or discourage advances like a glimpse at the mind itself. A livery for readers is a thing that seems worth while, but the tributes of kings and marble-cutters are painfully irrelevant to spiritual facts.

Whenever Americans desire to see themselves and their institutions as a certain type of highly educated German sees them,

Professor H. E. von Holst such Americans should resort to the eight large volumes on the constitutional and political history of the United States, written by the late Hermann Eduard von Holst, who died about a month ago. Here was a German of the highly intellectual type, who had given the nights and days of a laborious life to the patient study of American institutions. It is safe to say that no one of our countrymen ever knew so many small details about the history of the United States, or had ever linked together in so close a chain of reasoning so vast an array of inferences and deductions based upon minute research. Von Holst, indeed, was a profoundly learned man, and the book by which he is best known will always remain a monument of intense research and ingenious reasoning. On the other hand, and in spite of all its merits, it is one of the most disappointing books that ever have been written. Instead of giving a true conspectus of our national evolution, its author went about his task very much as a German student goes about the writing of a doc-

toral dissertation. He lays down some kind of a thesis, and then he ransacks heaven and earth for the material that will, when ingeniously manipulated, prove his thesis true. So it was with von Holst. He seems to have decided that slavery was the keynote to the whole development of American constitutional doctrine; that it held the clue to every labyrinth and maze of American public life; and that its existence was alone sufficient to explain the entire history of our country from 1783 almost until the present time. Slavery was an obsession with von Holst. He could never get away from it. He saw it lurking in every corner and he saw nothing else. All the cross-currents, all the modifying streams of interest, all the spontaneous national impulses of our people, were either in some way associated by him with slavery or else they simply did not exist at all. He could see in the war with Mexico nothing but a slaveowner's war. He could not detect in it the immense significance of the spirit of expansion which even then was dominant throughout the West and which made the war as much a Western as a Southern one. In short, his intellectual attitude was that of the narrow-minded, fanatical, New England Abolitionists who in their anti-slavery zeal denounced the Constitution as "a league with hell."

In all this, von Holst was intensely German, a Herr Professor of the straitest type. His book ought to have been called *The History of the United States in Its Relation to Slavery*, and then perhaps it would be generally recognised for what it really is,—a doctor's dissertation multiplied to the dimensions of an encyclopædia. For the rest, von Holst writes in the tone of one who is a pessimist in all that concerns American life. He obviously despises both our institutions and our theories of government, and his attitude toward these is not unlike the attitude of Gibbon toward the Christian Church. As a stylist, he has all the faults of the German manner,—the involved sentences, the monotonous movement, and sometimes a tawdry grotesqueness of rhetorical display. He is always trying to be emphatic; with the result that he reminds you of a sullen convict doggedly breaking stones in a prison quarry.

Von Hoist was one of the first German scholars of distinction to be called to a chair in an American university. In 1892, he was made Professor of History in the University of Chicago, and in this place he sweetened pessimism and startled at our institutions until his health broke down and he returned to Europe. It seems a pity that so much genuine learning and so much intellectual power should have produced nothing more satisfactory than the books which he has left behind him. Perhaps in the long run, his life of John C. Calhoun will be more read and more referred to than his ponderous but largely futile and unbalanced analysis of American political history.

■

Some dissatisfaction has been expressed with President Harper's six requisites of a good professor. They are as follows:

First—He should be married.

Second—He should be a church member.

Third—He should mix with the students outside the classrooms.

Fourth—He should have a doctor's degree.

Fifth—He should be willing to work hard eleven months in the year.

Sixth—He should be in sympathy with the public and take an active part in public affairs.

Some one complained that these would have excluded Kant because he was a bachelor, Huxley because he was not a church member, Mommsen because he was too busy to attend a foot-ball game and Pascal because he had no doctor's degree. To others they seemed inadequate. Should he be a blond? they asked. If married, who should the woman be?

What sort of a mind does he need, if any? And so forth. To our way of thinking these requisites are as good as any other six you could dash off impromptu. To the rule of marriage we impulsively agree. The wife comes next to the doctorate, a thoughtful lady with hardly any appetite. During the first year of his fellowship we desire that a babe shall be born, three babes in his assistant professorship, six in his full professorship. Babes are the rivets of industry and the curb of his dissolute youth. Above his study must be the nursery to thump the good work along. No dawdling or roving then, no horse races, balls or yacht cruises. Hold him in, we say, keep him down. Wild things may be done by a bachelor on that twenty-five hundred a year. Quiverful will be conservative and support the administration and peg away for eleven months of the year and on the twelfth read a paper at Philadelphia when the philologists meet; and if he goes out it will be to church, and if he mixes it will be with students in their merry games, teaching them even as he gambols. The first five of these requisites may shut out a Kant or a Huxley, but they let in the academic man, and though he may sympathise with the public, the public may scuttle from him. That is the trouble with our careless recipe on second thoughts. It might make a human being; it also might make a hen. No man, however he despises an educator, should toss him together so lightly out of these odds and ends. Dr. Harper might at least have tried to be serious. Then we, too, should have reflected profoundly and mapped out a professor properly, first explaining how to make a man.



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DRAMA OF THE MONTH.

OF the six plays we saw last month, not one taken as a whole is a fit subject for artistic criticism, and three of them were so bad that they moved our oldest dramatic critic to his most splendid and indiscriminate invective, a part of which we shall quote hereafter. But because a play fails as a whole to attain a reasonable artistic standard, it does not follow that there are no bright spots in it. *The Virginian*, for instance, cannot be taken seriously as a play. It belongs to that class of romantic drama which by an easy twist can be turned to ridicule. Without ever having met a cow-boy we may still be skeptical of Mr. Wister's cow-boys despite his opportunities for observation. We have never met a knight in chain armour, but can swear he is altogether different from the sort that have figured in historical novels. It is from the way his virtues hang on him that we know our decorative cow-boy hero from a man. Yet it is essential to the happiness of a regular play-goer in this country that he should have what may be called collapsible culture. He must know how to sink at a moment's notice to that childish or barbarous state which demands that a hero shall always do what is absolutely right and be vindicated at the fall of the curtain.

The hero of Mr. Wister's novel is a young girl's dream of perfect manliness. Profanity and poker-playing add the requisite touch of charming devilry, but cannot hide the loyal, tender, noble heart, any more than the rough dress conceals the outlines of his perfect form. A true, romantically shaded paragon, a Bayard of cow-boys, a cluster of qualities tastefully arranged, he does precisely what we should wish to see him do. It is a hard-hearted reader who does not like him, and a soft-headed one who on second thought does not gibe at himself for doing so. Such a character is not created; he is founded on a transitory want. He can be transferred readily to the stage without our missing anything. But to give him the reality that he gained at the hands of Mr. Dustin Farnum there

must be an unusual combination of skill and good fortune. Mr. Farnum has done for the *Virginian* what Mr. Gillette did for *Sherlock Holmes*. It is impossible to separate the two in looks. And besides replacing any picture we may have formed of Mr. Wister's prodigy, he reduced him to possible human size without defeating the poetic intent. There is in the book a certain fine out-door validity, a zest of natural objects quite unlike that literary patronage of the woods and clouds which we find in professional nature-lovers. It is the one permanent illusion of the book, and Mr. Farnum has succeeded in keeping it in a play which, if presented in the usual way, would have been ordinary cow-boy melodrama.

The Secret of Polichinelle is the story of an elderly couple whose son's clandestine union with a milliner is suddenly brought to light. The son, who is not of age, wishes to marry the woman and legitimate his child, but his father, though secretly willing, refuses his consent from a wrong impression of his wife's character. There has grown up a misunderstanding between the old man and his wife, and each thinks the other is obdurate in such matters. So each visits the son's rooms on the sly, and they gratify their grandfatherly and grandmotherly instincts with an air of guilt. Then the inevitable explanation and rejoicing. To fit it for an American audience the adapters invented an English marriage, illegal in France, thus establishing the innocence of the milliner, in order that we might sympathise with her without sin. This was probably superfluous, but you never can tell. It may have spared us the rebukes of those sexually haunted minds which make the merits of a play depend on just such points as this. With so slight a plot and situations so exclusively French, the play would have had little interest but for Mr. Thompston's delightful rendering of the leading character and a humorous sketch by Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Thompston made the play as last year he made *The Bishop's Move*.

For no discernible reason *Ranson's Folly* by Mr. Richard Harding Davis was generally approved by the same writers who last year condemned his *Taming of Helen*, which was neither better nor worse. By any rule of common sense or good manners that hero of his ought not to be attractive, but he is. Always the same, running straight through a dozen stories and three plays, with his little man-of-the-world pretensions and tailor-made ideals, most of a snob when his author wishes to prove him the contrary, he still enrages and entertains. It has been said of Mr. Davis that his is the novel of long-stemmed roses, but that is not the whole story. In the middle of them there is an onion. But Mr. Davis adores his men and he is one of our very few writers whose enthusiasm gets to the point of his pen. He is always picturesque and he has a sense of humour on every subject except good society.

That Man and I, built on one of Mrs. Burnett's stories, is one of those treacle-plays, still common enough in provincial theatres, but seldom seen in the leading metropolitan playhouses. From the infinite tears of the prologue to the final flowers on a mother's grave it is the staple emotional commodity of the primitive man. Any one who has observed his fellow-citizens knows why a play like that exists. *Olympe*, on the other hand, is sheer gratuitous vulgarity, a needless blend of Third Avenue and the Eighteenth Century. Another mistake was Mr. Sothorn's play *The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes* which, however, had the merit of causing some astonishment as an instance of the way an actor's mind works. It was a delirium of disconnected

points. These are the things which brought on the rage of Mr. William Winter, which grew as he wrote till it took in the entire modern drama. We quote it as the one genuinely theatric happening in an unusually uneventful month:

"There are more than forty theatres in and about New York, and there is scarcely one of them in which anybody is doing anything that is interesting or important. They are open, as woodyards are open, and scores of persons are sawing wood in them. Veterans, who might have played before Noah, when he landed from the Ark, wander about the flats and totter and mumble. Persons who were 'supers' yesterday are 'stars' to-day. Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as 'actresses,' rasp the welkin with voices that rival the screech of the peacock. The slimy muck of Mr. Ibsen and the lunacy of Mr. Maeterlinck are made to trickle into the public mind and turn the public stomach. Degenerates from foreign lands, provided with rancid plays about libertines and wantons, fix a steadfast gaze on the coast of Greenland and whisper to the scenery in the third groove, and are vaunted as prodigies of 'genius' and 'intensity.' Historical demireps of England and France are theatrically celebrated for social delectation. Women whom scandalous divorce has made notorious diffuse upon the theatre the effluvia of their foul repute. . . . The plays of the hour are mostly furnished by writers who manifest the brain of the rabbit combined with the dignity of the wet hen. It seems only necessary to open a hole in the wall and call it a theatre, and a multitude rushes into it, to sweat and snigger. There has not been a time in fifty years when the theatre was at so low a level as it has reached to-day—when the impulse is vanity, the motive is greed, the method is sordid engrossment, the aim is exclusively 'business,' and the result is a barren traffic and an arid waste."

F. M. Colby.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX.

NOW that a new editor has been added to THE BOOKMAN'S staff, the appellations of "Senior Editor" and "Junior Editor" are no longer strictly accurate. But for the purposes of the Letter Box we shall keep the names unchanged to avoid confusion in the minds of our old-time readers. The New Editor is not in this game, anyway; and we are very sure that he wouldn't wish to be. He cares nothing about golf; he has no opinions on the subject of Sherlock Holmes; and he is still in those early stages of editorial development when proof-sheets, damp from the press, afford a thrill of genuine delight. The Junior Editor and the Senior Editor probably get much more out of life than he does; but the New Editor is probably more useful to the world. His desk has been placed in a little angle off the main office,—an angle which is technically spoken of around the place as "the jog." We mention the fact for the benefit of those who already have a picture of the office in their mind's eye, and who must now enlarge this mental picture sufficiently to take in the Jog.

I.

We still hear many echoes of last December's beauty-contest. In fact, we have received more letters on that subject during the past four weeks than reached us immediately after the publication of the two portraits. We must express our appreciation of the great acuteness of the Cincinnati physician who wrote to say that he thought both likenesses were drawn from a single model. This is not the case; yet we have discovered something which we did not know before, and that is that both faces were drawn by the same artist, a fact which was disclosed to us in the following letter:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Dear Sirs.—Kindly accept my thanks for the puff in the December number. I am especially grateful that both heads should have been drawn by me, but wonder at the Junior

Editor's choice if he saw the reproduction before the magazine went to press.

Thanking you both again, I am,

Very truly yours,

C. ALLAN GILBERT.

We congratulate the Cincinnati physician on the subtlety of his perceptions. None of the other letters need be printed here; but they make it evident that the contest has extended far beyond the BOOKMAN office and is still being carried on among our readers. A remote result of it is the inditing of a letter to the Senior Editor by an indignant lady who has read some of his remarks published years ago, and who does not approve of them. Here is the letter with its original capitalisation:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN (especially the Senior Editor):

Gents.—Instead of looking through the books of the day and picking out pictures of the "best looking" women (which best looking women are always the silliest looking), I think your Senior Editor ought to spend his time writing profuse apologies to Womankind in general for the harm he has sought to do them. In these good days when THE BOOKMAN is printing nothing but favourable reviews of books by Women, and unfavourable reviews of books by men (poor men), when the greatest scientific discovery of all time (radium) has been made by a Woman (a discovery which proves that all the men who monopolised this line of work previous to her advent were very, very, very incompetent and did not know their business), when the greatest portrait painter is a Woman, when the greatest mathematicians in all our colleges are Women, when the greatest American composers are Women, when the greatest poet is a Woman, when the greatest essayist is a Woman, when all the great novelists are Women, when Women take all the prizes at our co-educational colleges, when the editor of THE BOOKMAN's successful rival (the *Critic*) is a Woman, when all the World's best work is being done by Women, he must feel pretty well ashamed of himself.

Yours exultingly.

We don't want to argue this question all over again. We merely ask with great humility to learn the names of these transcendent Women—the greatest por-

trait painter, the greatest mathematicians "in all our colleges," the greatest American composers, the greatest poet, and the greatest essayist. For the rest, if we have in reality deserved cruel and unusual punishment, we can only say that this lady has, at a single stroke, avenged the wrongs of all her sex by addressing us as "Gents."

II.

Two questions of magazine ethics are brought to our notice by two correspondents. The first one writes as follows:

Editor of the LETTER-BOX:

Dear Sir.—Will you kindly tell me what an author can do if a magazine does not pay for matter taken and printed? A magazine published a poem of mine last August, but has neither paid nor taken any notice of letters reminding them of the fact. Is there anything I can do short of litigation? I can have "my opinion," but I should prefer to have the money.

We do not see that our correspondent can secure redress without resorting to legal measures; but she would confer a favour upon thousands of her fellow writers if she would give publicity to the name of the magazine whose editor has treated her so shabbily. Everyone would be glad to learn the name of the Very Meanest Man in the whole editorial world.

The other letter is too long to print in full, and so we venture to condense it:

Some time ago I sent a short story to the _____ magazine, which accepted it and published it and sent me a satisfactory cheque. The editor, however, without my knowledge or consent, altered the story very materially while retaining my name at the end of it. I wrote him and remonstrated; whereupon he replied that having bought the story and paid for it, it was his to do whatsoever he liked with it. Now, is this right? In my opinion he spoiled the story, and had I been consulted I should have preferred to take it back and return the money rather than to see it published in a mutilated form over my name. What do you think of it?

This is a question which has been much discussed during the past year with reference to paintings—the right of the purchaser to alter a signed work. At least two rather celebrated cases involving this

very point are now before the courts. For our part, we hold that an editor has no right, without first referring the matter to his contributor, to make any save slight verbal alterations in a manuscript unless he suppresses the writer's name. In our opinion the editor of whom our correspondent has complained was guilty of an act which can rightfully be described only as caddish.

III.

A reader in Canandaigua, N. Y., writes to ask whether there have been published any books to be read by devotees of tobacco. In reply we would call his attention to a little volume of verse written a few years ago by Mr. W. L. Shoemaker and entitled *La Yerba Santa* (Boston, 1898), and to *Smokiana* (London, 1890).

IV.

In January, replying to a reader in Hamilton, Canada, we expressed an intention of issuing THE BOOKMAN hereafter with trimmed leaves. Soon after this, the mandate went forth that the leaves should be trimmed. Presently, however, came a letter from an eminent librarian in Newport, Rhode Island, protesting against trimmed leaves on the ground that future copies of the magazine, when sent to a binder, would be trimmed by him still closer, so that the later volumes of the set when bound would not match the earlier portion in height unless the covers were made inordinately large. This gentleman added the following observation: "Personally I detest trimmed magazines; but this is a question of taste."

We confess that this letter caused us a certain amount of trepidation, since we have a sincere respect for the opinions of librarians. But comfort came to us on January 28th, in the shape of the following letter from Brooklyn:

Dear Editor.—February BOOKMAN received with cut leaves. "For this relief much thanks!"
A LIBRARIAN.

We feel now that we need not worry any more about this matter; for if trouble comes, the librarians will fight it out among themselves.

V. •

A gentleman in Denver, Colorado, who signs himself "A Soul with Here and There a Polka Dot" writes to ask about the protracted absence from our columns of a name which he sees fit to write "Miss C——n W——s." He remarks:

Your readers have played gooseberry so long for the charming literary flirtation which has been going on, that you really ought to let them down easier. Why this abruptness? Have you decided to conquer the habit, or is it because this is leap year?

We really don't know what this man means. His allusions are very singular. So we say nothing, but look musingly out of the window.

VI.

In the December and January numbers of this magazine we published a story for children called *Hilda and the Wishes*. The fact that we did so has called forth an indignant letter from a lady in Hatboro, Pennsylvania,—a place hitherto unknown to us. We have conceived a mental picture of this lady. Unless we are greatly mistaken, she has black eyes, a spare figure, dresses in grey, and wears a good many steel beads. However, this is irrelevant. Here is what she says:

"I scarcely know whether to call this an indignant protest or a plea for the grown-up people. At all events it is a query as to why, in THE BOOKMAN of all magazines, we should be served with a story for very young children. Now very young children are very well in their place. They have thousands of periodicals devoted exclusively to them. This is as it should be, but I claim that grown people have some rights which even editors are bound to respect."

We are really very much abashed and have little to say in our own defense. We had a notion that at Christmas time,

which is the one season of the year that seems to belong especially to children, THE BOOKMAN might venture to publish something for them. Many of our readers must have young children to whom a child's story could be read; and we confess that it gave us an absurd feeling of pleasure to think that here and there some of these children might perhaps come to have a certain friendly interest in our pages. You see we are fond of children and we didn't dream that there was any harm in publishing a story for them. We know now the gravity of our offense. But this is not all. In that unfortunate story, the pupils of a kindergarten were represented as playing a game and singing the following lines:

"The rat takes the cheese,
The rat takes the cheese,
Heigh-O, the Jerry-O,
The rat takes the cheese!"

The lady in Hatboro quotes these lines and pins us down severely as follows:

The indignant question rises, Is this literature? If so, is it the *best* literature? Perhaps it is *life*. If so, it is not the walk in life through which at least, *this* reader of THE BOOKMAN cares to be led.

The lady does not leave us a single loop-hole of escape. We sorrowfully admit that this rodentiferous verse is not literature, much less "the best literature." But it is the sort of rhyme which children actually do sing in kindergartens, at least in this part of the country. It is probably different in Hatboro, Pennsylvania, a place which, unfortunately, we have never visited. All we can say is that if we ever publish a child's story describing a kindergarten in Hatboro, Pennsylvania, we shall represent the children as chanting a chorus from the *Antigone* of Sophocles, in the original Greek.



THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

I.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

By Harold MacDonald Anderson.

THAT mysterious, omniscient, ever watchful "high authority," to whom is intrusted the announcement of important matters that concern the family of nations, has just put forth the information that there is to be war. Civilisation has at length wearied of the brutalities of one of her decadent children; progress demands the wiping out of a brace of obstructive States; the new ambitions of a recently awakened people have brought them into conflict with the age-worn programme of a neighbour; and there is to be war. In a hundred newspaper offices a hundred managing editors pull down a thousand maps, and from the hundred offices the war correspondents depart, accredited to the powers, and commissioned to follow the armies and the fleets until the end is reached. The public does not know whether there is to be war; but at the first suggestion of the coming struggle the war correspondents are off to take the field to be on hand when the first skirmish begins. Some of them are men whose names are known wherever newspapers are read; others are new to the trade; but all are under way, by rail or ship, for the spot where there is the greatest probability that the first encounter will take place.

England had her correspondents in the Transvaal six months before the first fight. Key West was filled with correspondents before it had been announced that the Maine was blown up from the outside; and when the first hint came that Russia and Japan might meet in armed conflict, correspondents began rushing to the East that they might be present when the first gun was fired.

HIS EQUIPMENT.

For each of these correspondents the most elaborate arrangements have been

made by their home offices. All that can be done to relieve the men in the field from troubling details is accomplished through the managing editors. These contract with those cable companies and telegraph companies that are willing to allow it for the messages to be sent "collect" from the front. Maps showing the location of all the cable stations, and of all the land wires that can be found in the area where the war is expected are prepared and printed. The office opens accounts with as many banking houses in the disturbed district as can be reached, for the cashing of drafts and the honouring of requisitions from the correspondents. Each regular correspondent of the newspaper within the zone covered by the prospective military operations is warned to hold himself in readiness to aid the war correspondent in every way that may be suggested. The whole far-reaching machinery of the modern newspaper is set in motion to help him on his way.

The correspondent himself selects the outfit that he will need with an eye to utility rather than to beauty. Garments appropriate to the climate of the country in which he is to serve, his field glasses, maybe a revolver, will be in his kit. Saddle bags and coats with deep, big pockets, kit bags capable of holding an unlimited supply of junk of one kind and another; writing materials: all of the lightest and toughest fabric he lays in in quantities, for once he has taken the field there is no telling when he will be able to replenish the stock. If the governments that are to go to war issue passes to correspondents,—and the correspondent is a recognised institution in all armies to-day—one of these is secured, authorising the man to accompany the army that he has selected to follow. His arrangements are soon made and he is ready to start—ready always to take the first conveyance that

will carry him in the direction of his objective point. In January of this year an English correspondent landed in New York just in time to catch an overland express for San Francisco. As he crossed the continent a careful study of time tables showed him that he would arrive at the Golden Gate just in time to see a Japan-bound ship churn out of the harbour. To miss it meant a delay of weeks—it might mean that the war would be begun before he arrived upon the scene. So he telegraphed East and West, and by pulling all the wires that he and his

Many of the men who are sent to the front have spent a good part of their lives studying war on the field. This is particularly true of the British correspondents. England and America produce the men who write most of the world's news, and in the department of war England has had a good start of America. But the Spanish campaigns of 1898 and the Philippine fighting in the following years called for the services of Americans trained in such duties, and they were developed promptly from the staffs of the newspapers. They may be lacking



American War Correspondents Grouped about an Idol in the Purple (Forbidden) City of Peking. The Idol had never before been profaned by Foreign Devils. The man standing on the right is the late W. J. Chamberlain of the New York Sun. In the centre is Martin Egan of the Associated Press, now with the Japanese in Eastern waters. This picture has never before been printed.

paper could reach that ship was induced to lie in the stream until the correspondent was aboard—a thing that ships may do now and then for kings and emperors, but that is beyond the power of ordinary mortals to command. But the war correspondent does not hesitate to try the impossible, and he succeeds in accomplishing it often enough to repay him for the failures that he makes.

in technical military education, but they do not lack ability to see straight, write accurately, and get their matter on the wire—the three things necessary in a successful correspondent.

A correspondent is always liberally supplied with money. A penniless correspondent would be useless to his paper, for, no matter how complete the arrangements made by the home office for the

payment of expenses are, there are always times when a man at the front must spend hard cash and spend it freely. As much gold as he can carry without overburdening himself, and without attracting attention, is a necessary part of the correspondent's outfit. Paper notes lose their value when war turns things upside down, but gold is gold and good wherever man meets man. Sometimes food is high in price; a correspondent once paid \$20 gold for a meal of bacon and canned tomatoes, and thought that he had made a good bargain. Even when the correspondent messes with the officers of the army to which he is attached there are times when he is not able to connect with the camp at meal hours, and at such times no price is too high to pay for food.

A dead correspondent or a sick correspondent is useless to his paper. He can send no news, and that is what he is in the field to do. Every correspondent has to take chances; sometimes they

end in death, or in a wound; but the gathering of news requires that he shall shelter himself as much as he can, preserve his working ability, and never run recklessly into danger.

HIS STANDING IN THE FIELD.

Nowadays when every field of human activity is the subject of newspaper scru-

tiny and comment, every army of a civilised power makes arrangements more or less elaborate for the accommodation of the press representatives who accompany it. If a correspondent is allowed on ship-board, he is assigned to one of the messes in the wardroom, and shares its cost with the officers. If his lot lies with the army his first business upon his arrival at headquarters is to report himself to the officer in command, and have his pass countersigned. This accomplished, he is as-

signed to a mess, and there his home is until he leaves the army. There is no ambiguity about his standing in the force to which he attaches himself. His pass "requests" the commanding officer to extend to him such aid and protection as is deemed wise and "not incompatible" with the welfare of the campaign. The commanding officer has complete control over the correspondents that accompany his troop. He can forbid them to send a word of news. He can exclude them from his com-

mand, or, if he thinks wise, he can send them out of the country, under arrest if need be. One of the correspondents sent from this country to Japan was arrested almost before he set foot in the Flowery Kingdom. He was suspected of being a spy, and the Japs lost no time in locking him up. They released him at Minister Griscom's request. Lord Kitchener never allowed the correspondents any liberties while



Frederic Remington

Caspar Whitney
Grover Flint

Richard Harding Davis
Captain Arthur Lee

A Group of War Correspondents at Tampa in 1898, from Richard Harding Davis's *The Cuban and Porto Rico Campaigns*.



WAR CORRESPONDENTS BOUND FOR THE FAR EAST ON THE DECK OF A PACIFIC STEAMSHIP.

they were with him, and on one campaign he ordered the whole press contingent back to his base of supplies, far from the front, and where they were about as useful to their employers as they would have been in mid-ocean.

When Admiral Sampson took his fleet to San Juan de Porto Rico the whole movement was kept secret. Several newspaper tugs accompanied the squadron, carrying the correspondents of the press associations and the New York news-



WAR CORRESPONDENTS KILLING TIME IN THE MID PACIFIC.



Steam Yacht Kanapha, Flagship of the Sun's Dispatch Boat Fleet at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1898.

papers. It was generally understood that no news of the movement was to be sent out until it was discovered whether Cervera's fleet was in the harbour of San Juan, but no specific order on the subject had been issued. When Cape Haitian was reached, the newspaper boats went in to file dispatches for the Admiral, coal, and get fresh vegetables. One correspondent sent a message to his paper, announcing the arrival of the fleet. On the following day the correspondents were called aboard the flag-ship, and Admiral Sampson asked each man if he had sent any news from Cape Haitian. The offender confessed that he had, without making any attempt to conceal it. Admiral Sampson ordered him to leave the squadron, and not to come back. The order was obeyed at once. (The Admiral meant business.) The correspondent was never allowed to return, and it was several weeks before the yacht that had borne him was permitted to take its place in the line again.

Such drastic measures are not often needed to prevent the correspondents from overstepping the bounds laid down for them. Probably no army has ever been followed by more reporters, in proportion to its size, than the one that in-

vaded Cuba in 1898. Correspondents of daily and weekly newspapers, press associations, correspondence syndicates, with photographers, painters, moving picture men in their train swarmed in the camps. Only four men out of all the number were sent home—a remarkable showing when it is remembered that most of them had never lived under military rule before. One of the correspondents excluded was a man whose boast it was that he "did not write the news, but made it." When Santiago was surrendered to the American arms, the ceremony was conducted in the square before the public buildings, and the correspondents were excluded from the city. It was a great disappointment to them, for some of them had been placed within sight of the town at an expense of not less than \$25,000 each. The originator of news made his way into the city, and when it came time to lower the Spanish flag and hoist the American, he was found with his hands on the hal-yards. He was ordered to leave the roof on which he stood, and report to Gen. Shafter. He did this, and within a few moments after reporting, struck Gen. Shafter a blow in the face that drew blood. The correspondent said he struck in self-defense; Gen. Shafter thought that he had struck in insanity, for it was



Correspondents being hauled aboard after a visit to the Flagship New York.

a crazy thing to do. It was thought that the punishment for this offence would be imprisonment at least, and many believed that the correspondent would be put to death. Instead, he was ordered from the island—a lighter punishment than would have been inflicted in any other army in the world.

Three correspondents were sent from the island for an offence almost as serious as this. Their employer sent to Santiago a boat-load of newspapers and lurid advertising posters. The posters showed a huge cannon belching shot and smoke

Archibald Forbes, who probably did more to revolutionise methods of war correspondence than any other one man, used to say that a correspondent's success was based on three attributes—a sense of organisation, capacity for physical endurance, and a gift of clear, straightforward writing derived from studiously acquired knowledge of military affairs. He himself possessed all three. During the last war between Russia and Turkey, he was the only English correspondent who witnessed the disastrous Russian assault on Plevna in July, 1877. By riding his horse to death he reached Bucharest, one hundred miles away, the next day, and telegraphed eight columns of description to the *Daily News*. For two days and a half he underwent continuous mental and physical exertion, almost without food, and entirely without sleep. But he had won for his paper. On another occasion during that war, after the battle at Shipka Pass, he left the scene of conflict at six o'clock in the evening, and, riding desperately all night, outstripped the Russian couriers, and was the first to announce to the Emperor that the Russians could hold the pass. During the day reports of a different nature arrived, and for a time Forbes was discredited. Finally his news was definitely confirmed and the Emperor, turning angrily to his generals, exclaimed: "You were wrong. I believe this Englishman is the only man here who knows anything about war."

As correspondent for the London *Morning Advertiser*, Forbes followed the fortunes of the German army from the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war until the investment of Paris. Then he was recalled for the curious reason that the paper already had a correspondent inside the city. He offered his services to the *Times*, but without success. Finally he made his way to the office of the *Daily News* and by that journal was sent to Metz, where the Prussians had drawn an iron circle around Bazaine and the best army of France. Here he made use of methods that had hitherto been unknown in war correspondence. He lived on foreposts. He was present at every fight. For six weeks during the wet



ARCHIBALD FORBES.

and flame at the beholder, while an American blue jacket leaned on the muzzle of the gun and waved his cap. It bore the legend:

"Remember the Maine and Read the New York Yellow!"

It was not the sort of a picture to soothe the Spaniards in Santiago, civilian

autumn he lived in squalor within easy range of the French guns, never once taking off his boots, and only occasionally sleeping in a bed. Instead of curt telegrams announcing mere facts, he sent his paper long descriptive letters telegraphed in full.

After Metz had capitulated, Forbes made his quarters with the German army in front of Paris. His letters about the progress of the siege were sent to an agent on the frontier who telegraphed them to London. As only brief messages were permitted from the telegraph offices within the army lines, the fullness and accuracy of the *Daily News* accounts puzzled and baffled the German officials and the other correspondents. He met all enquiries on the subject with the jest that he had his own private wire. After the surrender he was the first correspondent to enter Paris, riding into the city from the north, whereas all the other journalists were gathered on the Versailles side.



The Late G. W. STEEVENS.

or military. They could have made a good deal of trouble had they been so disposed, but without regard to its possible effect on the peace of the community the poster was distributed freely. A copy of it was hung above a great shot hole that one of Sampson's ships had knocked in a warehouse wall. Another found its way into the rooms of the Spanish Club. The provost guard learned of these things and gathered those posters in with speed. The threatened riot was averted. The correspondents were arrested, and with them two from another paper. Gen. Shafter himself sat in judgment on the five. The two innocent men were discharged from custody. The three who had distributed the inflammatory pictures were deported to the United States. To one of them this was no novelty, for he had been deported by the Spanish authorities two years before while reporting the activities of the Cuban insurgents.

With exceptions so few in number that they may be disregarded, the correspondents that are sent to report wars are men of sense and good judgment, who know how far they may go and where they must stop in serving their papers. Between them and the officers who command the forces to which they are attached the utmost good feeling exists and many are the warm friendships that live beyond war times between men who served the flag and men who served the papers.

A correspondent captured by the opposing force would be treated, by a civilized government, in the same manner as a volunteer nurse, or a surgeon, or a chaplain. He is not a combatant, and many correspondents do not carry arms, regarding them as an unnecessary and useless piece of baggage. There have been cases in which correspondents have been combatants, but these do not establish the rule. Should an American correspondent serving with the Japanese forces be captured by the Russians our Ambassador at St. Petersburg would have little difficulty in obtaining his freedom, unless it should be proved that he



HENRY NORMAN.

had taken an active part in the fighting against the Tsar's troops. The Spaniards were much incensed at the American newspapers in 1898, and while the Santiago campaign was in progress word was brought from the beleaguered city that if any American reporters were captured by its defenders they would be treated as spies. There was no opportunity to demonstrate the truth of this report; but there were several foreign consuls in Santiago who would have had a word to say before any such plan could have been carried out. When the correspondents finally arrived in the city they found the Spanish officers cordial and friendly.

HOW HE GETS THE NEWS.

As soon as war preparations are begun the nations involved shut off the news as completely as they can. The enemy can be worried by silence, and to do this is the aim of every government. Officials assume an air of mystery, refuse information on the most trifling matters, and generally attempt to prevent anything from getting out that may enlighten their opponents in the slightest degree. Once a campaign is under way there is likely to be some feature of the movement indicating to all who watch it the end it seeks to attain. And officers will talk, and those who are in their society learn what is going on. The commanding officer may consent to tell something of his plans and even issue a statement—elaborately false in every particular. He can do this in safety, for he controls the telegraph wires, and no one can leave the camp on any mission without his approval. But as a rule there is nothing to be learned from headquarters—not even confirmation of facts that are apparent to every man in camp with eyes in his head. Something is gleaned from subordinate officers, but disaster awaits the correspondent who puts his trust in camp gossip. Naval ships have the reputation of starting more rumours in a day than can be killed in a month. The same is true of an army camp, and it is not until an engagement is about to begin that anything definite and conclusive can be learned about it. Then the correspondent's place is where the news is and that is usually with the headquarters staff.

If there are a number of correspondents from the same paper in an engagement one or two of them will be at headquarters, and the others will be scattered along the battle line to watch the incidents of the fight. The little happenings of the day are what make the newspaper story. An heroic rescue, a daring assault, the storming of an intrenchment—these are the incidents that newspaper readers love. They give the color and the life to a story, they supply the flesh



Twelve Miles to the Front.
A "Collier's" Man with full kit.



W. A. GOODE of the Associated Press on board Admiral Sampson's Flagship, the New York, off Santiago.

that makes the skeleton of facts a living reality. The best popular story of a battle that can be written will tell in ten lines that a campaign has ended in success or failure, and in a thousand lines of the little things that happened while the fight was on.

But while the correspondent is waiting for the event of the campaign, waiting for the day of the battle to dawn, there is a wealth of work to occupy his time and attention. Next to reading of the individual exploits of soldiers actually in battle, the newspaper reading public craves details of the manner in which they live while on the road to the field. How does the soldier dress on the march? Does he find time and strength to shave? Does he bathe if he has the opportunity? How does he cook his meals? What does he have to cook? Can he make it appetising? Does he talk, or sing, or whistle as he marches? Would he be allowed to if he wanted to do these things? How is the transportation managed? Are those who fall sick cared for tenderly? (It is amazing how compassionate the public can be over the minor hardships of a soldier's life.) What sort of a country is the army in? How do the residents act, and how are they treated?

There are many scores of matters of this kind for the correspondent to write about and to inform himself upon. Such descriptive stories as he may write, dealing with the personnel of the army and the life in the camps is not news; newspapers call it special matter, and it is mailed to the home office whenever opportunity offers. No newspaper can get too much of this kind of matter. Given the choice between the services of a correspondent capable of writing a technical account of a great battle with due regard to the scientific reasons for each move, and of a man unable to say more than that a battle was won or lost, and how, but with a descriptive power sufficient to enable him to put the daily life of the army before the public, and the technical expert would be cast aside by practically every newspaper in the world.

HOW HE SENDS THE NEWS.

Unfortunately for the correspondent, battles are seldom fought within reach of



RALPH D. PAINE IN CHINA.

It is said that at the time of the invasion of China by the Allies after the Boxer uprising Mr. Paine taught the Yale "Boola" to the Japanese soldiers, and that they sang it as a battle hymn.

a large telegraph office. Having obtained the news, he must send to the home office, and to get it there is a problem to the solution of which he has bent his energies from the moment of his arrival. If there is a telegraph wire in the vicinity of the battlefield the army has seized it for official dispatches. If there is a cable

near by, the government has that. Possibly the newspapers may be allowed to send a few words over the government lines, but they would never be allowed to send a dispatch of the length that an interesting battle, big or little, justifies. The correspondent has engaged horses, runners, and agents of every kind and



WINSTON CHURCHILL, after his Escape from Ladysmith.
Courtesy of "Collier's Weekly."



C. E. ACKERS, Correspondent London "Times" at Tampa in 1898.

function at various cost at every point where they may be of use. The course he will follow must be shaped by circumstances. Suppose that forty miles away from the field of fighting there is a telegraph line that may be without the pale of government control. It leads to the coast, where there is a local cable line, running to a point where one of the great world cables has a station. The correspondent will have on deposit at the local cable station a sum of money sufficient to prepay the tolls on any message he may want to send. If he can get his matter to the big cable it will be taken by that and sent to his office collect. Immediately after he has obtained facts sufficient to make a story worth sending he will frame it up, skeletonising where he can, but never sacrificing clarity to brevity.

Code words will be forbidden, or too complicated to use. If the dispatch must pass through the hands of men of a different nationality than the writer's, every letter must be formed perfectly, or else it will be so distorted in the sending that it will mean nothing to the paper. This careful dispatch written, the correspondent must take it himself or send it by a messenger to the telegraph station. Whoever carries it must get to the wire with the least possible loss of time, and on his trip he reckons not of expense. If water must be crossed he has his own dispatch boat awaiting him at the nearest landing to bear him onward. If there is a railroad and a special train can be chartered, he goes by rail. If he must ride horse back, that he does, nor does he spare his horseflesh. A motor car, a bicycle, a camel—there is not a beast of burden or a vehicle that will not be called



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Correspondent of the London "Times" at Tampa in 1898. Courtesy of "Harper's Weekly."



The Naval Brigade from H. M. S. "Doris" at Modder River.
In Foreground—JAMES BARNES, Correspondent for "The Outlook."

on to serve the messenger when it is available. If he is very fortunate he arrives at the telegraph station not more than ten hours later than he planned.

The message filed, the tolls must be paid, for the newspaper has no account with this telegraph company. If the Western Union and the Commercial Telegraph companies controlled and managed all of the offices in the world, the work would now be well under way, for they understand how to handle press

matter. But there are companies with other methods and in filing with them, the correspondent must be sure they do not forget to send his message. While the late Wilbur J. Chamberlin was in Cuba for *The Sun* he had an experience that would have justified him in committing almost any crime on the calendar.

He rushed to Port Antonio, Jamaica, one day from Sebouney with a good four hours' start of every other paper. He went to the Port Antonio telegraph office,



The Naval Brigade from H. M. S. "Doris" at Modder River.
Figure in Foreground—GORDON H. GRANT, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



JAMES CREELMAN.

and filed his dispatch, addressed to the cable company at Kingston for transmission to New York. It was of a fight, and important. Two young women counted the words, and told him that it would cost something over \$100 for tolls to Kingston. Chamberlin paid the money and hurried back to Cuba, congratulating himself on having scored an exclusive story. Four days later he went back to Port Antonio. This is his own account,—as given in the book "Ordered to China:"

"Again I went to the office of the telegraph company. There were the sweet young things. One of them recognised me. She came to the window.

"'Aren't you Mr. Chamberlin?' she asked.

"I confessed that I was.

"'I'm so glad you came in,' she said. 'You filed a message the other day for *The New York Sun*, didn't you?'

"Again I confessed.

"'Well, do you know,' she said, 'we miscounted the words and we were one short. Dreadfully stupid of us, wasn't it? You owe us for one more word.'

"'Oh, that's all right,' I said, and threw down a shilling to pay and started out.

"'I'm so glad you came in,' she twittered, as I walked away. 'Now we can send the message.'"

Four days lost because of the stupidity of a telegraph operator! Chamberlin always feared that what he said to those girls was impolite. He had another ex-

perience of the same kind in China. He made a deposit of \$300 with the telegraph company at Tien Tsin, to prepay his messages to Taku, where the cable company would receive them R. T. P. for transmission to New York. Then he went to Pekin, and filed a message on the American army wire as soon as he arrived. Each day he filed the sixty words allowed to each correspondent by Gen. Chaffee, and one day Gen. Chaffee allowed him to send 321 words. After two weeks, the telegraph operator at Pekin informed Chamberlin casually that all of his messages lay at the Tien Tsin end of the wire, because no one had called for them and no one would walk across the street to the cable station with them. Chamberlin's office had not heard from him between the day he left Tien Tsin, Oct. 8, and Oct. 25, although he had sent a message every day.



JULIAN RALPH.

The day when a man could "hold the wire" by filing the Bible, having it sent until he had real news to send, and thus excluding all others from its use, has passed. Matter filed for telegraphic transmission when the wires are crowded must at least bear some resemblance to news. No cable or telegraph company would allow one paper the exclusive use of its wires for trivial matter for any price. As it is, the companies find themselves unable to handle the vast business that is offered to them in war time, and their wires are sometimes seventy-two hours behind the matter awaiting transmission.

It is no uncommon thing for a newspaper to spend \$300 or \$400 for a cable message in tolls alone. Great sums have been spent for single messages. Tolls of \$2,500 have been paid without a word, and tolls to the amount of \$1,000 on a single message were paid time and time again by American newspapers during the Spanish War. The rate from Corea now is about \$1.50 a word. What it will be under war conditions is a question that no newspaper can answer. The New



CONAN DOYLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

York *Herald* announced on Jan. 22 that it was spending over 5,600 francs a week for cable tolls in each direction between its Paris office and Seoul. That was a matter of \$2,500 a week for this one item of expense. The *Herald* estimated that a war between Russia and Japan would necessitate the expenditure of from \$98,000 to \$150,000 by any newspaper that attempted to cover it. The lower figure seems too small, and the higher is conservative. It is speaking well within the line to say that at least four New York newspapers—*The Sun*, *The World*, *The Herald*, and the *Journal*—and the Associated Press spent at least \$200,000 each in reporting the Spanish War. These enormous expenditures are made because the papers must have the news, or else lose their standing. *The Herald* described the situation accurately in an editorial in which it said:

"Competition nowadays in journalism is so fierce that no expense is too great if it will secure new



HENRY M. STANLEY.

earlier than rival papers can obtain it. The journal that hesitates is lost. Those who do not or cannot spend money lavishly on the reporting of a big war must go to the wall."

THE CENSOR.

The censorship is the bane of the correspondent's life. The censor is usually selected from among the officers of the army, and he knows nothing of newspaper work. Censors invariably mess things, except when they ask correspondents to help them out, as some do. They violate all the rules of telegraph companies and newspapers, whose cardinal principle is that matter must be transmitted in the order of its filing. Censors have an entertaining habit of sending short messages at once, because they are quickly read,

and holding out long ones to be read when there is nothing else to occupy their time. The censor who does this is not popular. Every correspondent feels it a duty to beat him whenever he can. In Key West once Admiral Sampson ordered that no news be sent of his departure for San Juan de Porto Rico. The censor then on duty was unpopular. One correspondent sent this innocent looking message to his managing editor:

"Tell Father I've gone Porto Rico. Ship camera to San Juan."

The correspondent thought his managing editor would know that he would not go to Porto Rico without the fleet, and would read that news into this "personal" message. The censor never

No conflict has done more to revolutionise war correspondence than the War of Secession. The facilities for the gathering and transmission of news from the front were then comparatively undeveloped, and the correspondent was obliged to depend more on his own resources than is the case to-day, when a campaign for the systematic "covering" of a war is carefully mapped out in the home office. Yet in that struggle some of the papers, notably the *New York Herald*, made it a point to anticipate news. For months before the firing on Sumter the *Herald* had men stationed at various places in the South, each feeling the pulse of a particular section, so to speak, and when the war began the paper was represented everywhere at the front. With each army corps there was a *Herald* tent and a *Herald* wagon.

From the very nature of the struggle the correspondent was likely to court great risks for the sake of winning exclusive news for his paper. There are dozens of stories illustrative of the tricks to which correspondents resorted to outwit their rivals. For instance, there is the tale of the man who, after a big fight, won an exciting race to the telegraph office, sent his account to New York, and then in order to hold the wire so that the other correspondents could not use it, dictated to the operator the first chapter of Genesis from: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," to the end. Several of the war correspondents were among those confined in Libby Prison. A Union soldier was released from Libby and made his way to New York. Entering the *Herald* office, he cut from his coat one of the military buttons and handed it to the editor in charge. The button was hollow and contained a wad of thin tissue paper on which an imprisoned *Herald*

man had written in a fine hand a description of conditions in Richmond. It made a good story, three-quarters of a column in length, and no one outside of the office knew whence it came. The incident was typical. It would be impossible to dwell too much on the heroism displayed by journalists at the front. Anderson, of the *Herald*, taken prisoner, was confined in an iron dungeon in Texas. Afterwards, at Spottsylvania, with a bullet hole through his arm, he was in the thick of the battle, calmly taking notes. Another *Herald* man, Osborn, the only correspondent on the iron-clads in action, coolly watched the effect of each shot, and frequently, as signal officer in the rigging with Farragut, ran the gauntlet at New Orleans. Browne and Richardson of the *Tribune* and Colburn of the *World*, captured in running the blockade at Vicksburg, were confined for months in Libby, till they escaped to the Union lines through marsh and brush and forest. Cook sat aloft on Porter's flagship, pencil and note-book in hand, and watched the bombardment of Fort Fisher. Shanks at Lookout, and Hosmer at Gettysburg, wrote their reports in the thickest of the fire. Fitzpatrick and Cadwallader of the *Herald*, and Crouse of the *Times*, were captured by Mosby's band, their note-books and watches taken from them, and their facts published in the Southern newspapers. Skestfall in the hands of Morgan guerrillas; Conyngham and Doyle with Sherman on the famous march to the sea; Carpenter and Ashley with the Army of the Potomac; Knox at Pea Ridge; Brady lost in a canebrake; Dunn dying at his post on the Mississippi; William Swinton, of the *Times* at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg—these are but a few of the newspaper men who served so well at the front during the four years of the great War.



THE LATE STEPHEN CRANE.

saw the point of that message and let it go through. Unfortunately for the correspondent the managing editor did not see its point, either, and neglected to interpret it into a news story—a beat. When the Porto Rico trip was over, this telegram was delivered to the returning correspondent:

“Father not in directory. Wire him direct.”

A good clean beat lost because the managing editor did not read the message as he should. But there are censors who know how to handle their work to the satisfaction of the military authorities and without outraging the feelings of the correspondents. Captain Bowman H. McCalla of the United States Navy was such a censor. While he was saying what could be sent and what could not be sent from the Guantanamo cable station in the summer of 1898 not a word went out that the Government objected to, and not a harmless story that the press wanted was held up; every story was sent in the order of its filing; and the relations between censor and censored were most cordial at all times. Capt. Allen of the Signal Corps was another censor of the

same kind. They were the exceptions to the rule, for the duties of the censor are opposed in every particular to the duties of the correspondents, and if the censor does not use great tact he is sure to be disliked.

In England and the United States the press occupies a more dignified and important position than in any other country, and Englishmen and Americans have reduced war correspondence to a science with its specialists, its slang, and its own code ethics. The newspapers of America and England are the only ones that are willing to open the great sums required to pay the expenses of a complete

The late Stephen Crane, at the time of the war between Greece and Turkey, had not yet made himself a journalist in the full sense in which the term is understood among practical newspaper men. As a war correspondent he lacked the faculty of organisation. So the paper employing him sent with him a manager. All that Crane had to do was to write the story of a battle as he saw it. The manager looked after all the details, found the horses, secured rations and fodder and places in which to sleep, and finally hurried Crane's written copy to the wire and cabled it to the United States.



WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN CHINA DURING THE BOXER TROUBLES.
The two men seated in the centre are Captain George Lynch, correspondent of the London "Daily Express," and Frank Morse, the old Princeton half-back.

war establishment, rivaling in arrangement and equipment the armies that fight the battles.

THE ETHICS OF THE CORRESPONDENT.

"Get the news, and get it first," is the order that the correspondent works under. Warm though his personal friendship may be with another correspondent, when the news is concerned they are sworn enemies. They will get the better of each other in every way that presents itself. If misdirections can accomplish the delay of a rival, they will be freely given. If physical force is necessary to bring an advantage, some of them will not scruple to resort to it.

Two dispatch boats once raced from the blocking fleet off Havana to Key West. They entered the harbour on even terms, and slid toward the wharf through a cheering lane of men-o'-warsmen. It was evident that one of them would be able to make the landing wharf first, and thus put its correspondent ashore ahead of the other's. Therefore one of the yachts slowed up opposite the narrow Customs House pier, a correspondent got into the dinghy, the boatswain

Just before his departure for the seat of war in the Far East the most widely known of all American war correspondents was discussing the ethical side of his profession and the extent to which a man is justified in going in order to outwit a competitor.

"It is not at all a question of a fair field and no favour," he said. "What a war correspondent wants is an unfair field and everything to his own advantage and against the other men. At that there are correspondents and correspondents. Take Bennett-Burleigh of the Lon-

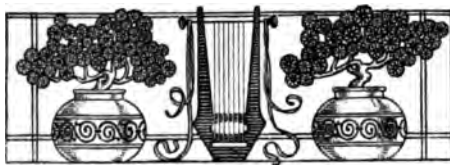
don *Daily Telegraph*, for example. He is a pretty good type. He is out to win, to be sure, but he is human. Of course if you were working for a rival paper or press association, and were to meet him with your horses tired and thirsty, he would not scruple to send you off three or four miles in the wrong direction in search of water. That is perfectly legitimate—part of the game. Archibald Forbes, on the other hand—why Forbes would have stolen the horses."

followed, and the small boat was lowered away. At the landing there was a crowd of interested onlookers. The correspondent was running off the wharf, when he was halted by a tremendous blow on the point of the jaw that sent him to the ground half conscious. As he fell he heard a voice:

"My God! I thought it was the other boat!"

One of the correspondents of his own paper had knocked him down, mistaking him for a man from the rival paper. This enthusiast got the dispatches filed, and the victim of his devotion had a headache for a week.

Only the pick of the newspaper-men are sent to the front in time of war. They have the fortunes of their employers in their hands in more senses than one, for their failure means the disgrace of their newspapers, and their right to spend money is regulated only by their own notion of what is necessary. In the past the men who have represented American papers have done splendid work; there is nothing to indicate that as long as men wage war they will not be found in the foreground of the ranks of the war correspondents.



THE EPIC NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

THE phrase Epic Novel is so much in vogue just at present, it so frequently adorns the title page of our newest fiction with all the assurance of a proprietary right, that one is almost tricked into fancying it a purely modern invention. Yet ever since the days of Fielding, there have been novels written along broad, comprehensive lines, that could justly be said to sum up the life of a particular age or country with a certain epic big-ness. It is, however, quite true that no earlier school of fiction, in this country or elsewhere, has ever started out with such deliberate purpose to make the epic element a part of their literary creed, as the younger American writers of to-day are doing. And this is doubly interesting, because the genesis of the movement seems so obvious. When the time comes to trace the evolution of our present-day fiction from the vantage-ground of a later generation, there is little question that this epic tendency will be traced back quite frankly to Emile Zola, through a single intermediary, the late Frank Norris, in precisely the same way that the current vogue of short, symbolic titles, like *The Torch*, *The Mark*, *The Web*, *The Deliverance*, is to be traced back through *The Pit* and *The Octopus* to *La Terre*, *L'Argent*, *L'Œuvre*, *L'Assommoir* and still others of the Rougon-Macquart series.

No other modern writer has grasped the theory of the epic novel as Zola grasped it. Whatever rank is assigned to him in the scale of literature, it must be conceded that in the technique of construction, the art of giving broad, panoramic effects of size and distance and countless multitudes, he has remained unequaled. Whether he paints the miniature world of a great department store, or a big financial battle in the Bourse, or the life-and-death struggle of an international war, there is always the same nice balance between the general theme of the book,—the theme symbolised in

the title,—and the narrower personal interest of some individual group; always the same effect of a crowded canvas, of jostling throngs and the hum of unnumbered voices. In this country Zola has never had a more zealous disciple than Frank Norris. Although not lacking in literary ideals of his own,—ideals that, had he lived, would have steadily come more and more to the front,—Norris nevertheless owed a large and obvious debt to the great French realist. And the impulse which he thus received and transmitted, through his symbolic treatment of vital economic problems, in his *Epic of the Wheat*, has spread in widening circles, until it is no longer practicable to keep watch of the novelists who, consciously or unconsciously, have been drawn within its influence.

And yet the novels which really make good their claim to be called epic are relatively very few. There is not one writer in a hundred who can even give the requisite effects of space and time and multitude,—who can paint humanity in the bulk, armies on the march, jostling throngs in city streets, a panic-stricken rush from a burning building. These are effects which cannot be taught. They are not produced by the patient filling-in of infinite details. A mere catalogue of ships never yet made or marred an *Iliad*. One writer will crowd fifty characters into a story; he will paint you their features, trace their pedigree, their fortune, their outward deeds and secret thoughts. And when he is done, all that he has given you is an impression of fifty individual men and women, fifty portraits more or less convincing,—not quite population enough to make a respectable New England village; barely enough for a summer hotel or a Sunday school picnic. And another writer will take less than half this number of characters; and he will make each one of them so truly typical of his sphere of life, so much a part and parcel of the office he holds, or the business he controls, or the constitu-

ents he represents, that you think of them less as individuals than as just so many human cog-wheels in the big intricate machinery of life. Yet this second writer may really not have come much nearer than the first to producing a real epic novel, if he has sacrificed the human interest to the development of sociological problems.

The truth is, that the epic novel is an attempt to do two things simultaneously, and to do them both equally well,—to tell a strong, vivid human story, one well worth the telling for its own sake; and at the same time never to allow the reader quite to lose sight of the fact that behind this individual story is some big, vital issue, some national crisis, some ethical principle, of which the story itself is but a single manifestation. In other words, the great difficulty is to keep a proper proportion between the area of the canvas and the size of the central figures. A good illustration is afforded by a certain well-known *Massacre of the Innocents*, in one of the big European galleries,—although the name of both gallery and artist will not come to mind for the moment. From the general scene of carnage, a central group stands out in bold relief,—a brawny Roman legionary, of giant build, holding aloft a child, suspended by one foot; and the soldier's raised sword is about to descend to cleave it asunder. His gigantic stature enables him to hold the child just beyond reach of its frantic mother, and he laughs down into her face a laugh of brutal but perfectly genuine enjoyment. In the background, as far as the eye can reach, one catches glimpses, through windows and doors and archways, of other struggling groups, suggested rather than clearly shown; but with that haunting central picture still in mind, one guesses that everywhere the same scene is being duplicated.

The successful epic novel demands first of all just such a central group, an individual tragedy of great dramatic intensity, yet typical of a general and widespread condition. There was much of the real epic quality in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There we have, on the one hand, a burning national problem, the problem of slavery,—and on the other, a specific tragedy, in the person of Uncle Tom. The scene shifts back and forth, so as

to cover successively the principal and most representative sections of the South; and while the destiny of Uncle Tom offers the main interest, one sees through and behind him an endless vista of toiling negroes, some wretched and some happy in their bondage, but any one of whom might by a sudden turn of fortune be brought into the power of a Legree. And, finally, the culminating tragedy is the tragedy for which the whole story prepares us. If you accept the truth of Mrs. Stowe's picture of slavery as a whole, Uncle Tom's death is the logical result of a system,—as logical as the death of Coupeau, in *L'Assommoir*, from alcoholic delirium, or of the imprisoned miners, in *Germinal*, from the flooding of the mines. It is worth while to compare with this type of ending, the spectacular but illogical tragedy with which Frank Norris ended *The Octopus*. Throughout his *Epic of the Wheat*, Norris was dominated by the idea of the ultimate victory of nature over man, the triumph of the wheat over human injustice. In *The Pit* he worked out this idea in a perfectly sane and justifiable manner, in the financial ruin of Jadwin, the man who pitted himself against the granaries of the world. But when, in *The Octopus*, he made wheat the direct physical cause of the death of Behrman, the unscrupulous freight agent, by sending him to strangle like a rat, under the mighty downpour of a grain elevator, he did not seem to realise that this was not logic, but symbolism run riot,—a horribly fantastic accident such as might not be duplicated in the lifetime of a nation.

What Mrs. Stowe did for the South of antebellum days, from a frankly abolitionist standpoint, a good many recent writers have tried to do for the Reconstruction period, from the standpoint of the Southerner; and none has come nearer to achievement than Miss Ellen Glasgow, in *The Deliverance*. In the subtitle Miss Glasgow defines her story quite simply, as a "romance of the Virginia tobacco fields;" but it was heralded and put forth as something considerably more ambitious, a comprehensive picture of the South, bridging over the years from the Civil War down to the present day. Looked at from this point of view, *The Deliverance* loses more than it gains. It is unquestionably a strong piece of

work, one of this season's books which will deservedly attract a good deal of serious attention; but it will be ranked higher in the scale by those who take it simply as an earnest, thoughtful story, taken straight from life, than by those who try to find in it an epitome of the whole New South. And yet, from a critical standpoint, the latter is the more interesting view to take, because it helps us to see by what a very narrow margin the author missed doing something very much bigger than she has done. Miss Glasgow possesses the requisite qualifications for the handling of big themes. She has a style that at times is distinctly virile, and a gift of generalisation that is rare in women. One does not need to have first-hand knowledge of present-day Virginia in order to feel that the social and economic conditions that she pictures are absolutely true, and that they are not merely local or exceptional, but that they are prevailing conditions. When stated in general terms, the theme of *The Deliverance* seems one well adapted to a broad, impressionistic, epic treatment. There is, in the foreground, the typical case, a proud old Virginia family, impoverished by the war; the estate passed into other hands; even the birthright of education and refinement and social prestige slipping from the grasp of the younger generation. And behind all this is the suggestion of a bigger theme,—a whole social structure shaken to its foundations, an entire people struggling to adapt themselves to new conditions. And all these changes of fortune, both general and particular, the downfall of a family, the passing of the old régime, are bound into one single, comprehensive whole, by a bold, dramatic device which, if not wholly new in fiction, is none the less a stroke of genius in its present application. It is nothing less than the introduction of one character who, through all the changes and privations of the vanquished South, continues tranquilly to live in imagination the old life of antebellum days.

It is the Blake family whose fortunes we are asked to follow in *The Deliverance*. When Mrs. Blake awoke from the desperate illness that followed the shock of her husband's death, she was spared a knowledge of the havoc the war had wrought, for she was both blind and

paralysed. It seemed to her children needless cruelty to tell her of the downfall of the Confederacy, the wreck of their own fortunes, and how their father's former overseer had somehow acquired all their lands, including even the old home, leaving them only a wretched cabin in the midst of a few square rods of swamp-land. And so throughout the whole book, we have the tragically pathetic figure of this fine old Southern gentlewoman, sitting day after day in her stiff Elizabethan chair of carved oak, grotesquely out of place in the wretched cabin,—and all the time believing herself still in her old home, still mistress of her lands, her crops, her slaves, still citizen of a victorious and flourishing Confederacy. And year after year, her children, often at their wits' end to give her the luxuries she demands as of right, unite in the wholesale fabrication of a national history,—the long line of Jefferson Davis's successors in the presidential chair, the growing importance of the Confederate States in the family of nations; an elaborate tissue of ingenious lies daily woven around the invalid chair, and including in its warp and woof all the news, down to the merest local gossip, that comes to the ears of the blind old autocrat. And she, happy in her ignorance, sits in the cabin regally dispensing imaginary bounty, or decreeing punishments for the misdeeds of imaginary slaves.

These are the strong features of *The Deliverance*, and one feels that a little more concentration, a little more insistence upon them would have made it the big symbolic story that it just fails to be. What Miss Glasgow herself seems to have been chiefly interested in is the romance between young Blake and the granddaughter of his bitterest enemy, his father's former steward. It is an intimate personal drama, a peculiar case of warped conscience, in which a man's love for an innocent girl does not prevent him from planning the ruin of that girl's brother, when by doing so he can strike a deadly blow at his enemy's pride. But all this takes us out of the realm of what is big and typical and symbolic; it constantly focuses our attention upon individual interests and exceptional conditions. And over and over again, just as the vista seems to widen out, and we

get a glimpse of a bigger, broader South, beyond the boundaries of the ubiquitous tobacco fields, the horizon relentlessly shuts in again, and focuses our thoughts once more upon the troubled conscience of a young man who by no stretch of the imagination can be regarded as a symbol of the New South.

If there is any class of novels that thoroughly deserve the name of epic, it is the class represented by Kipling's *Kim*,—the novel that, while weaving its narrative around one central figure, successfully sums up and interprets an alien civilisation. One of the latest and most astonishing attempts of this sort is *Saïd the Fisherman*, by a new and hitherto unknown English writer, Marmaduke Pickthall. It was the lucky combination of an ardent desire to enter the diplomatic service, and a constitutional inability to pass certain required examinations, that resulted in Mr. Pickthall's departure for Syria, some five years ago,—because, as he himself puts the case, he was literally not fit for anything else. There, he made a specialty of the local dialects, living the life of the people, spending his days and nights in the bazaars and coffee houses of Damascus, and absorbing a special sort of knowledge, which two years later proved sufficiently valuable to give him the entry, even though through a sort of backdoor route, to the goal of his ambitions, the British Embassy. And it is this same special knowledge which has now borne fresh fruit in *Saïd the Fisherman*.

The easiest way to define this book is to say at the outset that it is a piece of pure and unadulterated orientalism. It makes one think of some rare, strange bit of Eastern fabric, overwrought with curious and fantastic embroideries, and with the mysterious scent of the bazaars still clinging to it. There are whole pages which read as though they might have been written by one of the old, forgotten authors of the *Arabian Nights*. It is easy to believe that much of the book is a faithful transcript of the things that Mr. Pickthall saw and heard for himself in obscure corners of Syrian inns and coffee houses; and he has given it all to us with such photographic vividness, such luminous touches of interpretation, that it almost seems, when we close the

volume, that we literally hold all Syria in the hollow of our hand.

But beyond the bare statement that this book is Syria, all Syria, and nothing but Syria, it is one of the hardest books in the world to sum up with brevity. It is so complicated, so rich in side issues, that a reviewer finds himself continually lured away from the central theme, continually tempted into giving it symbolic meanings far more elaborate than any the author had in mind. Saïd himself may be conveniently summed up as an Oriental type of the self-made man,—one whose methods are so primitive and radical that in countries west of Suez, where the Ten Commandments are still in vogue, his activity would speedily have been cut short by a hempen rope or an electric current. Yet when we first meet Saïd, he is a poor, ignorant fisherman, in a small coast village, honest and industrious and not over bright. But one night he is robbed of all his savings,—the work of Jins, or devils, his friend and partner assures him, and as every Syrian knows, the only way to defeat the Jins is to flee from them. It is only when Saïd is well on his way to Damascus, leaving home and wife and livelihood behind, that he begins to doubt his friend's honesty and disinterestedness. But he consoles himself with the thought that a beggar has all to gain and nothing to lose,—which, being reduced to a working principle, he takes to mean, that the rest of the world have no property rights which a beggar is bound to respect. This is a principle which seems to work well in Syria, especially when one has Saïd's phenomenal genius for lying, and his unbounded talent for jesting his way through life,—stealing in jest, murdering in jest. Every crime in the decalogue is gaily broken, and still he blazes upward like a brilliant meteor. But one day he is guilty of ingratitude toward a woman, and his zenith is past. There is a wonderful chapter in which by some queer freak of fortune, Saïd finds himself in England,—the incarnation of the Orient groping helplessly in the land of northern darkness. And finally a London fog shuts down upon him, and Saïd's light flickers and goes out.

It is hardly worth while to discuss the literary form of *The Fugitive*, by Ezra S. Brudno, the new Jewish writer, be-

cause whatever form it has is so obviously the result of chance. But if there ever was a story which came straight from the heart, a story which literally wrote itself because it had so long been pent up that it had to find some vent, that story is *The Fugitive*. The Russian Jew has been quite prominent in fiction for the past few years; but he has always been the strictly orthodox Jew, with his side-locks, his Talmud, his strict observance of the law. Mr. Brudno gives us a new type,—the modern, liberal-minded, philosophical thinker, the Jew who finds the old ideals and the old faith slipping away from him, and who asks only for civic and religious liberty, the right to

believe what he pleases and to marry without the pale, if he so elects. The most interesting thing about the book is its obviously autobiographical character. Just where fact and fiction meet only the author himself could say; but the early chapters depicting the hero's childhood in Russia, his father's execution on a trumped-up charge, his years in a Jewish orphan school, his later connection with nihilistic plots,—all this is plainly drawn from memories that are still vivid. It will be interesting to watch the reception which this book meets; for it is a long time since we have had a novel in which there sounded so plainly the note of sincerity. *Frederic Taber Cooper.*

THE LITERARY PARASITE.

WITH the boom in all written wares that has characterised the last few years, opportunity has glowed golden over new fields for those hangers-on of life who fatten at the expense of whatever success may offer, and the literary parasite has spread like a plague of locusts. Some feed upon the publisher; some upon the author. The publisher's parasites are the more numerous, the more greedy, and the more ingenious. The writer's leeches are the more flagrant in method, the hungrier, and, on the whole, the meaner.

The species may be roughly catalogued as follows:

AUTHORS' (OR WOULD-BE AUTHORS') PARASITES.

- The correspondence school.
- The literary adviser.
- The placing bureau.
- The revision bureau.
- The literary agent.
- The dishonest publisher.

PUBLISHERS' PARASITES.

- The receptive library or school official.
- The club lecturer.
- The appealing reviewer.
- The acquisitive author.
- The book dealer with a scheme.
- The trade journal advertiser.
- The fake literary journal.

Of these, the scheming bookseller, the literary agent, and the club lecturer divide their predatory attentions between both parties.

Quite early in the game the geniuses at the head of the great correspondence schools which, in their various branches, teach steeple-climbing, cure stammering, and eradicate corns, by mail, saw their chance in literature. They advertised to teach novel-writing in twenty lessons, and short fiction in ten. Consider this appeal to hopeful genius, made in the advertising columns of various publications.

"Richard Harding Davis and Booth Tarkington wrote in obscurity for years, until skilled advice put them upon the right track. Why should not you reap a similar success? The imaginings of your fancy may well be as brilliant as theirs, if rightly directed. Send two-cent stamp for outline of our course in fiction writing."

It doesn't happen to be true of the authors named, but the lure catches the hopeful and unappreciated geniuses just the same, and their dollars go to swell the funds of the Correspondence School. What do they get in return? Some printed slips of advice, perhaps an outline of books to study, and corrections by some totally incompetent person. Other departments of the correspondence schools are exalted by scores of testi-

monials—presumably written by the beneficiaries of the fiction course. This course itself doesn't exhibit testimonials; they don't come in.

Another form of the same scheme is the Literary Revision Bureau. At the head of this is some man whose name has a familiar sound. He proffers the helping hand for a consideration that is indeed small when one considers his "long experience," "wide reputation," and "recognised standing in the world of letters." You send your manuscript to his bureau accompanied by 50 cents, and in return you get an opinion on it. For \$1.50 you get a "detailed criticism," and for \$2.00, a full criticism and revision; all, supposably, from the man of "long experience," "wide reputation," etc. To do him justice, he is not on the plane with the correspondence schools, for he does not pretend to teach any one how to write. His efforts are devoted to teaching the pupil what not to write. In the matter of spelling and punctuation his criticisms may well be practical.

But—listen to a secret of the trade—punctuation matters little, and spelling less. Publishing houses are full of people whose punctuation is perfect and whose spelling is beyond all praise; they'll put the comma in and correct the errors, if you'll send them a manuscript that's worth while. I remember one story that came in to a leading magazine printed painfully by hand, and full of the most grotesque mistakes. It went to an inexperienced reader, who promptly marked it N. G. In the course of time the story passed up to the editor-in-chief who called the new reader in.

"Is this your N. G. mark?"

"Yes, sir. Why the man can't even spell."

"You can, can't you?" said the editor. "We are looking for good stories, not fine orthography, and this is one of them."

In time the story appeared and was widely commented on. I would like to postscript this appropriately by saying that the writer is now a successful author, but he isn't. He's an unsuccessful farmer. However, the new reader was unsuccessful, too, in his branch and is now a competent and careful stenographer.

If the Revision Bureau has some ex-

cuse for being, the Placing Bureau hasn't. It is founded on pure fake. Its specious appeal to the innocent is, in abridged form, as follows:

"Do you write fiction, or articles? Are you as yet unknown? Very likely your work is as good as that of widely known writers. But they have the name, and you have not. What chance has a manuscript of yours among the thousands that go to greet publishing houses every day? 'Never heard of that name,' says the reader, and tosses it away.

"But this Association can get your manuscripts considered. Why? Because we have introduced scores of successful authors. Our endorsement of a manuscript insures it a careful and thorough reading at the hands of any publisher. If you write, let us place your output."

This is built on a plain lie, the statement that a manuscript receives little consideration unless the name of the author is a familiar one. So little is this so, that a number of writers of experience habitually send in their contributions under varying pen-names.

The status of the literary parasite is more questionable; it may be reasonably held that he has his uses. He saves authors the trouble of sending a manuscript the rounds of the magazines until it finds its proper resting place. He makes out the lists, he writes the letters, he licks the stamps. And all he wants is his 10 or 15 per cent. This comes from the author; but in order to "make good" the agent endeavours to put the price of the article up beyond the normal. In fact, his strong appeal to the writer is "I can get more for it than you can." So he feeds upon both sides. Nearly all British authors deal through literary agents. The business in this country has not spread widely, largely because American publishers are more alert than British, and are so keenly on the lookout for new men and matter, that a good bit of work needs no agent to sell it.

By far the most picturesque of the author's parasites is the literary adviser, or Professor of Authorship. To describe one will be to give a fair idea of the whole rather small and select class. This man lives in a far Western city which has turned out a number of writers of note. He is not one of them. (If I should

mention his name I doubt whether it would be familiar to one in thousands of THE BOOKMAN'S readers. A few short stories rather clever in quality, a few unregarded essays, one forgotten book in collaboration—such is my professor's record. But he is a man of impressive personality and resonant periods. His manner is exaggeratedly professional, and his culture fairly dazzles the eye—a good stock-in-trade and one of which he makes remunerative use. He has gathered together a class in fiction, made up largely of rich young women (with a sprinkling of men, and a few beguiled newspaper folk striving for higher things) who passionately yearn to appear in the leading periodicals, and to them he lectures, ringing the infinite changes on the theme "How to Get It Accepted by the Editor." His charge for the series of lectures is no small matter. To a favoured few, who can afford it, he gives individual lessons. These private patients submit manuscripts, which he goes over in detail.

It would not be too much to say that the professor has a real genius for judicious praise—and a high order of strategy. After his pupils have had a "series" or two of his lectures some of them begin to hint at publication. May they not send this essay to the *Atlantic*, or that poem to *Scribner's*, or this story to *McClure's*? For a time he deprecates this. "Undoubtedly," he suggests, "the magazines would be glad to get such matter; but if you will wait a little longer you will do still better work."

But the time of trial must come, and with it comes the test of the professor's tact, for brutal editors are prone to reject that which he has unreservedly approved. To cajole his pupils into still another course of lectures, is now his task.

"Perhaps we have erred on the side of the beautiful," says he. "We will now take up the practical."

And so he holds them for another term.

For his rich private patients he has a still bolder ruse. One of them recently turned out what the late Whitman would have called a Yawp, full of heart-longing and lovely language. The professor went into raptures.

"What magazine may I send it to?" she asked.

"To none. My dear madam! to none. By no means. It is too subtle, too delicate, too ethereal for such a setting. To interpolate it between the covers of a magazine would be to debase its essence, to brush off its bloom."

"Then what shall I do with it?" demanded the fair genius.

"Loan it to me; and I will present it to my class as an example of the beautiful in modern literature," said the wily professor.

Thus it was read, and to this day the author believes that she will some day learn to "write down to the magazine" to quote one of her mentor's pet phrases.

The legitimate source of the publisher's income is the book-reading public. Some few publishing firms there are, however, that look to the author for their recompense. This, in itself, is perhaps not dishonest, strictly speaking, but the methods employed are, in almost all cases, dishonest. Fortunately the publishers who prey upon the author are few; they are comparatively unknown, and they commonly come to disaster. The grafting publisher first catches his author by advertising for manuscripts. Selecting some contribution he writes to the author as follows:

"Your book has been recommended by our readers and we shall be glad to publish it, with certain minor changes. While we have every faith in the ultimate success of your work, nevertheless a book by an unknown author, as you know, makes its way slowly, and we must protect ourselves against a too heavy initial loss. If, however, you will agree to purchase 350 copies, at the lowest trade rate, and will agree, as is usual, to pay the cost of proof corrections, that will be satisfactory to us."

If the author is ignorant, he accepts this offer. The books are sold to him at 80 to 85 cents apiece; and the bill for corrections is run up to a ridiculous figure, perhaps \$90 or \$100. Then there are minor charges for typewriting, postage, etc., and the grafting publisher has presently reaped his little profit from the author without having made a single legitimate sale of the book. There are said to be certain firms which will publish under their own imprint, manuscripts which they have not even examined, if the author will furnish the plates

and two or three hundred bound copies—for a mere 35 per cent. commission! Of course, they won't agree to advertise at all. Once in a great while, to the vast amazement of the publisher, one of these books wins a genuine success. In that case the author may have some difficulty in obtaining royalties. But authors who go to the grafting publishers are not looking for royalties; they are pathetically willing to pay for the pleasure of having their names on a book cover.

If all the ingenuity expended in bilking publishing houses out of books or cash were devoted to the legitimate furtherance of the booktrade, there would be a notable increase in business. The most frequent abuse (and though it is a petty one, it mounts up to a considerable total in a year), is the "complimentary copy" graft. Of the average book, perhaps 200 editorial copies are sent out to newspapers and magazines in regular course. If the book is much advertised there will be probably three or four hundred more newspaper requests for free copies. Most of these are based on a promise of "adequate review," which consists, often, in reprinting a publisher's note or foreword. Whether they shall be granted or not depends upon the judgment of the publisher as to the possible value of the review.

Copies are begged on various other pretexts, "Would be pleased to receive a copy with a view to dramatisation." "Will embody extract, if feasible, in my forthcoming school reader." "Donation of a book for our church fair would be appreciated." "Will read extracts from — at our coming Decoration Day exercises if you will forward the book." Library and Board of Education people are notorious for this form of grafting. Here is a typical letter:

State of ———

Office of Superintendent
Public Instruction.

September 19, 1903.

New York, N. Y.,

Gentlemen:

If consistent with your rules, I should be most grateful for a copy each of,,, and

If I can serve you in any way it will be a pleasure to do so. No books will be listed

for the supplementary list until mid-summer of 1904. Books should be sent to the members of the board of examiners for inspection early next year.

Yours very respectfully,
(Miss) BIRDIE SMITH,
Clerk Sup't. Public Instruction.

In this the lure lies in the hint that Miss Birdie's influence may be useful when the lists are made up for next year. It is more than likely, however, that Birdie is grafting, not for herself, but on behalf of her superintendent.

Here is a letter showing how a professor of authorship may make a little "on the side" by collecting books.

Gentlemen:

I have organized a "Current Events" class in this city. My class comprises the representative women of the city. I shall give ten weekly talks before them, beginning Saturday, November 7th.

Besides things political, I shall make a specialty of short book reviews. The only daily paper here never does anything of this kind, so I shall have the field to myself.

Would you like to consider me in the same class as a newspaper, and send me some of your Autumn output for review?

Messrs. —, of New York, and —, of Chicago, have sent me an interesting selection of their new books.

Will you kindly send the books promptly. The sooner I can read them, the earlier review I can give them. Of course the "before Xmas" reviews ought to carry an especial advantage.

Yours respectfully, ———

To the publisher the implication in the reference to the other publishers is clear. "They've come up and paid for an advertisement of their books; you'd better make good or you'll be left out in the cold," is the interlinear reading. Observe, too, the technical knowledge in the final reference to "before Xmas reviews." No tyro conceived this letter, and, indeed, the name signed is that of a woman not wholly unknown in the world of fiction.

In rare cases, only, is the legitimate reviewer a beggar of books. When he is, he is a nuisance unsurpassed, for he will request personal copies for himself, his managing editor, his aged aunt, the friend of his boyhood, and the girl of his heart—and if he doesn't get them he loses his temper! In the archives of one publishing house are some of the most

beautifully nervy requests imaginable, from reviewers on papers of repute and prominence. But they are few in number. To quote the head of the house which keeps these letters:

"The newspaper reviewer is seldom a 'grafter.' If he wants a book he almost always buys it; and the most he asks is the trade discount, which is an understood allowance."

Many of the large firms doing a jobbing or wholesale business, publish trade journals, bulletins, or catalogues, the advertising pages of which are used for a sort of mild blackmail.

"We've done \$5,000 of business with you this spring," says the manager to the publisher's selling agent, "and we expect some advertising from you."

If the advertising isn't forthcoming the next orders undergo a marked shrinkage. The price per advertising page is always large in proportion to the charges of any legitimate medium; but the patient publisher pays, accepting this as part of the cost of selling books.

When the retail bookman, however, undertakes allied forms of "graft" he does not find the publisher so easy. Some returns he manages to get, however. For instance, he will offer to give some book a window display, for a special discount; or he will even write to the author for his influence assuring him that the increased sale of his book will prove the value of this kind of exploitation. The manager of a large department store recently wrote to a prominent newspaper man

whose novel was about to be published, a letter of which the gist was:

"If you'll give this store a good reading notice in your columns, we'll display your book for a week." The deal didn't go through.

Final bane of the publishing houses, is the fake literary magazine, of which there has been a mushroom growth in the last two years. They enter a field already filled by the three or four standard publications, and eke out a scanty existence by dubious methods. The best of them are a thorn in the publisher's side because they adopt the methods of mendicancy.

"Here's a proof of a fine review we are giving Stewart Seton Vandyke's novel in our coming number. Can't you give us an ad. of it?"

Such is their plea. The worst of the class a publisher can buy outright. They will give him a booming review for a paid advertisement. In time, if he declines persistently to advertise, they begin to "knock" his publications. It is doubtful whether this class of journal has any effect upon book sales, but it serves to keep the publisher uneasy.

The literary parasites are not increasing, but they are holding their own. As soon as one fake fails ingenuity devises another to take its place. What with all these demands upon him either direct, or through the author, the publisher of books to-day after figuring up all standard expenses may add a good percentage for graft—and make his profit if he can.

Leslie Selleck.



THE SOUTHERN WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

By Julia R. Tutwiler.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

INDIVIDUALITY, at first obviously lost in the mass, proves upon discriminating experience preëminent in New York, and, in the Southern woman, finds literary expression chiefly through the Short Story or the Novel. As an essayist she is so far a negligible quantity. Her intellectual gifts are distinctly those of the imagination and her literary ambitions are unified by these gifts. Marion Harland—Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune—is the only one in New York who has deliberately chosen to identify herself with writing of a different character. She and Mrs. Burton Harrison are two Virginians there who typify the

social relations that are commonly held to be antipodal—society and the home.

"I believe," said Mrs. Terhune, "that I am recognised as the pioneer in having dignified domestic literature, and that this has given me my strongest hold upon the great body of American women. When I married, I knew nothing about housekeeping; I had never made a bed or dusted a room, and as for cooking—the first beefsteak I tried to cook I washed and put into the frying pan! I learned housekeeping by what the Frenchman called the 'perspiration of his eyebrow,' and while I was learning, my husband's answer to a friendly question about our household economy was, 'We have five servants and one slave, and my wife is



JULIET THOMPSON IN HER STUDIO.

the slave.' Though I was fifteen years collecting material for *Common Sense in the Household*, this slavery was really the germ from which it evolved. Curiously enough, my family, my friends, and my publishers upon commercial grounds strongly opposed its publication—and it has sold three hundred thousand copies and is still selling, while the *National Cook Book*, in which my daughter, Mrs. Herrick, collaborated, has also been most profitable."

Mrs. Terhune's literary life really began, however, when, a girl of fourteen, she contributed anonymous articles to a Richmond paper, and a few months later another series to the *Central Presby-*

terian, in which over the pseudonym Robert Remer "I laid down the law to my elders and betters. I was sixteen when I wrote my first novel, *Alone*, and a little story for *Godey's Magazine*—*Marrying for Prudential Motives*—which was republished in England, then translated into French, retranslated back into English and published in the *New York Albion*—a paper that published English stories only. Mr. Godey claimed the story and advertised for the author, and from that time for ten years I wrote a story every month for *Godey's Magazine*." Her only story for children was written in response to a little grandchild's saying, "I like the best of all the stories about when Grandmama was new," and is a charming record of the author's childhood. In the wide and varied field of her accomplishment, Mrs. Terhune considers *His Greater Self* the most finished thing she has done. In regard to New York's influence upon the literary life, she said, "The difference between the New York I came to years ago and the New York I live in is largely the difference of atmosphere. Then the literary stars were single and detached, now the light is diffused. Ann Lynch—Mrs. Botta—had a delightful little circle, but its members could be counted upon one's fingers. There was not the stimulus of literary atmosphere that one gets now and that I believe to be largely due to the literary clubs which have given women something to think about."

Mrs. Terhune goes to the library at Sunnybank every morning at half-past eight—"When I am well? I am *always* well." Here in addition to the book she may be writing, she edits the "Woman's Department" of the *North American Syndicate*. After two o'clock she belongs to her family and friends, for in spite of a success granted to few women, Marion Harland is first and above all the genius of her home and family life. Dearer to her than any amount or degree of public distinction, are the relations of wife, mother, and grandmother, and what she most prizes in her literary life is its harmony with the taste and feeling of her children. Besides the book in which she collaborated with Mrs. Herrick, her son, a New York journalist, wrote *Dr. Dale* with her, and her daugh-



CLARA WEAVER PARRISH.

ter, Mrs. Van de Water, is now at work with her upon a book on *Everyday Etiquette*.

"If," said Mrs. Burton Harrison, "I have written of what is commonly called 'society' in New York because it lay nearest to the greater part of my life, and because I knew its genesis and many of its actors better than those of any other field, it must not be forgotten that I have also written my recollections, of the South from which I sprang, and to whose best traditions my heart has always clung loyally; although the custom of everyday has long separated me from it. New York has been a very good stepmother to my literary life, and I would not, if I could, now forsake the vivid and inspiring atmosphere it offers to my efforts, but my earliest literary inspiration dates back to the State of my birth.

"In my childhood in Fairfax County, in Virginia, I lived in an old house overflowing with books, none of them modern, and fed upon them eagerly. The literary impress of my father's grand-uncle, Mr. Jefferson, upon our family habit was a very strong one. His selection of books for my paternal grandmother, Virginia Randolph, an author



GEORGINE CAMPBELL.

of note in her day, his *dicta* about the best methods of study and expression for women, his inspiration to them to self-development and continued intellectual effort, were transmitted to me by my father at a very early age. I cannot remember, therefore, when I was not trying my wings in composition, encouraged by both parents, who wrote and studied to the last days of their lives.

"This was, I think, more or less the spirit of many Virginia households of liberal education in the Old South. There was abundant leisure, fewer distractions, a better opportunity to keep sound standards continually in view than we, alas, can boast of now. To be impelled to literary expression was a natural outgrowth of our pent-in lives."

Mrs. Harrison's first novel, *The Anglo-Maniacs*, published anonymously, was the beginning of a long list of successful novels written during a life of many social distractions and the claims of family ties and duties.

Nancy Huston Banks is still another Southern woman who, though identified with the social rather than the literary life of New York, is a hard, methodical worker. She was first known in New York as one of the most efficient members of THE BOOKMAN's staff of writers. It was she who brought James Lane Allen's work to the attention of the editors, and in June, 1895, contributed to THE BOOKMAN a critical article on Mr. Allen



EMILY LAFAYETTE M'LAWS.

and his work. As soon as Mrs. Banks began writing *Oldfield*, she dropped all other work, and since its publication has become distinctively a novelist. She goes abroad almost every summer, and during the Boer War decided to go to South Africa for the English *Vanity Fair*. She became a part of the social life there, knew Cecil Rhodes very well, and was probably the last American to see George W. Stevens, the war correspondent, alive.

Unless a marked distaste for music can be called an eccentricity, Mrs. Banks has none, and she *has* in a marked degree the generosity and social gifts characteristic of the best type of Kentuckian. Indeed, in the beginning, her success was due to a tact little less than marvellous. She knew how to handle editors and publishers, never failing to keep herself and her work in the background.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor is a Virginia woman who stands upon the line that defines, without separating, society from literature. During her husband's public life in Washington, she was his private secretary as well as a social leader, and the years spent in New York have preserved the medium between play and work that makes for a beautiful and vigorous old age.



ENID VANDELL.

This may be why she has produced her most important work at the age of seventy-two,—a work involving careful and labourious research and the difficult process of selection and rejection, and that in it she has preserved the buoyancy and elasticity of youthful impression, and escaped the tendency to run into words.

The genesis of *The Mother of Washington* is best told in Mrs. Pryor's own words. "The book was really begun unconsciously in connection with my work on the Mary Washington Monument at Fredericksburg. In collecting data for the purpose of helping the monument, I discovered Mary Washington's will which had never been written up, some unpublished manuscripts, and old diaries of Virginia social life and of the social life in Washington during three administrations; and at the same time became convinced that the mother of Washington had been cruelly misrepresented. My book grew out of first, a desire to know the truth, and then, the determination to vindicate a woman. I was ten years collecting the material and two winters writing and revising it."

Emily Lafayette McLaws, whose first novel, *When the Land Was Young*, brought her both reputation and money, is one of the younger Southern women in New York.

"My first story," she said, "was written while I was studying at the Boston Conservatory. I told Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth a Georgia story. 'Write it,' he said, 'and I will guarantee that I can sell it.' I wrote it half in fun, and was the happiest girl in Boston when I received a cheque for eighty dollars for it.

"But I really began writing when I was a child of about thirteen. We were living on a plantation in that part of Georgia known as the 'Dark Corner,' out of reach of railroads and telegraphs, and much farther than 'twelve miles from a lemon.' There used to lie about the house copies of a Rochester agricultural paper. Reading it one day in default of something better, I noticed that Alabama, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and other States had letters from them under 'Farmers' Notes.' Georgia alone was not represented. This seemed to me unfair. I got a blank ledger, the only paper that seemed to me large



JULIET THOMPSON.

enough for my purpose, cut out the leaves, and wrote in a 'fair, round hand' all that I could glean about agriculture from our overseer, Mr. Hardy. I remember that I fixed my own price—ten dollars—and asked that it might be sent me in money. The astonishing part of it is that I was paid the ten dollars and asked to write every week. As I signed my name 'Lafayette McLaws' I was supposed to be my uncle, and every now and then asked to write something about the war. I was terribly frightened when my letters began coming out, for I was heartily ashamed of my efforts. I wrote all that summer until I went off to boarding school, my brother alone discovering my secret—how I wept and wailed until he promised not to betray me."

Miss McLaws lives at the Winsonia under Mrs. Jefferson Davis's chaperonage. She works incessantly while she is creating, using a pencil for the rough draft and revising with a typewriter.

A still younger Southern writer in New York is Martha Waddell Austin. Her first book, *Veronica*, was brought out last spring by Doubleday and Page, and, in addition to attracting discriminating and stimulating attention here, is now coming out in an English edition.

Miss Austin's first winter in New York—two years ago—was spent on Fifty-ninth Street overlooking Central Park in an apartment that expressed the spirit of her life and work. Rich and delicate colour, simple lines, and books and etchings not for "vain show," but for the use of mind and eye, made an appropriate setting for her poetic face and the grace and finish of her novel. For here *Veronica* was written and accepted within the space of seven months by the first publishing house to which it was offered.

After some months in Cambridge and the South, Miss Austin has returned to New York as the place where she finds the greatest stimulus to creative work.

"I am just at the starting point," she said, "I feel that there is nothing to say about myself or my work."

The story of the Southern artist in New York except for difference in the form of expression is almost identical with that of the Southern writer: Persistence in the teeth of hardship and discouragement for some; for others, the goal touched without apparent effort.

"I am a Kentuckian," said Eulabee Dix, whose miniatures command prices ranging from two to four hundred dol-



MARTHA WADDELL AUSTIN.

lars, "and I began here five years ago at the very bottom. Even as a young girl I wanted to be a miniature painter, and I have never for half a minute wanted to be anything else. Hardships?" the colour rose in her delicate cheeks, "Well, I suppose I had them, but I never stopped to consider. How can you when there's



VIRGINIA WOODS.

just one thing you want to do, and you get the opportunity to do it? Of course, life wasn't luxurious. The first year I paid two dollars and a half for my room, and the next winter I considered myself very prosperous because I could afford three dollars a week for rent. Last year

I came to Carnegie, and the view alone"—her studio is on the fifteenth floor—"is worth the price of the studio to me. Stippling?" Miss Dix turned impulsively from her sitter—"Now if there is anything that rouses the spirit of 1876 in me it is that popular fallacy about stippling among miniaturists. As a rule, we do not stipple any more than the portrait painter who retouches his work here and there after the body of it is done. No, I do not stipple—I wash in my colour—I puddle and stroke—anything that will approach expression of my conception, forgetting, as every artist does, in the work how I learned to do it."

In spite of a very delicate organization and little instruction—a winter and a half in St. Louis, two months' study of the technique of miniature painting with Mr. William J. Whittemore, and a few months at the Art League cover her whole course of training—Miss Dix's success has been so rapid and brilliant that it is almost a refutation of the reasons which Miss Louise Lyons Heustis—who had two portraits in the Last Loan Portrait Exhibition—gives for the excess of authors over artists among the Southern women at work in New York.

"Why comparatively so few Southern women have succeeded as artists," she said while dispensing tea in her picturesque studio at the Lester Studios, "can be explained in half a dozen words. Few women have the physical strength to stand for eight hours at an easel, and few, very few Southern women have the means for the necessary training here and abroad. The writer trains herself; the artist can learn the technique of her profession only by long and labourious training under somebody else, and this requires money. My profession has cost me thousands of dollars and ten years of incessant study here and in Paris, and, besides," with a graceful movement of her supple, rounded figure, "I am a very strong woman."

Unlike Miss Dix, Miss Heustis' settling in New York was wholly without intention.

"I should never have had the courage deliberately to establish myself; even now the idea of it—coming here a young girl and a stranger with my future in my hands—appals me. You see, I am from Alabama, and New York is so far

from Alabama! I never realised how far in everything that makes for art until I finished my studies in Paris and went back there to live. At the end of a winter of retrogressive idleness, I was called here to fill an order for a portrait; before it was finished I had another; this was followed by a third, and when I returned to Alabama it was for a visit. This was several years ago, and now I know that I *couldn't* live anywhere else in this country but New York. How did I begin to get work? I never really began—things just came to me. I did a lot of illustrating while I was studying with Mr. Chase—that full-length figure of a girl you are looking at over there was one of my prizes; he painted it in a day—and afterwards, oh, for *St. Nicholas*, and almost all the magazines; and a book of Ruth McEnery Stuart's, and *St. Elmo*—a long time ago, this last. But I am a portrait painter and no longer an illustrator, thank goodness! No, I can't claim the distinction of having had a struggle; I never had my living to make, and from the first my work was accepted."

Miss Heustis' studio breathes the spirit of energy, beauty, and refinement with a disregard of the conventional characteristic of the woman and the artist. It opens into another studio fitted up as a study. Here Miss Rosalie Jonas, of New Orleans, whose stories and poems in the leading magazines have received praise worth having, is beginning to write after three years' enforced idleness from overstrained eyes. From the beginning of their professional life Miss Heustis and Miss Jonas have made their home together.

Another New Orleans woman, Miss Georgine Campbell, has the double distinction of being the first Southern woman who came to New York to make portrait painting a profession, and one who has earned a competency.

"I studied when a little girl with Bernard, who spent his winters in New Orleans and the rest of the year in his beloved Paris. I was his only pupil. He took me on trial for two months and kept me until I went abroad to study—to Paris, of course. But all this was before I had any idea of painting portraits for anything but pleasure. After my father's death, it became necessary that

I should support myself, and naturally I turned to what I cared for most. My first orders were from St. Louis. Then I decided to come to New York.

"'You will be lost in the crowd,' said one of the many friends who urged me not to come. 'Do you know there are three hundred portrait painters in New York?'

"'Then I will make three hundred and one,' I said, 'and started off with a few hundred dollars in my pocket, and three letters of introduction. The people to whom I had the letters all died within the first year, but the dollars multiplied. I lived in a hotel until I bought my home on Madison Avenue from which the increasing noise drove me here two or three years ago.'

Miss Campbell lives with her mother and sister in an apartment overlooking Central Park where she has the space and quiet necessary for her work.

"I began life as an artist," said Juliet Thompson, whose portrait in pastels of Miss Lamont was in the last Loan Portrait Exhibition, "at the mature age of twelve in the Corcoran Art School in Washington. I walked in and offered myself as a student to Mr. Andrews' great amusement, for I was too young for admission. But what he considered a joke turned out to be serious earnest for both of us. From that time I studied with him and Mr. Robert Hinckley until I went to Paris, where I worked in the Julien School with Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens. I exhibited in the Salon in 1899, and came to New York to live a little more than a year ago. Everybody has been so good to me! I have received nothing but kindness and encouragement—my struggle was before I came to New York."

Miss Thompson's work resembles the Old Masters in tone, and in transparency of shadow. Indeed, she has made a number of copies of the Georgian School; a particularly beautiful one is that of "The Parson's Daughter," by Romney in the National Gallery in London.

Clara Weaver Parrish's success in mural decoration and as a designer of stained glass windows has brought her distinction in a line of work in which few women win recognition. She is also known as an illustrator, and as a figure and landscape painter both in water-

colour and oils. Mrs. Parrish is an Alabama woman, but for many years she has lived in New York.

Enid Yandell, of Kentucky, is almost the only Southern woman who has made a reputation both in this country and in Europe as a sculptor. Her work has had an honourable place in the Paris Salons as well as in the New York exhibitions. Miss Yandell studied for a number of years in Paris, where she is now spending the winter.

"My first work," said Miss Virginia Woods, silhouettist, illustrator, and portrait painter, "is associated with the University of Virginia. I was brought up near there, and when a very young girl I used to help illustrate the *Students' Annual*. What most influenced and inspired me in the beginning, were some fine old paintings collected by my grandfather when he was Minister to Spain. I have studied only in America."

Louise Quarles Bonte, of Virginia, is another miniature painter whose work is

becoming known, and whose verses in a *Dixie Alphabet*, to be brought out in the spring by a well-known publishing house, are as clever as the illustrations in which she has collaborated with her husband.

There are many other Southern women in New York engaged in the various branches of art or literary work, who, having yet to make for themselves a place among the known and distinguished, regard, from a great and discouraged distance, the artists and authors mentioned here, little realising that even for them the end is not in sight. To a career in which doing the thing counts more than the pay for doing it there can be no end; the petals of the unfolding future draw their sources of health and beauty from the organic elements of the past; the anguish and the ecstasy of it are forever the same. For the inherency of growth is an impelling discontent with the achieved, a winged breasting of the waves upon whose dazzling crests flutters the divinely unattainable.

THE MUSIC SEASON IN NEW YORK.

PRODUCTION OF PARSIFAL.

THE principal event of the season in musical circles was, of course, the production of *Parsifal* at the Metropolitan Opera House on Christmas Eve.

When Heinrich Conried was selected to succeed Mr. Grau in the conduct of affairs at the opera house, he naturally cast about for something to attract attention to his opera season. He determined to give *Parsifal*, Wagner's last work, which since its initial performance at Bayreuth in 1882 has never been heard outside of the little German town consecrated to Wagner traditions. The wisdom of this move was at once proven in the public demonstration of interest the announcement aroused. But even Mr. Conried could not have anticipated the widespread excitement which the approaching event developed. It is safe to say that never in the memory of living man has an operatic *premiere* created such absorbing and deeply felt interest. The fates themselves stepped in and

aided Mr. Conried in a more effective way than the most expert press agent could have devised. They enlisted the services of ministers, lawyers, and politicians as well as musicians. Religious, legal, ethical, and æsthetic questions were raised and widely discussed. *Parsifal* lectures became the most popular form of entertainment. The consequence is that persons with no musical or operatic interests were fired with the desire to hear the performance. In short, there was prepared for it a public of far larger proportions than a mere musical or dramatic event could hope to attract.

Mr. Conried's astuteness was the cause of this extraordinary precipitation of interest in *Parsifal*. But he deserves even greater credit for his appreciation of the fact that the ultimate success of the opera and of his entire season depended upon the approval, not of this specially created public, but of the musical community as normally constituted. Although the financial success of the project was as-

sured some weeks before the opening performance, Mr. Conried abated no effort to make the artistic success equally certain. Never has the Metropolitan Opera House seen so many rehearsals of a new work. Not only were chorus and orchestra drilled letter perfect, but scene shifters, mechanics, and electricians, all were forced to go through rehearsals until they were absolutely familiar with their respective duties. Alfred Hertz, the conductor, had given his entire attention to this production since the opera season commenced. It is not strange, then, that the first performance proceeded without hitch or blemish.

The opera enlisted the services of Ternina as Kundry, Bürgstaller as Parsifal, Van Rooy as Amfortas, Blass as Gurnemanz, and Goritz, a newcomer, as Klingsor. The minor parts were also undertaken by prominent artists of the company, and the flower maidens were impersonated by members of the school of opera which Mr. Conried has established as an adjunct to his opera troupe. Of these singers, the three first named have sung their respective parts at Bayreuth under Frau Cosima Wagner's personal direction. Supervising the entire production though unseen, Felix Mottl, brought up under Wagner himself, was at hand, contributing to the performance the benefits of his knowledge and experience. So that *Parsifal* was given practically a Bayreuth handling.

And now as to the opera itself. It is more unified, dramatically and musically, than any other of Wagner's works. Every bit of stage business, every nuance of emotion, every facial play is accompanied by music that illustrates and accentuates. The orchestration is coloured throughout so as to emphasise this feeling of dramatic unity and coherence. But Wagner no longer possessed his youthful exuberance of invention when he wrote *Parsifal*. There are echoes of *Die Meistersinger*, the *Trilogy*, and *Tannhäuser* in the score. The *leit-motiven* are less characteristic, less convincing than in the other works, and they show practically no development. There is none of the beautiful flowering of thematic ideas which makes *Tristan*, for example, so everlastingly fragrant. The motive once announced retains the same form throughout. The final scene of the

work loses infinitely for this reason. The effect is one of mere literal repetition of the scene in the first act. How different is it with the last scene of *Die Götterdämmerung*, where the leading themes, developed to their fullest significance are martialled together to the building up of a tremendous climax! How much Wagner makes of Siegfried's horn call and how little of the *Parsifal* motive which somewhat resembles it! Then the flower maidens' music. Charming as it is, it cannot compare to the Rhine-maidens' chorus in *Die Götterdämmerung* or even in *Das Rheingold*. But unquestionably there are impressive moments, such as the music leading up to the final scene in the first act; and the choral music in that scene is magnificent. Kundry's duet with Parsifal in the second act up to the moment of the kiss is as lovely as the *Siegfried* music, where the young Siegfried speaks of his mother. But Parsifal's resistance and Kundry's curse are so long drawn out that the climax—Klingsor's appearance with the spear—loses point. Wagner's great fault of prolixity is also seen in the recitals of Gurnemanz and Amfortas, which greatly retard the action, such as it is.

Apart from its music, the *Parsifal* drama cannot be taken seriously. The mighty Richard retained to the end a great deal of the child in his nature. The magician Klingsor and his incantations, the magic flower garden, the spear arrested in its flight and suspended over Parsifal's head, the moving panorama supposed to show the progress of Parsifal and Gurnemanz to the castle of the grail—these are mere child's play.

Without taking up the religious or ethical questions involved, the scene of the repentant Kundry washing Parsifal's feet and drying them with her hair, clearly intended to recall an episode in New Testament history is æsthetically bad. Wagner was not a pious or religious man and his sincerity in dragging in a thing of this kind—entirely unnecessary to the exposition of the drama—may well be questioned. So also, the exposure by Amfortas of his naked wound is offensive to good taste. One cannot take it seriously, at least in these matter of fact days of the twentieth century. But this discussion might be extended for pages. For when all is said, *Parsifal*

is extremely interesting as the final effort of the greatest dramatic composer of the last century.

Of the work of the various artists much might be said were space available. Ternina made Kundry, an impossible creature, seem almost real. With superb dramatic touches she indicated the wildness and savagery of the woman on her first appearance, her voluptuous charm as the temptress of the second act, and her mildness and exaltation as the repentant sinner in the last. Vocally she has little to do except in the second act, and here she was most convincing in the expression of seductive tenderness, and this in spite of her physical and vocal limitations. What a pity that her voice has taken on that acid tang! Its one-time purity and freedom of emission are gone. But Ternina is a splendid artist. Bürgstaller was an excellent Parsifal, giving just the right air of innocence and simplicity in the first two acts and of sublimity and uplifting inspiration in the last. He sang with great beauty of tone, and in the scene with Kundry was quite convincing. Van Rooy invested the music of Amfortas with real poignancy, and as he did not force his voice, its beauty of tone had full chance to reveal itself. Blass as Gurnemanz sang with unlooked for flexibility of voice and manner. Herr Goritz, who made his first appearance in this country, displayed a good understanding of the part of Kling-sor. His voice is powerful and his enunciation very distinct. In fact, there was not a weak spot in the cast. The flower maidens looked especially charming and sang their difficult lines confidently. The conduct of the performance reflects greatest credit on Alfred Hertz, whose masterly exposition of the score and remarkable control of his forces place him well in the front rank of operatic conductors of the day. A criticism of the performance would not be complete without mention of the elaborate and beautiful scenery. It was evident that no expense had been spared. The hall of the grail was spacious and imposing. That and the scene representing Klingsor's castle were as handsome stage settings as even this age of managerial extravagance has known.

PROGRESS OF THE OPERA SEASON.

With the performance of *Parsifal* the opera season touched its highest point. There have been numerous repetitions of familiar operas sung by familiar artists, and very few unusual incidents to require comment. This was in part compelled by the lack of opportunity for rehearsing, *Parsifal* demanding all the spare time and energies of every one about the opera house. In consequence, there is slight provocation to comment on the general run of events. Sembrich and Caruso, twin stars, have been shining brilliantly in the firmament of Italian opera. In *Pagliacci*, *La Bohème*, *Lucia* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*—a welcome revival—they have been pronouncedly successful. Sembrich's powers of attraction were a known quantity before the season started. Not so Caruso's; and it is gratifying to note the popular interest in him, growing with his every appearance.

The movements of the various principals of Mr. Conried's company has largely influenced the trend of affairs at the opera house. Caruso's engagements abroad necessitated his departure before the close of the season, hence the numerous repetitions of Italian works up to that time. Calve has but recently joined the company, and the inevitable *Carmen* has once more been brought forward. Calve is still inimitable as Bizet's gypsy, but her voice shows plainly the effect of the severe demands she has put upon it. The arrival of Mme. Ackté, prima donna of the Paris Grand Opéra, has made possible a performance of *Faust*. It is safe to say that Gounod's opera has not for many years enjoyed so long a rest. Other French operas, too, will now doubtless be produced. Felix Mottl has continued to win unbounded admiration from all who have attended the German performances. *Tristan* and *Siegfried* have been well given, and the most blasé Wagnerites have been stirred by the masterly reading of the scores. Kraus and Ternina appeared to best advantage in the former. Kraus was also a good *Siegfried*, although he failed to give the impression of youthful buoyancy the part demands. Gadski, who sang Brunhilde in this opera for the first time, made, as always, a splendid impression. Her voice was strikingly beautiful in the closing

measures. Victor Kloeffer, who made his début as King Mark in *Tristan*, was eminently successful in portraying the sympathy and deep sorrow of the betrayed monarch. He has a powerful basso and sings with sincerity and artistic finish. He was less satisfactory in *Die Zauberflöte*, where he was obviously ill at ease in the music of Sarastro. Frau Naval, another newcomer, is to make his first appearance in Boildeau's *La Dame Blanche*, to be rendered in German. This should be an interesting revival. A performance of *Der Ring* has been announced by Mr. Conried to take place at the close of the regular season. But lack of space demands a curtailment of recitals of operatic doings. The season approaches its end, and in many respects reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Conried and makes one optimistic over his future activities as an impresario.

NEW ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS.

The third Philharmonic concert was given under the direction of Gustav Kogel, who had conducted the previous one; and he deepened the impression, then gained, that he is a scholarly and talented musician. The numbers were Brahms's C minor symphony, Wagner's *Faust* overture and *Les Preludes* of Liszt. He had more scope for interpretation than at the earlier concert. There was considerable elasticity in the symphony reading and real breadth in the introduction to the last movement. The orchestra played a trifle less brilliantly than before, but nevertheless accomplished a great deal. The fourth concert brought forward Henry J. Wood, conductor of the Queens Hall concerts in London and the foremost English leader. He chose as orchestral numbers Weber's *Der Freischütz* overture, Tschaiakowsky's fifth symphony and Rimsky-Karsokoff's *Capriccio Espagnole*. Mr. Wood has been especially noted for his interpretations of Tschaiakowsky and was largely instrumental in bringing about his present vogue in London. It was easy to understand how, after hearing the performance of the fifth symphony. Virile, imaginative, glowing and forceful, it aroused the usually staid audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Wood indulges in certain extravagances of style

and he might have difficulty in sustaining by argument some of the dynamic effects he makes. But his reading is all of a piece and highly interesting. He has personality and a good command of his forces. The Weber overture was begun largo instead of adagio, but the climaxes were brilliant and effective. Miss Maud Powell, the soloist, gave great pleasure by her beautiful playing of Saint-Saens's B minor violin concerto. Miss Powell is heard all too rarely on this side of the water. Victor Herbert led the fifth concert. His talents as conductor and composer are sufficiently known to obviate the necessity of comment. Alfred Reisenauer, a pianist of large reputation abroad, made his American début at this concert and established himself at once as a musician of highest attainments. His technique is brilliant even for these days, and he plays with marvellous tonal variety and emotional effect, which is well controlled withal. He is a pupil of Liszt, and elected to play one of the latter's piano concertos. It was a stunning performance. Mr. Reisenauer later gave a piano recital in which he demonstrated even more fully the extent of his interpretative and executive powers. The three remaining Philharmonic concerts are to be presided over by Felix Weingarten, W. von Lafonoff and Richard Strauss, and the deservedly great public interest in the series will not be suffered to abate.

PERFORMANCE OF THE APOSTLES.

The first performance in America of Edward Elgar's latest work *The Apostles* took place on February 9. It is built on larger lines than the *Dream of Gerontius*, which raised such a commotion last year. As it now stands it is in two parts, and a third is to be added. The subject is the New Testament narrative of events in the life of Jesus, and gives opportunity for a musical setting of considerable variety. The thematic structure is extremely elaborate. The impression gained of the work as a whole is that an immense amount of talent has been expended to preserve alive a very small spark of genius. The vastness of the scheme, the movement and complexity of the choral music, the feeling of size are imposing. Everything is calculated

to make an effect, and it does. But one looks in vain for the inspiration that should light up the vast edifice and make it glow with life. The final chorus and some passages earlier are interesting and even beautiful; but the listener's interest is allowed to flag too often. The performance was creditable to the Oratorio Society, but not to the soloists or to the orchestra. They were ill prepared to meet the difficulties with which the score is all too plentifully strewn.

There have been something less than the usual number of minor concerts and recitals. The opera season makes such big demands upon the time and purse of the musical community that other musicians are loathe to appeal to it for support. Doubtless, when Mr. Conried's season closes, the present dearth will be reduced by a time of plenty.

A FORECAST.

The advent of Dr. Richard Strauss promises to arouse interest second only to that evinced in *Parsifal*. An elaborate festival has been planned for him, to follow the Philharmonic appearance, and he will be listened to in the double capacity of conductor and composer. Rumour has it that he is as sensational in the former as in the latter.

Feruccio Busoni, who was some ten years ago a resident of Boston, made his first appearance here since then, with the

Boston Symphony Orchestra, and showed himself a much greater artist. He played the difficult Heaslet concerto with consummate ease, and in the larghetto showed a poetic feeling that made one eager to hear him in the more emotional pieces of the moderns. He is booked to give recitals before returning to Europe, and may be counted upon to create a lasting impression.

DR. MACDOWELL AND MUSIC.

The resignation of Edward A. MacDowell from the Department of Music of Columbia University may be appropriately mentioned in this place. Dr. MacDowell has been forced to realise that his efforts to raise the standards of musical culture at Columbia are largely wasted. The truth is, that in a university like Columbia, art culture has but little place, and for a man of Dr. MacDowell's genius and ambitions, the task he sought to accomplish was the impossible. But Columbia's loss is undoubtedly Art's gain. For now MacDowell should have the leisure necessary for him to devote to composition. He has been literally starving his creative faculty by tying himself to a chair of music at a university. The few works he has written in the past seven years have served only to whet the appetites of music lovers.

Lewis M. Isaacs.



NINE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

MR. MEYNELL'S "BENJAMIN DISRAELI."*

IT will probably be long before a satisfactory life of Lord Beaconsfield will be given to the world. His character was so enigmatical, his enemies were so virulent and the political passions excited by many of his public acts were so intense and so enduring, as to make it almost an impossibility for any man whose lifetime impinged upon that of the brilliant Jew to treat him with anything resembling fairness. Mr. T. P. O'Connor's biography is the work of a political enemy. The short memoir by Froude is sketchy. The *Life* by George Brandes lacks an intimate knowledge of English social and political conditions. The best work which has so far been published is that by Mr. T. E. Kebbel; yet its author had not before him the notes, the letters, and the private papers which are necessary to make a biography authoritative. It is well known that Disraeli himself made Lord Rowton (Mr. Montague Corry) his literary executor; but death has prevented that intimate friend and former secretary of his chief from carrying out the trust committed to him. Mr. Meynell well describes his own book as "an unconventional biography." Its conception is somewhat whimsical, and, therefore, is not inappropriate to its subject; for Disraeli liked to have things done in an original and sometimes eccentric fashion. Hence it is that Mr. Meynell, in his five hundred or more pages, gives no account of Disraeli's political career except in so far as it is referred to in casual allusions. He does not even write us a narrative based upon any chronological arrangement. Instead of this, he takes up certain specified themes connected with Disraeli and follows out each one in his own way. Thus, the first third of the volume is given to a

**Benjamin Disraeli*. An unconventional biography by Wilfrid Meynell. With forty illustrations. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

record of Disraeli's talk; the last two-thirds, to his letters and books, and to his relations with the men of his own time. The conversational part has already been drawn upon almost to exhaustion by writers of literary notes and purveyors of epigrammatic tid-bits. The whole thing runs along without any particular continuity; and so we have it recorded that Disraeli once said: "Tobacco is the tomb of love;" and then his other observations on the subject of smoking are set down. As a matter of fact, he was a great smoker and gives a characteristic account of how he enjoyed the habit:

"My pipe is cooled in a wet silken bag; my coffee is boiled with spices; and I finish my last chibouk with a sherbet of pomegranate."

At his home in Bradenham he had pipes nine feet in length for use and not for ornament. In fact, he tried to give a certain political importance to his love of tobacco in saying: "I ascribe my popularity in the House to the smoking room."

Having told us this much about Disraeli's smoking, Mr. Meynell goes on to give us his hero's views about weather. "There are two powers at which men should never grumble,—the weather and their wives." Disraeli was a sun-worshipper, and the famous astrakhan coat with which he is often depicted was his silent protest against British weather.

All this, of course, is the small beer of anecdote, yet there is nothing about Disraeli that is altogether devoid of interest. Hence one may quote some of his opinions about women. "There is one fatal defect in a woman," said he—"a rabbit mouth." But apparently another fatal defect in his eye was the desire which some women have to meddle with public affairs in the name of "reform." Whenever he met a woman of this type he did his best to disconcert her. The following is an instance. At one time, when he was sitting at dinner next to the Princess Mary of Cambridge, this impulsive woman, who was anxious to have the government move vigorously against Russia, harangued her compan-

ion on the subject, winding up with the explanation: "I can't imagine what you are waiting for!" "Potatoes, madam, at this moment," replied the Prime Minister, solemnly. On another occasion, a handsome young woman, who was full of immature ideas and ignorant enthusiasm, got access to Disraeli and talked to him for half an hour. She was very much flattered by his apparent attention and fancied that she was making a convert. When she had finished, he looked up into her face and said with a bland smile, "Oh, you darling!" The young woman immediately bolted from the room; and afterward, in speaking of the occurrence, declared that if she had had a knife she would have killed him.

Some of his remarks on his great opponent, Gladstone, have been often quoted, but are worth repeating:

"What is the difference between a misfortune and a calamity?" Somebody asked a new definition from Disraeli. The questioner, being no literalist, but a man of liberal understanding, got the reply: "Well, if Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune; and if anybody pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity."

To Mr. Gladstone, who had remarked across the table of the House, "We were sincere in all we did." "I never doubted your sincerity, only your ability."

This seems an echo of an old taunt he addressed to a foe in early life: "I am bound to furnish my antagonists with arguments, but not with comprehension."

Again across the table of the House of Commons to Mr. Gladstone, who had come to an involuntary pause: "Your last word—'Revolution.'"

"A man of splendid abilities, hampered by his Church liaisons." This to Mr. Espinasse, when Gladstone was still member for the University of Oxford.

"Almost a statesman. Not redeemed by a single vice."

On hearing that Mr. Gladstone was in excellent form as the guest of Lady Cowper at Wrest Park (November, 1877), Lord Beaconsfield, who was not above pun, said: "Doubtless he thinks that I, the wicked, will cease from troubling while he, the weary, is at Wrest."

In a letter (still unpublished) addressed to a friend at the time of Gladstone's retirement from the Government, Lord Beaconsfield says he rejoices that "the casting out of evil spirits is not, after all, a thing of the past."

"Gladstone treats the Queen like a public department—I treat her like a woman."

Many persons have supposed that the primrose has been associated with Lord Beaconsfield's memory through a misunderstanding. Queen Victoria sent a mass of primroses to her favourite Minister's funeral with the inscription "His favourite flower"; and many persons have since declared that by "his" the Queen meant to indicate Prince Albert. But Mr. Meynell records that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favourite, and that in 1878 he spoke of it as such to Dean Pigou. It is also noted that Disraeli pronounced the word "Beaconsfield" precisely as it is spelled; whereas many Americans and some English people have been under the impression that the proper pronunciation is "Beconsfield."

The relations of Disraeli with the Queen have often been discussed, but Mr. Meynell goes rather further than most commentators in thinking that a romantic colouring was to be detected in their friendship. He quotes Lord Esher as saying:

"Disraeli's chivalrous devotion to women is abundantly clear from his novels. What wonder, then, that to Disraeli, a romanticist in statecraft, an idealist in politics, and a Provençal in sentiment, his chivalrous regard for the sex should have taken a deeper complexion when the personage was not merely a woman, but a Queen? In trifles Disraeli never forgot the sex of the Sovereign. In great affairs he never appeared to remember it. To this extent, the charge of flattery brought against him may be true. He approached the Queen with the supreme tact of a man of the world, than which no form of flattery is more subtle."

And in 1879, Disraeli himself wrote to the Marchioness of Ely the following words of genuine feeling:

"I love the Queen—perhaps the only person in this world left to me that I do love; and therefore you can understand how much it worries and disquiets me when there is a cloud between us. It is very foolish on my part, but my heart, unfortunately, has not withered like my frame, and when it is affected, I am as harassed as I was fifty years ago."

The quotations that have been given in this review will doubtless seem haphazard and disjointed to the reader. But if so, they will by the very fact give him all the better conception of Mr. Meynell's book. For it is not in any sense of

the word a true biography. It contains a great mass of interesting *personalia* and may be most fitly classed as belonging to the world's existing stock of *mémoires pour faire servir*.

Rafford Pyke.

II.

MR. WELLMAN'S "ART OF CROSS-EXAMINATION."*

AN experience of twenty-five years in court work, and a record of fifteen thousand witnesses examined would entitle any writer to a respectful hearing from the legal profession. But when that writer displays unmistakable talent as a *raconteur*, expresses himself clearly, concisely and entertainingly in good, straightforward English and discloses keen appreciation of the dramatic value of facts, he creates for himself a far wider audience than the specialist usually commands. This Mr. Wellman has accomplished with his volume of *The Art of Cross-Examination*. Primarily it may have been intended for "those having business with the Courts," but it is nevertheless a human document of no mean importance which appeals to all sorts and conditions of men from the psychologist to the pettifogger, and from it the former will learn much and the latter nothing.

The pettifogger—the "limb" of law—the "shyster" will learn nothing from this book because its tone is too high for their understanding. Indeed, it can well be imagined that some of its advice will be regarded as not only impractical, but also hypocritical. The reason for this is not far to seek.

The court-room tyro is usually a petty tyrant clothed with a brief authority, who approaches every adverse witness with the assumption that because he is adverse he must be a perjurer. Every point which such a witness makes against him is a cue for the small attorney to whisper to himself in the language of Weber & Fields "That's another insult I owe you!" and he will endeavour at the first opportunity to square accounts. His shout-

ings, hectorings and ignorant innuendoes are the result of intellectual impotence. When, therefore, a person of this calibre is told at the outset that courtesy, consideration and tact play an important part in the equipment of counsel, that brow-beating generally defeats itself, and that the purpose of cross-examination is to develop truth and not to envelope it—he is naturally filled with incredulity and disappointment. The attorney whose main effort is expended in an attempt to split the ears of the groundlings cannot conceive of cross-examination as an *art*. It is much easier to imitate the glare which fascinates or frightens than it is to acquire subtlety and the feelings of a gentleman. So, although Mr. Wellman gives the maxims and rules evolved by the master-minds and supplements these by conclusions derived from his own experience, he cannot hope to convince those who believe they can accomplish equally good results by main strength. As a countryman said of the gold-cure, "It'll take away your thirst, but I reckon it don't calculate to give a fellow brains."

Of course no one but he who has a decided aptitude for the art of cross-examination will ever acquire its mastery, and equally, of course, he who has acquired it, may, in the heat of the fray and under partisan pressure, prostitute it—as Mr. Choate did when he nagged and insulted Mr. Sage at the expense of his own cause. But Mr. Wellman's stand for dignity and decency—for more headwork and less "hollering" is an appeal from Phillip drunk to Phillip sober, which reflects great credit on the profession and makes for the highest interest of an honourable calling.

All that pertains to the matter and the manner of court-examinations—the delicate handling of experts—the skillful snaring of the perjurer—the dissection of the pretender, the curbing of the imaginative witness, and the vital importance of knowing when to stop questioning—is of intense interest to every student of the law, be he young or old, and it is all admirably stated with becoming modesty.

So much for the strictly legal aspect of the book.

But regarded as general reading Mr. Wellman's pages will bear favorable comparison with most of the season's

* *The Art of Cross-Examination* By Francis L. Wellman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

books whose sole mission is to amuse. There is so much humanity in the stories and examples cited by way of illustration that the layman will forget the treatise in the treat.

The psychologist especially will follow the remarks on "silent cross-examination," and indeed all the suggestion-compelling processes, with interest, for given an unwilling witness the powerful force of adverse-suggestion is ever present and its mastery at the will of an able examiner is a mental contest well worth the closest observation.

No reader will require any technical or special knowledge—nor need he have had any experience with courts or lawsuits to appreciate the well-selected extracts from the famous (and infamous) cross-examinations with which Mr. Wellman illustrates his points. The tenseness—the excitement, the hush, the expectancy—all the drama of the scenes is sufficiently indicated for any reader of imagination—and best of all, perhaps, these legal dialogues teem with humour. Take, for example, the examination of the celebrated family physician, a witness testifying on behalf of his housekeeper who had broken her ankle in a hole in the sidewalk and sued the city for \$40,000 damages. The action was not defended on its merits, but it was claimed that the woman should have recovered completely from the slight injury she had originally suffered, and the inquiry naturally turned on her treatment. One embarrassing feature of the case was that an intimate personal acquaintance existed between the witness and the cross-examiner. Each question was therefore asked almost in a tone of apology.

Counsel. "We all know, doctor, that you have a large and lucrative family practice as a general practitioner; but is it not a fact that in this great city, where accidents are of such common occurrence, surgical cases are usually taken to the hospitals and cared for by experienced surgeons?"

Doctor. "Yes, sir, that is so."

Counsel. "You do not even claim to be an experienced surgeon?"

Doctor. "Oh, no, sir. I have the experience of any general practitioner."

Counsel. "What would be the surgical

name for the particular form of fracture that this lady suffered?"

Doctor. "What is known as 'Potts fracture of the ankle.'"

Counsel. "That is a well-recognised form of fracture, is it not?"

Doctor. "Oh, yes."

Counsel (chancing it). "Would you mind telling the jury about when you had a fracture of this nature in your regular practice, the last before this one?"

Doctor (dodging). "I should not feel at liberty to disclose the names of my patients."

Counsel (encouraged). "I am not asking for names and secrets of patients—far from it. I am only asking for the date, doctor; but on your oath."

Doctor. "I couldn't possibly give you the date, sir."

Counsel (still feeling his way). "Was it within the year preceding this one?"

Doctor (hesitating). "I would not like to say, sir."

Counsel (appreciating the danger of pressing the inquiry further, but as a last resort). "Will you swear that you ever had a case of 'Potts fracture' within your own practice before this one? I tell you frankly, if you say you have, I shall ask you day and date, time, place, and circumstances."

Doctor (much embarrassed). "Your question is an embarrassing one. I should want time to search my memory."

Counsel. "I am only asking you for your best memory as a gentleman, and under oath."

Doctor. "If you put it in that way, I will say I cannot now remember of any case previous to the one in question, excepting as a student in the hospitals."

Counsel. "But does it not require a great deal of practice and experience to attend successfully so serious a fracture as that involving the ankle joint?"

Doctor. "Oh, yes."

Counsel. "Well, doctor, speaking frankly, won't you admit that 'Potts fractures' are daily being attended to in our hospitals by experienced men, and the use of the ankle fully restored in a few months' time?"

Doctor. "That may be, but much depends upon the age of the patient; and again, in some cases, nothing seems to make the bones unite."

Counsel (stooping under the table, and

taking up the two lower bones of the leg attached and approaching the witness). "Will you please take these, doctor, and tell the jury whether in life they constituted the bones of a woman's leg or a man's leg?"

Doctor. "It is difficult to tell, sir."

Counsel. "What, can't you tell the skeleton of a woman's leg from a man's, doctor?"

Doctor. "Oh, yes, I should say it was a woman's leg."

Counsel (smiling and looking pleased). "So in your opinion, doctor, this was a woman's leg?" (It was a woman's leg.)

Doctor (observing counsel's face and thinking he had made a mistake). "Oh, I beg your pardon, it is a man's leg, of course. I had not examined it carefully."

By this time the jury were all sitting upright in their seats and evinced much amusement at the doctor's increasing embarrassment.

Counsel (still smiling). "Would you be good enough to tell the jury if it is the right leg or the left leg?"

(It is very difficult for the inexperienced to distinguish right from left.)

Doctor. "This is the right leg."

Counsel (astonished). "What do you say, doctor?"

Doctor (much confused). "Pardon me, it is the left leg."

Counsel. "Were you not right the first time, doctor. Is it not in fact the right leg?"

Doctor. "I don't think so; no, it is the left leg."

Counsel (again stooping and bringing from under the table the bones of the foot attached together, and handing it to the doctor). "Please put the skeleton of the foot into the ankle joint of the bones you already have in your hand, and then tell me whether it is the right or left leg."

Doctor (confidently). "Yes, it is the left leg, as I said before."

Counsel (uproariously). "*But, doctor, don't you see you have inserted the foot into the knee joint? Is that the way it is in life?*"

The doctor, amid roars of laughter from the jury, in which the entire courtroom joined, hastily readjusted the bones and sat blushing to the roots of his hair. Counsel waited until the laughter had subsided, and then said quietly, "I think I will not trouble you further, doctor."

The verdict was for \$240!

Of course it is possible to claim too much for the astuteness of counsel. Many of the telling questions propounded by cross-examiners have been suggested to them by other men and the attorney is not entitled to all the credit for the result. For instance, Sir Charles Russell's opening questions to Pigot in the Parnell case, which almost unhorsed that scoundrel in the first rush, were suggested by Patrick Egan, who discovered that Pigot spelled *hesitancy* with two e's and made other mistakes similar to those which appeared in the forged letters. However, the examiner is the mouth-piece of his assistants and much depends upon the right manner and the right moment of employing the information supplied by others. The magnificent handling of Pigot by Russell drove the panic-stricken witness out of the country, and eventually led to his confession, and the scene as it is pictured in Mr. Wellman's pages is, perhaps, the most dramatic episode of his book. Other stirring recitals are the crisis in the Harris poisoning case, where the chief medical witness for the defense was silenced by a page from his own book, and the masterful exposure of the reporter, Minnock, in the Bellevue Hospital case.

To write a book which affords good reading for the layman and at the same time is a dignified and able presentation of an important legal subject, is a noteworthy achievement which should receive due recognition in the world of letters as well as in the world of law.

Frederick Trevor Hill

III. and IV.

TWO WORKS ON AMERICAN SCULPTURE.*

NOTWITHSTANDING an obvious difference in both treatment and intent, it seems fitting to review these two books together. The appearance of both at the same time, is significant of the art-period at which we Americans have ar-

* American Masters of Sculpture—Being Brief Appreciations of some American Sculptors and of some Phases of Sculpture in America—by Charles H. Caffin.

The History of American Sculpture, by Lorado Taft. New York and London: The Macmillan Company.

rived to-day; both books are, as it were, milestones on our way to a great and thoroughly adequate national art-expression.

And now it seems to me, most regretfully, that still a third recently published book should have been bracketed with these—a book which it were both a joy and an opportunity to review (even by so faint a touch to cling to the skirts of genius!)—I mean the *William Wetmore Story and His Friends* by that most subtle and sportive of biographers, Mr. Henry James. Since this is not a review of that delightful work, it is not given to me to speak of the unique charm of its exquisite egoism, of its whimsical light (“golden” in its way, too!), for this once, turned on actuality; of its delicate, poetic imagination penetrated with the flavour of patronage (a kind of patting the Present on the back!); but it is permitted me to speak of it as the most piquant introduction to these books before me. After a reading of the Jamesian biography, this record of American achievement, impressive under any circumstances, becomes positively thrilling. It would be so easy to approach these books by the wrong road, and we know from a prominent French art critic how everything depends upon one’s road of approach. For instance, let us say that we turned to their pages fresh from poring over Mr. Brownell’s authoritative volume on “French Art”: we would have learned to take too much for granted, too much as a matter of course, a perfected technique, an adequate and strictly sculptural conception, the result of a noble art-tradition in France unbroken since mediæval days. On the contrary, under Mr. James’s ciceronage our eyes have been fixed on the most hopeless period of American Art, on the Boston of the early fifties,—on its sterility, its dryness and puritanical insensibility to art—not to say distrust—all this emphasised by the adorable descriptions of those golden days in Rome and Florence where everything fairly oozed an artistic atmosphere. To borrow a phrase from Mr. James, we have bitten deep of the apple of Europe; with Mr. Story we have lost heart, our patriotism, our allegiance have melted away in the Italian sun, we can see in the American soil no seed that in the future could possibly be reaped as a great plastic art.

To come to a realisation of the importance of modern American sculpture is to undergo a considerable wrench, a wrench so considerable, so dramatic, that I ask myself, did Mr. James subject himself to it? If he did, I can fancy his “Dear me! dear me! Have these dear people really arrived at the intuition that those other things would not do at all? That their Powers’s would not do, and their Crawfords—and (dare I hint it?) their Storys?” I can fancy him rubbing his eyes, for he had been so long in the twilight, he and his delightful ghosts, that it was strange to find the noon already well upon us. And even the reader rubs his eyes, for here is the evidence of the possession of a sculptural art to be proud of, one which viewed in the light of its accomplishment in so short a period, may be fairly termed magical. Mr. Caffin’s book is a book on contemporaries, but with Mr. Taft we are carried along breathless from those days over which so many pathetic ghosts hover—Mrs. Patience Wright, dear old William Rush and his wood choppers, Hezekiah Augur carving figures when he wasn’t polishing apples for his little fruit stand, and Greenough trying to solve the mysteries of modelling in clay by incursions into the pages of the Edinburgh cyclopedia; past those bald, colourless days when the most hopeful ray of light were “those copies in white alabaster of Powers’s Greek Slave, so undressed, yet so refined, exposed under little domed glass covers in such homes as could bring themselves to think such things right”—to quote Mr. James;—through the period when every centre-table boasted its Rogers’s group (a quite sizable ray entering here through their frank Americanism, through their divorce from what Mr. Caffin has dubbed “the Canova tradition of sweetened classicism”); past the days of depressing monuments to various generals and statesmen, of precarious equilibrium, built up from an “intense study of their latest suit of clothes,” forming what Mr. Taft calls “gigantic examples of the steam-fitter’s art”; and at last to the present day of widened opportunities, technical preparation and worthy conception to realise them, to the superb achievement of such men as St. Gaudens and Ward, of French and Macmonnies—(and it seems impossible not to mention Proctor and Potter,

and Bartlett, and Macniel and Borglum and a host of others!).

It is quite evident that we are weaned from the breast of Europa, that we have emerged from what Mr. Taft calls "the sombre and resourceless background of inarticulate generations." The "de-barbarisation of the conception of life," has gone materially on (I am helping myself again to the good things of Mr. James!).

And now I reproach myself with a slight injustice towards Mr. Caffin in bracketing his slighter disconnected "appreciations" with the scholarly history of Mr. Taft. They are not really to be judged in the same light, what properly belongs to one would not sit well on the other. To read *American Masters of Sculpture* is to enable one to talk very pleasantly of these masters, and doubtless to heighten very largely one's pleasure in viewing their work, but it will scarcely in itself be sufficient to permit one to stand squarely on one's likes and dislikes, to hoist boldly on high, as it were, the banner of one's artistic creed, in the sense that one may do on a careful study of the larger work. With his usual felicity, Mr. Taft has his little fling at "that uneasy, vague enjoyment on the part of the many who only know what they like"; but it is not too much to say that on reading his book, the backbone of the casual gallery visitor may be stiffened to the point of defiance. He will learn the "thou shalt nots" of sculpture, he will learn to pass by a sand-papered finish, he will look for charm of handling, for firmly moulded masses, he will ask himself if the artist thinks in terms of sculpture, if he has the plastic mind, the intuitive sense of his material.

On the whole, both books breathe the same artistic tradition, both authors believe in an indigenous art, both recognise the immense achievement of the present, both are optimistic of still greater things in the future. Some little differences of opinion there are bound to be, perhaps it will do no harm to call attention to a couple of the more amusing ones: In speaking of J. Q. A. Ward's equestrian statue of General Thomas Mr. Caffin regrets the sculptor's realistic revelation of the General's known lack of horsemanship. Mr. Taft, after calling it "the finest work of its kind in Washington, with few rivals in the country

at large," exclaims, "Here is a horse nervously alive, yet subordinated in every way to the rider. . . . the horse is one of the most spirited in modern art, yet the general upon him is complete master of the situation, not even holding a tight rein."

According to Mr. Caffin, Macmonnie's "Nathan Hale," "shows none of the deeper qualities of imagination," and "scarcely rises above a graceful and touching sentimentality." "There is an air about it," he concludes, "of debonair primness and too conscious rectitude."

On the other hand Mr. Taft says:

"The calm, the sincerity, the entire lack of pose wins us at once. . . he has given us one of the most artistic figures in our country." Mr. Caffin's book is interesting; in writing it, however, he does not seem quite so much at home, quite so happy, as in his companion volume, *American Masters of Painting*. Of course sculpture is not his language in the sense that it is Mr. Taft's, who, by the way, is himself one of what he calls "the long line of talking sculptors," and we may be grateful that he is, for his lectures at the Art Institute in Chicago and elsewhere have been an admirable preparation for the history. And yet he is never unduly technical, for all his knowledge and authority, he never bullies his reader. There are certain pitfalls into which a critic who is also a creator is apt to slip, but Mr. Taft has skillfully avoided them. He has his creed, his ideals, but he is too big for prejudices. His joy lies in approaching his subject from the most sympathetic viewpoint, not in scanning it to discover the weakest spot in its armour. The numerous biographic facts which of necessity abound in a book of this kind, never cumber its pages, for they are handled with rare imagination and humour; the criticisms are meted out with a fine reserve (although he strikes out from the shoulder when it is necessary, notably in the instance of an expatriate) —and the praise with a splendid yet never overdone generosity. And although he is so severe on those Americans who turn their backs on the problem of a native art (and in this way the book may be said to be an admirable antidote if one were needed to *Story and His Friends!*) yet he is most warm in his recognition of the services of those who

have come over from Europe to work in America; his patriotism rises above that of the labour-unionist. Altogether, this volume, the first in a series of art histories, has set a pace it will be difficult to maintain.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

V.

LESLIE STEPHEN'S AGNOSTICISM*

SO far as I can judge, without making a page for page examination, this edition of Sir Leslie Stephen's extremely able essays in defense of a quiet agnosticism and on related topics differs from the first edition published ten years before only through certain not fundamental changes made in the sixth of the seven essays. This has been shortened and its title, "Poisonous Opinions," has given way to a less ambiguous and milder one—"Toleration." The short note in which the author, disdaining perhaps to furnish an "Apology" with a preface, contented himself with thanking the editors who had permitted him to reprint his articles, remains unchanged; and this fact—the matter of one's agreement or disagreement with Sir Leslie's general views being set aside—probably furnishes the only cause of complaint a fair-minded reader can have against him. And that complaint resolves itself into a mild sense of disappointment. It would have been pleasant to have Sir Leslie tell us something about the reception of his first edition—for it is hard to remember the fortunes of a book of a twelvemonth, much more of ten years ago—and it would have been specially interesting if he had told us something with regard to his own experiences of the effects of the growth of toleration or else of indifferentism with respect to matters of dogma since he began to write upon such eminently hazardous topics. It would have been still more interesting, perhaps, if he had told us whether he

has found it hard to preserve the calm poise between optimism and pessimism, so characteristic of the essay entitled "The Religion of All Sensible Men," during a decade which has witnessed the recrudescence of economic notions, literary tastes, theories of government, and apologies for war which many enthusiastic persons, who were sure they possessed almost a monopoly of sense, fancied to be either obsolete or obsolescent. But although one may regret Sir Leslie's silence on these points, one can but admire his prudent wisdom, and, after all, the fact that he has reissued his book practically without alteration proves that in the midst of chaos he at least is unchanged.

A view dealing at all adequately with the substance of this subtle book would be in place only in a technical journal where I should certainly not be allowed to try to play the reviewer. A popular exposition of Sir Leslie's views is not needed, because they are too well known, nor is there much to say about his style, which is simplicity itself. I am driven, therefore, to the device—rarely distasteful to a man of my profession—of making a few remarks.

It seems to me that however much many readers may take exception more or less violent to an author's calm and frank presentation of his reasons for being an agnostic and of his views on many theological and philosophical topics of high but indefinite import, there is not the least reason for their fearing that this book may do an appreciable amount of harm. Nor is this opinion based upon the conviction, though it is my conviction, that full and frank discussion of any and all topics about which sane and decent men have varying views redounds to the good of the race. It is based rather on the fact that a book such as this is bound to be difficult reading even for a fairly trained mind and despite its author's avoidance of intricate sentences and technical phraseology. Sir Leslie's "Apology" is hard reading, because it is close reasoning, and the reader who perseveres intelligently to the end of it cannot possibly be the kind of reader

* *An Agnostic's Apology and Other Essays.* By Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B. Second edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1903. 12mo. pp. vi., 367.

for whom any intelligent person should be rash enough to offer himself as a guardian. Then again, if, as Sir Leslie says, "A religion is the synthesis of a philosophy and a poetry," it is fairly clear that a number of persons capable of following the line of argument presented in this book, so far as it is philosophical, will be either repelled or disappointed by the fact that the poetical element of religion receives scarcely a word of attention. Hence the comparatively small number of readers capable of being radically affected by Sir Leslie's arguments is, I should say, at least cut in half. But there is no need of dwelling on this point.

Of the seven essays the one already mentioned on "The Religion of all Sensible Men" is probably the most generally interesting and perhaps the most valuable. It sets forth with admirable clearness the futility of all attempts to forecast the religious future or, indeed, the future civilisation of the race. The essay "What is Materialism," if it serve no other purpose, ought to shame every one that reads it from using terms primarily philosophical as missiles of obfuscation and reproach, and some such purpose, besides many others, ought to be served by the carefully reasoned papers entitled "The Scepticism of Believers" and "Dreams and Realities." The close of the long essay on "Toleration" gives a most suggestive sketch, from Sir Leslie's point of view, of the evolution of Christianity during the early centuries. The almost equally long essay on "Newman's Theory of Belief," while scarcely to be recommended to any one who wishes to give repose to a jaded brain, may safely be recommended as a model not merely of acute criticism, but of resolute purpose to understand the views of the author under criticism. I can recall no more conspicuous exhibition of critical fair-mindedness in any book I have read of late years. This is not, of course, equivalent to the assertion that Sir Leslie succeeds in being just to the great Cardinal. It is his attempt to be just that is so impressive and inspiring. From this point of view it seems to me that this entire book is inspiring, however depressing it may appear, from other points of view, to readers whose outlook upon life differs radically from that of its distinguished author. *W. P. Trent.*

VI.

LIEUTENANT BILSE'S "A LITTLE GARRISON."*

THE American reader after putting down this realistic novel of German army life will at first experience a feeling of surprise and perhaps even of disappointment. Here is a book which has set all Germany by the ears, which compelled the angry attention of the Kaiser, which led to an imperial decree addressed to the twenty-three corps-commanders, and which finally caused the court-martialing, cashiering, and imprisonment of a whole group of officers, among them the author of the book. It was circulated not only throughout the German Empire, but in Austria, Italy, France, and Russia, where it excited every possible sort of comment. In a book like this one may naturally expect to find material for a genuine sensation.

Yet to the average American, as we have said above, this sensation will be missing. The story, such as it is, is written as though its author were a mere amateur of the pen. Here is none of the literary art which Paul Bonnetain displayed in his military novel, *L'Opium*, and which lent force and point to his terrible revelations of the vices of the French troops in Tonkin. Even M. Belloc's much read account of barrack-life in France is far more likely at first sight to make the foreign reader shudder and grow indignant. Many will fail to see, even after a careful reading, just why this story of Lieutenant Bilse should have proved to be a perfect bombshell to the German people.

A little consideration, however, will make the reason clear. In our country, the excesses for which German militarism is responsible have long been known. Our newspapers have described over and over again the brutalities which officers are allowed to commit in their treatment of private soldiers. We have been told of the drill-master's tyranny, and of the wanton arrogance of young captains and lieutenants. Our editorial writers have commented freely upon such atrocious cases as that of von Brüsewitz, a ram-

**A Little Garrison.* By Fritz von der Kyrburg (Lieutenant Bilse). New York. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

pant young officer who ran a defenseless civilian through the back and was pardoned by the Kaiser after a punishment that was merely nominal. It is well known, too, in this country just why the ranks of German Socialism are being swelled each year by scores of thousands of Germans who have suffered from outrageous treatment in the army, and who hate with unalterable bitterness the whole system which is making a long black record of insult and oppression.

But in Germany, these things do not find their way into the columns of newspapers. It is dangerous even to talk about them in any public place. The fearless speeches delivered in the Reichstag by Herr Bebel and his followers are not reported as they would be in a freer country. The cruelties, the debaucheries, and the still darker vices of the military caste are spoken of in whispers and behind closed doors. Every one knows that there is abundant evil, yet very few have dared to turn the light upon it. The Germans, when not roused to their historic *furor*, are a timid people, patient under heavy burdens, and with an awful sense of the greatness and even sacredness of authority, even when they feel its iron boot-heel set contemptuously upon their necks. They mutter and grumble under their breaths, but they are afraid to speak aloud or to fail in showing outward reverence to the great ones of the earth.

Fancy, then, the commotion caused among such a people by the appearance of a book like this one by Lieutenant Bilse. Here was not the product of an ignorant socialist's imagination, but an exact, painstaking narrative of army life set down by one who was himself within the sacred enclosure and who had seen with his own eyes and experienced in his own life all the things of which he wrote. At first the novel took its readers' breath away. The audacity of the writer frightened them. Then the report of it spread abroad throughout the whole Empire, and everybody, alike in the official world and in private station, was presently discussing the revelations that had been so boldly made. The author's identity was soon discovered. He was tried for a breach of the service regulations and for libelling his superior and commanding officers. A military court sentenced him to be imprisoned for six months and to

dismissal from the service. But, of course, this merely added fuel to the fire of public curiosity; while the evidence given at the trial substantiated beyond question the truth of every statement which the book contained.

A Little Garrison is a book which must dishearten every German who has his country's good at heart. It is a picture of military life in a small garrison town; and nothing more sordid and squalid and depressing and at times disgusting could readily be imagined. If the whole German army is fairly represented by that small portion of it which Lieutenant Bilse studied under the microscope, then, indeed must its *morale* be slowly and surely rotting out. Officers who spend their time in gambling, in drunkenness, in licentiousness, in swindling their creditors and in demoralising their men; non-coms. who kick and beat and freeze the soldiers under them, if not bribed to treat them decently; and private soldiers who learn to loathe the uniform they wear and the flag they follow,—here is a combination which bodes ill not only for German military prestige, but for the unity and safety of the Empire. Even some of the characters whom Lieutenant Bilse himself commends seem to be almost destitute of a sense of honour. One of them, for example, a Lieutenant König, allows it to be generally supposed that he is obliged to embezzle the regimental funds; and he encourages this belief so that his fellows may think him in financial straits and may therefore refrain from pestering him for loans! Dr. Wolf von Schierbrand, the translator of the novel into English, has suppressed in his version some of the darker and fouler details relating to the flagrant immorality of officers and men; yet more than enough remains to show the swinishness of garrison life and the promiscuity of the intercourse between the wives of the married officers and their husbands' bachelor companions-in-arms. It is doubtful whether the French army on the eve of the Franco-Prussian war could have shown conditions more destructive to discipline and to professional efficiency. No wonder that Germans are now asking anxiously whether the next battle in which their armies are engaged will prove to be a Jena or a Sedan.

Harry Thurston Peck
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VII.

MISS GLASGOW'S "THE DELIVERANCE."

PROBABLY the first thought of many readers of Miss Glasgow's new book—a book that is certain to have many readers—will be of its similarity to certain other recent American novels; yet *The Deliverance* is worthy of consideration precisely by reason of its dissimilarity to nearly all fiction of the day. The points of contact with such books as James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law* and Frank Norris's *The Octopus* are obvious, but they are also superficial. The three are alike in the prominence given to the special phase of nature that environs the characters in each case. But the special environment chosen by each author is not more individual, so to speak—more his own—than the purpose underlying his treatment of it as material for fiction. Mr. Allen, uncompromising moralist that he is, draws his ethical lesson from the Kentucky hemp fields and builds on it an allegory in which the characters represent the play of merely abstract or, as they are called, natural, forces. Norris, carried away by an immense poetic idea, fairly humanised the wheat and made it the protagonist of his story.

Miss Glasgow need yield to no one in her love of nature, her tender and faithful treatment of its moods. The scenic investiture of *The Deliverance* is splendidly picturesque, and the story gains immensely from being thrown against the background of green, waving fields of tobacco. But field and meadow, stately manor and negro's hovel, though they are painted in with fine fidelity to detail, are in the book only as a background. In the forefront are the human beings who constitute, for this author, the prime interest and the final justification of her work. And this marks the wide difference between *The Deliverance* and the two books with which it may be loosely linked. There need be no quarrel as to superiority of methods. Undoubtedly Mr. Norris's is the most original. Miss Glasgow has been content to treat nature in the manner of the great tradition of

which George Eliot and Thomas Hardy are the most conspicuous exponents. It would be hard to name another American author who is following this well-marked path so steadily and so successfully as she.

So it is from the characters in *The Deliverance* that the book's special significance springs. It will not do even to judge it merely as a typical representation of the conditions obtaining in the community in which its scene is placed, though it is probably the largest and most finished picture we have of the South since the War. It is a story of individuals, and its virtue is the degree of its success as a presentment of the truth about persons. Miss Glasgow's interest is Browning's interest in "the incidents in the development of a soul." Christopher Blake is a character who, given similar conditions, might live in almost any country under the sun as well as in Virginia. The important fact about him is that he does actually live. He is not a simple character, nor one easily understood; but he stands remarkably well the test of lifelikeness. He carries conviction. He is no mere outline or shadow of a man, but real flesh and sinew—and brain. A man of truly heroic proportions, physical and mental, he conceives and carries out a scheme of revenge against Fletcher, the man who had robbed him,—a scheme so ingeniously, diabolically wicked as to deserve the epithet inhuman; an epithet, by the way, usually applied to human creatures. Far from making him an impossible being, this contradiction in Blake's otherwise sane and healthy nature is the badge of his humanness. His dogged persistence in completing his plan after he has lost all actual desire for revenge is precisely the persistence of a big-willed man who cannot in a moment forego the mental habit of years. He is complex, contradictory, inconsistent, if you will, but never more so than life.

Christopher Blake is the central personage in the book, and his character is the most completely elaborated; but Miss Glasgow has taken no less pains to give the others their due place. There is almost no novelty in the plot, but the persons concerned in it are fresh and engaging, even while they go through the old paces of a story that tells of a heredi-

**The Deliverance*. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

tary feud, revenge and a love that unites the two families anciently at enmity. It would be easy to make a roaring melodrama of such raw material. Miss Glasgow is saved not only by the seriousness and dignity of her purpose, but even more by her humorous perception, which is everywhere in evidence. Her negroes are not caricatures or burlesques, but real people, as faithfully pictured as any others in the book. The constant temptation to over-sentimentality that the story sets is quite successfully resisted. *The Deliverance* may not be a great novel, measured by permanent standards. It gives us nothing on which to found a new æsthetic. But it is a broad and wholesome and dignified work in a kind that belongs largely to the past—a kind too feebly represented in the touch-and-go fiction of the day.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VIII.

HENRY HARLAND'S PROSPERO.*

“‘**Y**ES,’ agreed the young man, though with a lilt of dubiety, and a frown of excogitation.” The young man, of course, is the hero of Mr. Harland’s *My Friend Prospero*. He had helped the lady from her carriage very gracefully. Everything about him was graceful from the figure “soft in its energetic lines” to the yellow beard that “in small crinkly spirals did actually curl.” The lady whom he had helped out was also graceful—a large lady, but porcelain every inch of her. They met in the most charming of Italian gardens with a background of grey hills, snow peaks, purple shadows, peach blossoms, a gleaming river, and a black-cap singing in the mimosa, and they talked as if each were hoping that Austin Dobson might be taking notes. It is the dialogue of the *Cardinal’s Snuff Box* loved at the time by starved plebeian reviewers as the true patrician thing. Let us lay no rude hands upon it, but describe it so far as possible in its own words, remembering that as a delicate, witty, subtle and aristocratic manner it is likely to poll a large vote:

* *My Friend Prospero*. By Henry Harland. New York: McClure, Phillips.

“‘F-f-f-f,’ breathed Lady Blanchemain, fanning.”

“‘Th-r-r-r,’ breathed Lady Blanchemain, and for a little while appeared lost in thought.”

She had just found out that the hero was her nephew and heir to the earldom, everything in point of birth and breeding that heart could desire, and the time and place being so romantic she hoped for a love affair. Suddenly she descried the heroine.

“‘Fie, you sly boots,’ she crowed with glee.”

But John was a sad tease, though a refined one, and would not own up.

“‘She’s quite lovely,’ she declared. ‘Her face is exquisite, so sensitive, so spiritual; so distinguished, so aristocratic.’

“‘Mm,’ said John.

“‘She has a figure, she holds herself well,’ said Lady Blanchemain.

“‘Mm,’ said John.”

It may have been then that he lit up with “subcutaneous laughter.” It was later that he “pushed an ouf.” The young lady in question had “soft-glowing eyes, soft-drooping hair under her wine-red hat,” “rose-red lips,” “snow white teeth,” and “an ivory voice,” and was nothing less than an Austrian princess, though John did not know till Lady Blanchemain, a lady of “longanimity,” succeeded in finding it out. Little Annunziata, an Italian child with a crystal soul, who calls John her friend Prospero, brings him and the princess together and furthers his delicate wooing. But John is poor and draws back. He is downcast and his aunt tries to comfort him.

“‘What is it your little fortune-teller at the castle calls you?’ asked Lady Blanchemain, shrewdly, her dark old eyebrows up.

“‘She calls me *lucus a non lucendo*,’ was John’s quick riposte; and the lady laughed. But in a moment she pulled a straight face.”

They are often like that, quick as a flash and then so ready with laughter, harbouring no malice at the keenness of the thrust. Thus John had remarked to the Princess that it was a fine day, to which she had replied with “just the faintest, just the gentlest shade of irony and with just the slightest quizzical upward tremor of the eyebrows. ‘Isn’t it

a day rather typical of the land and season?" But John was ready, and like lightning came his riposte. "But surely that isn't a reason for begrudging it a word of praise?" By this he was lucky enough to provoke a laugh, a little light gay trill, sudden and brief like three notes on a flute."

In the end a handsome income is found for John, and his way to the Princess is smoothed.

From this it is clear that comment is needless. It is exquisite in intention; its motive is most refined; the wit is devoutly wished for and the daintiness earnestly planned; and for our part, if we were an expert in china or point lace, we should not care to rob any one of illusion by guessing at the price.

F. M. Colby.

IX.

MR. PHILLPOTTS' "THE GOLDEN FETICH."*

IF, as Mr. Howells says, "there is no such thing as justice in life," we want it all the more in a novel, we, the army of the unenlightened, who would not exchange a page of *Treasure Island* or the *Jungle Book* for whole libraries of psychological analyses and trumped up "problems," want to be diverted by what we read, not harrowed or bored, and we *do* like to take leave of the characters feeling that they have at least even chances for happiness and are not all plunged in a veritable Slough of Despond at the end.

A new story of adventure, *The Golden Fetich*, though not in the least wonderful, nor more subtle than its own big hero, is *real*; the blacks, for the scene is laid in Central Africa, are real "niggers," the rhinos and lions, but especially the lions, are live and real, and Bessie, the only girl in the book is a thoroughly satisfactory and delightfully real girl.

Roy Meldrum, the big hero, at the death of his father, "General Sir Rupert Meldrum, V.C., K.C.B., and sometime aide-de-camp to His Majesty," finds his fortune shrunken to a bare ten thousand pounds, but, overlooked by the auc-

tioners, a curious disc of gold, wrapped round by a paper, telling in English, of a great treasure of precious stones hidden in the land of the Batoncas, in Central Africa. One sentence on the wrong side of the paper, describing more minutely the place of the buried treasure, and unnoticed by Roy, is cut off by his cousin, Tracy Fain, a common-place man with extremely common-place standards, who then becomes as keen as Roy himself for an expedition into Africa. They embark on a cargo-boat, to lessen expenses, and are thrown in with some rather remarkable people: Captain Ogilvie, the master of the craft, a confirmed opium-eater, his niece, Bessie, Lord Winstone, an experienced African hunter, and an old friend of Roy's, Signor Polti, an anarchist on his way to blow up the Sultan of Zanzibar, and, best of all, the Devonshire boatswain, Dan Hook, a born humourist and no mean judge of men—"An' as for you an' his lordship, damn my weather eye if I can tell 'e which I reckon be the boldest hero betwixt 'e, beggin' pardon for the fiery word."

Their eventful voyage, at the beginning of which both Roy and his cousin fall in love with Bessie, and Roy is accepted, ends in shipwreck, and even the ill-fated hull of the *Morning Star*, with her captain and the now unnecessary passengers and members of the crew are blown into "their elements" (!) by the fall of Signor Polti's portmanteau on the deck, as he is about to leave the ship in a life-boat. Bessie insists on joining the expedition, and proves, as her lover says she will, its mascot. The interest of their march into the interior centres in an accidental lion hunt, the capture of that right royal old barbarian, King Unyah, by Dan Hook, and the celebration of "Blood Brotherhood" with Ongassé, King of the Nangattos. The dramatic battle of Bangillo finally gives back their Golden Fetich (Chinkakka) to the Batoncas in exchange for the buried treasure. As always, the white men reach the hearts of the black "only with lead," seven hundred of the Batoncas being slain in the battle. But, as Roy says, "they are too wise to mourn long for those who die. 'As well mourn for those who go to sleep before you,' said a nigger to me once; 'we shall all go to sleep very soon,'" and so Latossi is proclaimed

**The Golden Fetich*. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

King, under the Golden Fetich, and the next year Roy and Bessie are safely married in old England.

The best character piece in the book is Tracy Fain, the quasi-villain. Starting with the bit of knowledge about the hiding-place of the treasure which he conceals from his cousin, and disappointed in his suit for Bessie's hand, he allows himself to live with base thoughts until, at last, he is capable of going alone to dig for the treasure, without the knowledge of the rest of the party. His punishment is swift and horrible, for he is surprised, while at work, by some Ba-

tonca braves and pegged hand and foot to the ground near a black ant's nest, which the savages then tear with their spears till the enraged ants stream forth and cover every part of his body. He is saved by Winstone, who has seen the savages closing in on him and come to the rescue with a party from the camp. But his spirit, perhaps rather his conceit, is broken, not only has he sinned but he has sinned in vain, and, on the day of the battle, he flings away his life to save his cousin, atoning, surely, for the evil of his life by the way of leaving it.

Bessie du Bois.

WHAT ENGLISH BOOKS ARE KNOWN IN JAPAN?

WILSON'S READER was the school-book that first found its way into Japan, some twenty years ago. *Union Reader* was placed in my hands for beginning with English. *Longman's* took its place in my second year, *Swinton* in the third year. *National Reader* came trotting along in turn, and quietly conquered, as it is in use still in Japan. The American publishers, a certain Burnes and Company, should be grateful to us. Yes, we bought thousands and thousands of copies. Our Japanese government didn't show a bit of judgment in the choosing of books. The books were altered whenever her advisers changed. It's quite expensive to have no idea. The government even ventured to make her own *Reader* from ancient history and some delicious anecdotes, commissioning a certain Mr. Dennings for that purpose. This Englishman had unquestionably a considerable knowledge of Japan, but little literary ability, I'm sorry to say. The new book was found unavailable. Mr. Dennings should be pleased, however, to see his translation of "The Story of Two Frogs" finding a place in some American Reader.

*This paper is printed exactly as it was written by Mr. Noguchi. To have altered it so as to have made the English more conventional would have taken from it something of its spontaneity.—The Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

There was an old translation of Smiles's *Self-Help* by the famous scholar Mr. Nakamura who had been dead many years. One day a certain bookseller put *Self-Help's* original on sale. We young English students crowded around the store to get a copy. But its delight soon waned, and we turned our back on it when Irving's *Sketch Book* made its gracefully gracious appearance on the Japanese horizon. "What a charm in Irving!" was our exclamation. I thank the gods that he still heads the list of Japanese favourites to-day, if Gray with his *Elegy* or Goldsmith with *The Deserted Village* have not the first place. The dear Irish poet was introduced to Japan, perhaps one year later than Irving. There was no book like *Sketch Book* in its influence over Japanese students. Doubtless it was the novelist Koshoshi's inspiration for his *Kisei*—a simple record of the home-returning during a summer vacation. The book (*Kisei*) was sold out edition after edition. It is said it has no parallel in modern Japanese literary history. It was about the time when the translation of a few snatches from Longfellow—the first American poet ever sailed toward Japan—appeared in the magazines. *Evangeline* was used in the schools first in 1884. Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* and Kingsley's *Three Fishermen* were printed with notes immediately after. Ella Wheeler

Wilcox was introduced about this time, long before Lowell and Dr. Holmes. Bret Harte was known before Edgar Allan Poe. Every student felt ashamed if he didn't mention Emerson in conversation: but how many had read through his essays in those days?—that is more than ten years ago.

Presently many Tokio papers began to share parts in the translation of some modern English novels—which had gone astray into Japan doubtless. Anna Katherine Green's *The Leavenworth Case* was a hit under the Japan-made title *Shinnoyami* (*Utter Darkness*). Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mine* was another winner. And on the other hand, the fellows aiming at the higher literature gathered around Mr. Shiken Morita to study Victor Hugo from an English edition. Shiken's translation of Hugo's *Things Seen* is regarded as the best even in this day. And Professor Tsubouchi, the respected Shakespearian of Japan, started to translate Hamlet. Dickens's *Christmas Carols* was placed among our school-books. Thackeray began to be mentioned, and George Eliot also. I will declare that an event—a huge success in translation as well as a literary achievement—in those days, was the publication of Mrs. Iwamoto's *Shokoshi* (*Little Prince*): it was nothing but the translation of Mrs. Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The translator gained fame. Mrs. Burnett was hailed as one of the greatest writers of the world. I saw her portrait in a Japanese magazine long before those of Whittier and Hawthorne. Poor Mrs. Iwamoto died in her twenty-sixth year, leaving a certain amount of English composition which was gathered in a volume not long ago. Her *Shokoshi* appeared in its seventh edition recently.

Another success of translation was *Tanimano Himeyuri* (*The Lily in the Valley*) which was *Dora Thorne* under its original title. The translator was the Honorable Kenacho Suematsu, once a cabinet member. But it remains only as a memory.

There was a group of devotees of Dante Rossetti. They spoke passionately of Swinburne. (There may be, by the way, not more than fifteen copies of his *Atalanta in Calydon* in all Japan, as a certain cynic has estimated.) They once burned incense on the shrine of Daudet

from among novelists, and then on that of Ivan Turgenieff. They were wild over Tolstoi, two or three of whose works were translated a few years ago. There was considerable talk about Sienkiewicz, who soon gave place to Maeterlinck. They vainly attempted to put one or two of his plays on the stage. They formed a Dante Society, but its existence was only for a few months. They were dumb-founded by Gorky. Two books about this Russian author have been published during the past year. Japan is also up and down, more or less, with the worldly literary tide.

The gradual invasion of modern English short stories has been apparent since three years. One publisher got out a periodical called *The Friend of English*, with short stories from American and English publications. They were an immediate success, although mostly from the pens of minor writers—authors like one John J. A'Becket, or a certain H. A. Rudall, who are little known even in their own country. Why they were chosen, I can't tell. A few things by E. Nesbit I saw in that periodical. Two years ago the Japanese public experienced the most delightful surprise when some one introduced Conan Doyle with a few chapters from *Sherlock Holmes*. Hall Caine is unknown in Japan, except as a friend to Rossetti. Mark Twain was presented first as a "promising American humourist" with his *Heaven or Hell* (under another title of *Iron-Mind and Stone-Heart*). I saw in some newspaper that his *The Killing of Julius Caesar* and *Cannibalism in the Cars* are being translated. I was told that some one was going to translate *A Double Barrelled Detective Story*, but gave it up for fear lest he be charged with "the disturbing of public morality." Hardy and Meredith are only known in name, Howells and Cable are utterly unheard of in Japan. One Japanese critic has asked again and again, "Why is Rudyard Kipling so popular?"

There is no book more popular than Andrew Carnegie's *Empire of Business*. The Japanese translation and the original are both sold tremendously. And there are not only a few people in Japan who proclaim Mr. Creelman's *On the Great Highway* a wonderful book. The translation (maybe it is not complete) is sold at the shabby price of some thirty cents.

Only a few days ago I was reading one of the newly-arrived Japanese newspapers, and I observed a big advertisement of the translation of Lorimer's *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*. And thus it was written:

"There are two great figures in the

American financial world: one is Mr. Carnegie and the other is *Mr. John Graham*. The letters instructively written by Mr. Graham which we now offer to Japanese youth, will be a sure compass for their whole lives."

Yoni Noguchi.

HIS GOOD ANGEL.

"SUPPOSE I should, indeed, consent at once, *mon ami?*"

Mrs. Thornbury smiled, her eyes half-sheathed, her hand indolently lying over the chair cushion; it was a most expressive hand in its delicacy, strength, and suppressed force, significant of her whole personality, in which the power of magnetic charm was indefinable, as was the spell of her grace. The impersonal critic would have called her a slender, supple woman with hazel eyes, dark hair, a beautiful mouth, and a tender voice. She was neither old nor young—for in her rare type age is neither factor nor detractor—truly, men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love of the common-place, rather for the love of such as this.

A gleam leaped to the eyes of the young man sitting beside her; his elbow rested on his knee, his face on his hand, as he leaned forward gazing at her.

"I wish to Heaven you would try it!"

She reached a silver bell upon a stand near by and tinkled it. A maid entered from the dressing room adjoining the Star's little boudoir.

"Marie, gardez la porte. Allez!"

"Qui, Madame."

When the maid had closed the outer door behind her, a door on the passageway leading to the stage, she turned upon Gilbert Sherbrook a smile which would have imbued the most *gauche* action with delicacy and grace, but as he fervently kissed her hand she drew it away.

"I would speak with you alone for a few moments before I go on again, *mon ami.*"

"Tell me to-night! answer me now!" he muttered.

"You say that you would to Heaven I would marry you at once. Now, I am sure I cannot tell why I do not take you

at your word," she made a negative gesture as his face flushed and he started to speak impulsively. "Wait! I say that I do not know either why I hesitate. You are lovable, *mais oui!*" a slight sigh escaped her, "handsome, *O tres beau!*" she laughed softly, "rich—*bien!* Young—ah, perhaps that is it!" Suddenly he knelt upon one knee, and touched her hand with his lips.

"Stop! After all, do not decide to-night. I am afraid—I am cowardly—but I could not bear it if you sent me away! O let us go on in this way; let things be as they are!"

She smiled slowly, caressingly.

"You say that you love me?"

"You know it!"

"Ah, but I know nothing of the sort, *mon ami!* I know that you are perhaps infatuated. I am older than you," she shrugged her shoulders, her gesture and accent oftentimes revealing more than a trace of foreign blood. "Granted that in this case it makes little difference. Now, I am really not a badly disposed woman, but I have a singularly direct nature, too direct for the average feminine mind to comprehend. I have been married; in my position it was better so. He adored me, but he was docile, and docility palls upon some of us. Alas, it would never have occurred to him to beat me! He irritated me, which interferes with art. Therefore, I should have been forced to divorce him, or kill him, had he not opportunely died—or the notoriety would have been most distasteful to me." She paused, the tips of her slim fingers meeting; a diamond on one and an emerald on another flashing at each other gleams like those from attracted yet antagonistic eyes, "it has occurred to me that I might marry again, because whereas an unmarried woman of thirty-five enjoys life,

one of sixty may be a sorry spectacle. If I were only sure that you would learn to beat me I might even sacrifice you and do it!"

"Sacrifice me! Me!" he broke out. "What do I care for the analytic side of such a question? Answer me! Will you marry me or will you not? You force me to ask you to-night!"

She drew a long breath.

"Ah! . . . That is better! You might come to it in time. Thank you, Monsieur, but so far I do not think that I shall. True, you suit me in many ways, but better than I suit you. But yes!" at his protesting word, "Love, of a kind, I could give you, but not that of which I know I am fully capable perhaps. Beauty attracts me less than will, and unfortunately, *mon ami*, you are beautiful!"

He laughed bitterly under this criticism, but she rose, and standing beside him, motioned to the mirror opposite, to the reflection of their two figures; hers sinuous, *seduisante*, subtle-eyed, lustrous, in which the spirit of fascination was as inevitable as is the perfume of a flower. He gazed into the glass, and then down with impassioned longing upon her.

"And you?" he said.

She drew him nearer the rose-lighted mirror and touched her hair.

"See! In twenty years, and, I hate dyes!" she stopped his protesting voice with a movement. "*O c'est vrai, mon ami!* I am not of the stuff which can endure the contrast of a debonair young husband! I am showing you the ugly side, but as I told you, to-day I have actually felt undecided."

The light leaped again to his eyes.

"Then let it remain so!—let us be as we are!"

"No; you told me that this is your birthday. I dislike to take life *au sérieux*, but I shall show you things as they are. It means that you are wasting your life, your manhood, *mon ami*, following me about from city to city."

"Don't!" he protested; "don't, it is my life!"

She sighed a little wearily. "Acknowledgment that you have fancied yourself as much—well, 'in love' as you say, before!"

"Never!" he protested vehemently.

"Ah! . . . And what of the little

girl in the northern town? She of whom you told me when we first met?"

"That was different," he interrupted hastily.

"Different, but yes," she watched him, her glance carefully veiled. "She was like a strong, pure breeze of the sea; I recall your own words when you have forgotten them! She had a clear, white skin, grey eyes of truth, and was what you call your Good Angel. Eh?" suddenly she smote her hands together and laughed softly in her throat. "Ah, *Ciel!* She is good, with that goodness which has never been tried! . . . What is metal until the flame makes it?" she added passionately; "the diamond until cut? But yes, *mon ami!*" she turned upon him one of her keen, radiant moments of decision, like the flashing of an inward light, the light of a temperament of change and exquisite grace, "but yes, she is the one for you to marry—the young woman to make your home! You loved her! Do you not know it? When you left home you wrote her almost daily, you told her every thought and aspiration; she it was who advised with you when you inherited your fortune. You see, I remember what you told me about her. Strange, is it not? Her love and instinct guided you, she was mother, sweetheart, friend, and she loved you. *Mon Dieu!* When one is young and loves that way it is no taper to be blown out by a passing breath! Then—then you met me. I did not care—I had known others; why should I—" suddenly she flung herself upon a divan, her face hidden, sobbing—"why should I care now? Why should I care now?"

Instantly he was on his knees beside her transported by hope, and pouring impassioned endearments upon her. She sprang up with a peal of delighted laughter.

"*C'est tout!* Was it not well done, *mon ami?* It deceived you! And for such an artist as this to think of marriage, but no, I shall not. Ah, you thought me in tears of woe—*n'est ce pas?* Me!"

He stood looking down at her, a swift change passing over his face and hardening it like the backward rolling of the wave of unwilling revulsion. His voice sounded alien to himself, but the manhood in him leaped to arms.

"Yes, she was my good angel. She helped me more than any one ever did, and I illy repaid her faith in me. She is the best woman I ever knew and—as you say—I loved her. When you play again let it be at my expense, not at hers."

A strange light leaped to her eyes as she let them rest on him, and she murmured something beneath her breath.

"Ah! . . . 'Tis well. I go on now. To-morrow I leave, Monsieur. Adieu!"

She swept him a half playful courtesy.

"You will wire me?" he said; "if not, I shall follow anyhow!"

She pointed smilingly to the door as the maid entered.

"Go now, *mon ami*."

He went out, the hard look fading from his face as the closing door separated them, but he did not hear the maid's exclamation.

"But no, Madame, not tears!—*O ma foi*, there is no time now and how she weeps!"

Sherbrook went directly to his hotel room. He dismissed his man, then turned on a desk light, took a magazine from the table and sat down. The fever of unrest into which he had been thrown for months was reaching a climatic point. Love may run its course even into the channel of habit, but infatuation knows no placid shallows. It makes for the rapids and when denied its course the moulten stream is cast back upon itself. He threw the book aside presently, not having seen a word, and sat with his arms upon the table and his head bent upon them, involuntarily retracing the time spent with her that evening, lingering upon her words, accentuating their value, drawing a significance from that which could give no sustenance to the imagination, seeking in vain for sweetness, feeding hope upon possibility, and desire upon flagging hope. Had she not said: "Love of a kind I could give you?" What mattered its quality? Why should women make such distinctions in the face of a master passion such as this? It was so clear and simple to him.—he only wanted her, her fascinating, alluring self, just as she was. He could not analyse or question or look ahead, he wanted her, and cared not even if the future were but a mirage of happiness.

He experienced indescribable relief in her mere presence, and torturing unrest when away from her. The periods of absence were only so much proscribed time to be passed over by any means that would hasten it; yet all resources,—driving, books, riding, billiards,—had become an enforced action of the Will only. She was going on to a new city for her next engagement, but he was accustomed to following.

Suddenly he sprang up, flinging his arms outward, with a groan. She had told him the bitter truth. It was all so hopeless, so pitiful, so unnecessary. What had it amounted to? He thrust aside the sweetness of it—a year and a half of his life flung away—to go forever unreckoned.

Unreckoned? . . .

He paced up and down, and thought rushed upon him in its merciless torrent. Wherein had her charm lain? Why on this evening of all others had she jarred upon his finer sensitivity by playing upon the thought of the purest girl he had ever known? A whimsical feeling suddenly thrust itself upon him, as tears will upon a strong woman, that he should like to hide his face upon his mother's knee, and be the boy he sometimes felt himself,—to sob it out. To strip himself bare of the past year and hold it up for her forgiveness,—to shrive him of himself. Mary would have understood,—Mary was the girl with the truthful eyes.

He went to the window and dropped its curtains behind him, standing for a moment in the darkness of their embrasure. The night was of velvety blackness, and the stars were calm and unchanging. . . . Yes, Mary would have understood. The stars had none of the alluring transition of the sea, they reminded him of her eyes. Alas, he had forfeited his older right to refer to her his boyish questions for opinion. He sighed heavily, recalling how much she had given him of unselfish sympathy, and how her judgment had formed the standard of right and wrong towards which he had instinctively turned until the blindness of the past year had enveloped him.

He came out of the darkness into the brightly lighted room and saw a letter lying on the table and opened it wondering that it had escaped him before. It was in a plain white envelope, and ad-

dressed in a fair hand which had once been very familiar. It had apparently been forwarded from his bankers.

"MY DEAR GILBERT (it read):

"I appreciate the tendency one feels to look at things as one would have them rather than as they really are. But I have discovered that to face facts is only so much moral courage more or less, and face them we must, if we would strip clear our visions of unreality.

"The spring is coming, dear. Does it not seem as though it means alike to nature and to life, regeneration? And that we are unconsciously renewed by life's real forces which always strive upward?

"I think of you, and believe in you,

"MARY."

He stood gazing at this abrupt word wonderingly. It was one of her ready responses, which he once loved,—like the continuation of an easy conversation,—it seemed that he could hear her voice in the words. What did it mean? There was not an echo of rebuke. . . . "To look at things as one would have them rather than as they really are." How could she have known? Then he noticed that the envelope was marked by much mailing. It had no doubt been long on the way. Suddenly he pressed the cool, white sheet to his cheek and closed his eyes. Mary! The thought of her was like the white, passionless light of the steadfast stars over the turbulence of the time through which he had passed since he parted from her.

The next morning, however, the habit of longing was strong upon him, the unrest and desire to see that other face, to be near it, and putting aside the mood of the night he ordered his trunk packed, and wired to his bankers to forward his mail. Then he took the first express for the northern city where Mrs. Thornbury was filling her next engagement.

It was night when he arrived, and he drove to the theatre and secured a seat for the performance, then sent his man to a florist's as usual, for the violets with which he kept her dressing room supplied.

After the first act he sent his card back, but it was refused admission—Mrs. Thornbury's express command,—so the gatekeeper said,—no cards nor notes were to be brought her during this performance. The same met him after the

play, and although he waited until the last carriage had rolled off he did not see her. Before he went to bed he wrote her a pleading request to see him, and ordered it to be taken to her hotel early in the morning; but when he awakened with daylight, after a few hours' restless sleep it was wearily. Hope was starving and life was becoming merely an unanswered question. In the hotel office the clerk handed him his mail. In it was a duplicate of the letter which had come the night before. It read:

"DEAR: I wish that you could fully realize as I do the full measure of your manhood—and I do not judge impetuously, do I?—life's finest elements are in your hand, weapons with which you may conquer anything—especially yourself. They are courage, belief, and enthusiasm. You have them to a fine degree"—a groan escaped him—"above all things do not doubt yourself. You are a strong man naturally, not a weakling, and we are only kept strong by striving towards our own possibilities. Ever,
M."

As he stood in the reading room with this letter in his hand, he felt as though the purity of a cool breeze had suddenly swept over him,—or a flood of refulgent light arousing his thought from the fevered channel into which it had too long dwelt. He went quickly to a desk and wrote to her, following the impulse of boyish faith, with which he had so often confided to her. He wrote with a confidence that had never failed to receive her gentle, tolerant sympathy, and told her of the past year, in as few words as he could, and brokenly, but with desperate abandon and insistently facing facts as he wrote. He told her of the year of life which had been flung away upon this hopeless passion for a woman, who—he set his teeth as he wrote it—did not love him, and of his disregard of the faith due to Mary herself, yet of his inability to save himself from his infatuation for this other.

He did not ask her to forgive him,—thank God he had manhood enough left not to expect a woman to suffer indignity and then extend her hand for the asking. He would not ask her to take him back,—not yet, until he was sure of himself. All he begged was that she should not let him go from the safeguard of her belief in him.

It was perhaps a youthful letter, a man is oftenest young when deeply in earnest. Sherbrook signed it, sealed and mailed it without first daring to read it over. Then he set his face towards the longest day of his life. He was determined to conquer himself, yet back of the very determination there lay but little faith in his own strength, and as the day wore through the longing to see *her* became pain. When night came he urged himself that he would make her bid him farewell,—yet he knew that it was only the older cry of passion battling against decision.

He hurried to the theatre, his heart beating tumultuously at the knowledge of her nearness, and not letting himself think, yet knowing well that a word from her would sweep away all else from the universe of his being. He met with a similar fate as on the night before, and was refused entrance. Word was brought him, however, that Mrs. Thornbury would send Mr. Sherbrook a message in the morning. He returned to the hotel stunned and weary with disappointment, and the actual pain which can assail the heart when it has fed too long upon vain hope. That night he fell into a sleep of exhaustion, and when he awakened late in the morning it was with an intense sensation of relaxation which had been unknown to him for months.

The sun was bright and the air cool. Mary was right, the spring was coming. How well he knew its gentle signals on the hills around the old town where she lived. All seasons had meant nothing to him for so long, that something of reality seemed to awaken within him under the light which streamed between the curtains.

His man servant brought him a note, a large, monogrammed envelope, heavy with violet, and he tore it open hastily. It read:

"MON AMI:

"When you receive this I shall already be sailing for summer lands. I have placed an understudy for the last three nights this week. I acknowledge that a woman usually passes on unjustified, but, as you know, I have no toleration for the unselfish beings who follow tradition at the expense of their own characters, and I desire you to know, before I say farewell, that I was indeed playing a part when we last met. But not a part dictated by my true feel-

ing,—alas, no! That I vulgarized to cause a recoil in your own. It was necessary. Forgive me.

"In spite of my disinclination to write the words—I confess it—I shall never see you again, and it is useless that you should follow me, for I am afraid you would never learn to beat me!

"I beg, as a last request, that you will return to the little girl with eyes of truth. . . She loves you.

"Adieu, *mon ami!* . . .

"GENEVIEVE."

She was gone. The sunlight lay in a shaft across the room. It was as though a wave of perfume, passion and thrilling yet disturbing music had passed over him. He told himself that he could follow,—nothing need prevent him from taking the next steamer, not even her command. He sprang up with youth's tide of impetuosity flooding him, and rang for coffee and a time-table. The man brought mail, which was accompanied by a note from his bankers, who wished to explain that certain letters had been much delayed owing to the vain efforts their firm had made at times to reach him in his hurried travel from place to place. Among the letters was another white one, like its former mates, only much marked and scarred by re-mailing. Its postmarks and dates were nearly obliterated. It held but a line:

"DEAR: When you receive this I wish you to come to me. I shall never ask it again.

"MARY."

And never had she asked so much before. All the stifled love, reverence and respect he had ever known for her surged upward as he read the words,—a love which may be a thing apart from passion's thrall. After all these months she had trusted him enough to send when she wanted him to come to her—she needed him. He thrust the violet envelope down in his pocket,—Italy could wait.

It was sunset when he raised the gate latch of an old garden in the town where he had left Mary. The sweet, impalpable breath of spring seemed to close around him, as he walked slowly between the box-lined borders up the path, and the odour of white lilacs set the world far apart, and embodied the beauty and peace of living here in this quiet spot.

A girl in a white gown stood in the porch, and she came forward as he drew nearer, his heart throbbing under the last letter, which lay like the wings of a white dove that had striven past the bar of pride unto its sure haven.

"Mary!" leaped to his lips. Then he saw that it was not Mary, although her eyes held the same clear light.

"Mr. Sherbrook!" she exclaimed, then

paused, looking gently, questioningly at him,—*"I thought you would have come before,—I suppose you missed the letters,—she wrote often. She said one never knows when another may need a friend"*—she stopped, arrested by the startled whiteness of his face. *"O,—can it be possible—do you not know? . . . My sister died at Christmas."*

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

A POUND OF CURE.

I HAVE always considered Barton's experience very funny, but Mrs. Van Santvoord says it was pathetic, and I suppose she's right.

Barton will never see forty again by several years leeway, and no one has ever questioned that he is a gentleman and a good fellow, even to the extent of being a bit old-fashioned and Quixotic in both directions. Everybody admires Quixotic notions in these days, but somehow they seldom seem to work for the possessor's good. Women admire them most and have least use for them in their admirers.

Barton had always looked up to George Allen very much as a younger brother regards an older. You see Allen had been a senior in college when Barton entered as a freshman, and he took a fancy to something about the boy—his diffidence and evident breeding—and rather cultivated him, which made things much smoother and easier than they are for most freshmen. This was fortunate, because it was just what Barton needed, and, though Allen never did so very much, the younger man never forgot it. They were pretty intimate in after years. Barton was best man when Allen got married and I have an idea he stood godfather to the one and only Adelaide Allen in days when that young woman's beauty did not exercise quite so broad a sway as it does now.

When Allen died, Barton, then a successful lawyer, was his executor, and, naturally, Mrs. Allen's first adviser, legal and otherwise. Mrs. Allen was always quiet and domestic in her tastes, and the memory of George and the bringing up of Adelaide filled her life quite satisfactorily. The bringing up of Adelaide was

pretty well calculated to fill the lives of several able-bodied women. She had beauty and ideas of her own, which is a bad combination for a conscientious mother's peace of mind.

By this time Barton had settled down into a confirmed old bachelor. I don't know why, and I don't imagine there's any reason why I should—only it wasn't from crustiness or selfishness or diffidence. He never had either of the former, and he'd outgrown most of the latter since his freshmen days.

His position in the Allen household was as frankly avuncular as any amount of blood could have made it, and though a few fool gossips had it settled that he was going to marry the widow, no one who knew him or her and anything imagined such an outcome for the briefest of moments. He was just George's chum, and she relied on him as a friend, and he dropped in semi-occasionally and sat down to dinner like one of the family and held Adelaide on his knee when she was very little and played with her when she grew bigger, and teased her by assuming an attitude of courtly devotion when she grew bigger yet and began to think she was a young lady.

Mrs. Van Santvoord used to bemoan Barton as a good thing gone wrong, if only on the score of one of his characteristics. A girl or a woman always held for him the approximate age at which he had first met her. If you think this over you will perceive its advantages from the woman's standpoint.

Adelaide was a young lady at last. Having ideas, she developed rather early out of bread-and-butterhood, and she developed on lines that were altogether

and overwhelmingly stunning; only Barton never knew it. To him she was just "George's kid," and, though she hadn't sat on his knee for a good many years now, I hardly think he would have been surprised if she had resumed the practice. Her assumption of grown-up manners always struck him as very humorous, but he accepted it strictly as assumed.

What Adelaide thought in those days no one ever knew, except that Uncle Dick was just a perfect dear, the giver of all good things, the wisest, handsomest, best man that ever lived. What she thought later—but that can wait.

I think it began by her dropping the "Uncle" and drifting gradually into "Mr. Barton," whereat Barton was hugely amused, but never gave a hint of his amusement. He just had fun all by himself and treated her as Sir Roger de Coverley might have treated some fair Araminta. Adelaide was romantic of course, and the treatment went.

Who knows how the thing took shape! Barton talked very seriously to me when the *denouement* came, but he knew as little, if not less, than I did. You see both his idiosyncrasy and his sense of humour had combined to blind him, and whether Mistress Adelaide had kept her secret hidden leagues deep or whether her fluttering little heart had thrown out unnumbered signs of its perturbation, will remain a mystery to the end of time. Mrs. Van Santvoord discusses the question most learnedly. She says that, as Adelaide was a young woman of remarkable poise and self-sufficiency, she was undoubtedly a sphinx, and that, as she was thoroughly independent and unconventional and prone to get what she wanted, she unquestionably carried her feelings in the matter in *alto relievo*. Mighty few philosophers could beat that bit of thought. I can only admire it; but, after all, it doesn't make a particle of difference either way, for the story really begins with the discovery.

As near as I could get at it from Barton's account it was somewhat like this.

It seems he had called one afternoon. Mrs. Allen was out and Adelaide came down stairs to see him. Whether she assumed a little more of the young lady or not I don't know, but probably some-

thing of the sort provoked Barton into an exaggeration of devotion.

It was all a great big joke to him because, of course, Adelaide was only a little girl; but from her point of view—that she was a young lady—it was dead serious, and—well, I don't think she told him in so many words that she loved him, but being young and frank and a bit masterful withal, she let him see it, so that even he caught the idea.

It is needless to say that it knocked him out. He didn't appear to have a very clear notion as to just how he got away, but it seems evident that he did get away without either committing himself or hurting Adelaide's feelings. I leave it to you whether that doesn't imply considerable tact on his part. I never realised that he had it, but then he was a man of the world, and it takes an emergency to bring out qualities.

He came to me—why, I can't say, except that we'd always been very intimate and he had to go to someone. If I could only have passed him on to Mrs. Van Santvoord, it might have been worth while, but he knew her so slightly that I felt it would hardly do. Therefore, he just sat and talked along without telling me much of anything, because, in the general smash-up of all his ideas, he didn't have a very clear notion of what had happened or how it could have happened, or of the situation in general or particular.

I said little, mainly because I wasn't called upon to say much—which was lucky. He just wanted to talk, and, as he talked, his purpose seemed to gain definiteness, and all I had to do was to acquiesce, which I did with a perfectly clear conscience and a feeling that if his plan wasn't the best, I, with my limited knowledge of the circumstances, was unable to advise a better.

He said that of course the thing was perfectly absurd; that he was more than twenty-five years older than Adelaide, and that it was only a sort of romantic possession on her part which amounted to nothing, except in her own foolish little mind for the time being. Now that he looked back on the last few years, he supposed he was more or less to blame, but who could have imagined such a result! He wouldn't hurt the child's feelings for anything in the world, but, con-

sidering his relations with her father and mother, he was bound by every motive of honour and friendship not to let her make a fool of herself. Mrs. Allen would be justified in changing her opinion of him if he took advantage of such a girl freak—even supposing he had the inclination, which he hadn't. Well then, what was he to do? To sit down and talk seriously to Adelaide hardly seemed to meet the situation. It would be both brutal and ridiculous in a degree. To laugh and say he would be a grandfather to her would be just plain brutal. Therefore he evolved the theory of keeping right along in his absurd exaggeration of sentimental devotion—only more so, and of persisting in looking upon her disclosure as an understanding of his joke and a reception of it in the same spirit; until she *must* really see that it was all a joke from beginning to end.

He admitted that this realisation would perhaps hurt, but he reasoned, on the score of a young girl's first imagined sentiment, that it wouldn't hurt much or long and that it would be immeasurably the most fortunate outcome for her. Had he not truly believed that, I'm sure he'd have married her, if only from a sense of honour. Of course she would never have the humiliation of knowing that he knew she had been in earnest. He left me with this purpose all carefully resolved upon and worked out.

It was fully two weeks before I saw Barton again, but I confess he was present in my mind most of the time. The more I thought of the whole affair, the more I felt that, in his hide-bound notionality, he was throwing away the greatest good fortune that had ever come his way. What did the mere years amount to anyhow? (I'm a bit along myself.) Everyone knew of cases of even greater disparity that had turned out all that could be hoped for. To be sure, the process of adjustment might be a little awkward to begin with, but then Adelaide was a stupendously clever kid—a never-ending circus, as far as amusement went—and she was pretty sure to develop in a very few years into a charming companion for any man. I began to envy Barton, to resent his inability to love her and to cogitate bitterly how the best things always came to the

men who couldn't realise that they were the best.

When I had reached about that point, I met him. He didn't come to see me. In fact, I sort of fancied he tried to get out of my way; but I overtook him as we were each of us walking alone in the park and it would have been more than pointed if we had not walked on together. I can't remember how many years it was since we had not seen each other for so long a time as one week, let alone two. Therefore we walked along together.

Now, I have always made it a rule, when people tell me things, never to try to force the confidence one inch beyond its voluntary limit. Therefore I don't ask questions except when it is absolutely necessary in order to advise rationally. I merely show the friendly interest which a man naturally feels in matters bearing on a friend's welfare. Above all I never reopen the subject. That should always be at the option of him who confides: all of which is preliminary to the confession that this was the one occasion when my principles went by the board.

I had no intention whatever of referring to the matter; I thought that, of course, Barton would say something about it, and here we had walked for at least fifteen minutes, talking about business and politics and art and half a dozen subjects that were distinctly second in our minds. I am willing to admit that I was intensely curious about the one thing we didn't speak of, and I can't say that I blame myself much for my curiosity. I began to reason that it was hardly fair of Barton to lug me into such a charming little human comedy and then drop the curtain and turn me out of the house without seeing the last act, and I gradually worked myself up—doubtless you know how it's done—to do what I wanted to do, principles or no principles.

I asked how Adelaide was. That was my first break; and I tried in the most cowardly fashion to fool myself as to my offense by including Mrs. Allen in the inquiry.

Barton said they were both very well, and asked me whether I didn't think the name-tags on the trees in the park was a mighty good idea.

That made me indignant. It was evi-

dent that a man who acted so deserved no consideration at my hands.

Therefore, when I had satisfied myself that he really had dropped the subject, I asked him point blank how things stood.

"All right, I think," said he with what I imagined was rather artificial evenness.

I was fairly launched now and inexorable.

"Your plan worked then?" I pursued.

"Admirably," said Barton—and now I caught a distinct note of soreness in his voice. Accepting the inevitable, he plunged on:

"I was perfectly correct in my assumption that girls of that age have no hearts to speak of. The real heart is an artificial product of later years. Fancies—passing fancies, are all they are capable of—not affection that has any staying power. Of course, as I told you, I knew

it would come out all right, but—well, to tell the truth, I *had* rather imagined that it might take longer than a week for her to evolve a new devotion for a college junior. It didn't. It strikes me human nature is deteriorating on its finer side. A man's a fool—"

He bit off his sentence and laughed, and I, having enjoyed the fruit of my transgression, reinstated my principles in their command. When we parted a few minutes later, it came to me that if the finer side of human nature is deteriorating, it, at least serves to bring out some very amusing inconsistencies.

Mrs. Van Santvoord tells me that I am both uncharitable and unfeeling. I don't mean to be, but, really, there are a few things, like seasickness and mumps, for which a grown man can't expect much sympathy.

Duffield Osborne.



THE REVELATION OF HERSELF.

By *Mary Farley Sanborn.*

PART V.

I kept my bed the next day more to avoid Myles than for any physical reason, though I felt very languid and not at all inclined to get up and move about. Yesterday he went away on a supposed business errand, and is to be gone till Monday, I am told. It shows a very nice consideration in him, for I have no doubt the trip was planned in order to escape the awkwardness of a meeting between us.

Here, then, is the situation. My grandmother undoubtedly believes that virtually she has married us fast and sure, and for all that I can tell, Myles himself may consider the ceremony as having a moral significance. The fact that I do not so regard it, while it counts for something now, may not help me much as time goes on. Ever since I came here the meshes of the net have been growing a little and a little closer, and by and by I may find myself unable to find my way out.

Oh, Tony, my own love, why did you allow it to be so hard for me? You might have helped me a little, given me a little more time, or told me what I *must* do. Even though I had resisted, if you had commanded me to take the course that you thought best, I should in the end have obeyed. I know what you would say to this, that it was not your wish, but the law of my own being that you left me free to obey. Yes, but Tony, don't you know that a woman who loves prefers absolute obedience to independent action? I would have yielded gladly to your will, but I could not of myself act from a single motive when so many were pressing upon me. You did not mean it so, but the cruelest thing you could have done was to leave me "free" as you called it, to exercise my own sense of what was due to myself, and the others, and to disentangle myself from the complications that I had woven about me. The one imperative demand

of my being, Tony, is to be loved,—oh, the strange, incredible loneliness that those words ring out into! But I cannot write of that. I see more and more clearly your meaning in the position you have taken, and I know that at any time you would turn that dear kind, serious face to me,—yes, with all the love in it as of old, if I came and told you that I had acted from the single purpose, whatever that purpose might be.

But I can't, oh, I can't,—not yet. You are off there in the silence, leaving me to do in my own strength what looks to me as much the wrong thing as it seems to you the right. I may be struggling blindly in a horrible mistake, but what can I do? My course to have any significance must be shaped by causes in myself, and as yet I find no change in my point of view. I must not come to you empty-handed, when by a little waiting I shall be able to bring you freedom and the opportunity of your life. Yes, I know what you would say,—that the truth is better than any opportunity dishonorably obtained, and we should simply swing back to our starting-point,—my assertion that the money is now and will always seem to me rightfully mine.

Tony, I truly believe that even if my grandmother knew I should never marry Myles she would still choose that I should inherit her money rather than that it should be scattered among her "natural" heirs. But oh, I am so tired of the argument! My mind goes round and round the circle, no premise, no conclusion,—a dizzy spin. The reiterated thoughts are getting to lose all meaning, and sometimes I feel my head swim and my powers of reasoning fail, and I catch quickly at some rational, commonplace thing, like the grocery bills—they are very large just now and Myles wishes me to keep careful account of them—to steady myself and get back to the regions of absolute truth.

Our country is strangely disturbed,—our great, prosperous, ease-loving cour-

try. The idea of a war seems incongruous enough, yet the situation is serious. And you are close to the central artery of the nation, both literally and in spirit. How do you feel about it?—in what way will you take action if it comes to an issue between our country and Spain? A vital question is at hand, and I do not know your attitude towards it. If war is declared and the cause appeals to you, there will be no question of your throwing your whole weight upon the side of the truth. Yet I am like Cuba, crushed beneath the heel of circumstances, and struggling in the same helpless way for freedom.

Oh, Tony, Tony, I know only two things, that I love you and that we are parted.

Thursday, April 28.

It is three months since I wrote you last. There have been days when I longed to speak to you, yet dreaded to see on paper the thoughts that burned so in my brain.

We have been getting our soldiers ready,—at last I have something definite to do. Larry is going, as I knew he would, and his mother is heart-broken. I sit with her a good deal, and we read and talk together. She is divided between her pride in him, and her conviction that he will be brought home to her dead,—the instinctive feelings of a mother, I suppose. That one boy is dearer than all others, therefore he must be a mark for the first evil thrust.

I have watched the papers closely for your name; the *Gazer* comes to me regularly. I feel sure that you will take some part in this righting of wrongs, I know your spirit so well. "If I were only a man!" must be the cry of every loyal, loving woman now. Oh, it is the women who bear the real brunt and burden of war. To go forth into actual conflict, to suffer privation or even pain, is little sacrifice compared with the passive waiting at home, living each day minute by minute, and painting upon each waking thought the picture of suffering for the one we love. God help all women now!

Sunday, May 8.

And bless the men who are going out to offer their lives in a holy cause. I have seen nothing of your name as yet,

but I shall see it soon, for I read every word in the *Gazer*, and go you will. Sometimes I sit down at my desk, resolved to write you, but no words will come. It seems a strange thing, but the feeling is so strong that I do not try to overcome it. There is heroism in the air, and I must be breathing it in, or else I am "used" to keeping silence. At times you seem closer than ever, but again the nearness of the spirit seems a mere mockery, and I simply want you.

Larry's regiment has gone to camp. Our boys may never get any farther, and on the other hand, they may be at any time ordered south, and so on to the scene of actual war.

Agnes Burden and I devour the papers together, one of us reading aloud while the other works. Like many very quiet persons, she is tremendously fond of action in others, and wishes herself a man that she might take part in the excitement. I don't think it is the cause, so much as the stir and sensation that fires her, but she does look very pretty and animated as we read the daily news,—the call to arms and the quick response, the cry for troops and transports, ammunition and provisions and supplies, the general clamour and confusion, and the mystery and danger that vibrates about us, all appeals to her dramatic sense. To me it comes as a calm, uplifting influence. I feel the exaltation of the hour. It seems to me a time for great deeds, not only between nations, but in every sphere where occasion calls for them. I cannot take any part in the redemption of Cuba, but perhaps—though I know not how—these intense vibrations of moral principle may waken my nature into some other form of action. Our indignation against Spain is only one little thing that has touched our sense of humanity. It is no more a vital issue in itself than the question that has lain between you and me for the last eight months, it only affects a greater number of people. Cuba must be free, and we must all be free, nations and individuals,—free from misconceptions, from wrong to ourselves, from the burden of another's will, from our own outgrown standards of good and evil, from all things that keep any one act subservient to another, so that one right should seem to necessitate another wrong, from the

habit of the past and the fear of the future—from everything that qualifies the clear judgment of the moment that a certain thing is right, and that hampers us in the execution of our conviction.

I hardly know why I am writing this. The atmosphere about me is all ablaze.

Bonnie lives over and over again the war of '61. Her brother was wounded at Olustee, and came home to live on a pension the rest of his days. We have some part of the story every morning:—"My dears, be thankful you have no one to lie awake at night and think of. War is a terrible thing. Poor Georgie lay thirty-six hours just where he fell without a drop of water, or a bit of food, or a pillow under his head. When he came out of hospital he was no more than a skeleton, as white as your collar, Madge, only he was really shockingly yellow, and his bones, why, I never knew what bones were before. He could hardly bear the weight of a down quilt, and we fed him a drop at a time off the end of the teaspoon. Of course I was very young, not nearly so old as you are now, Miss Burden" (one of Bonnie's artless fictions) "and it made a deep impression upon me. Mr. Boniface said I used to look so pathetic and so like a child standing by the bedside with the tears running down my cheeks, and the cup of beef broth in my hand. They were terrible times, and I don't think I've ever really got over the shock of seeing poor Georgie brought home in those awful clothes, all rags and blood. They call death the great leveler; I'm sure I think the same thing might be said of war. Dear Georgie came home in the car with ten privates, all of them as dirty as they could be. He said they were very kind to him, and I suppose they were in their way, poor things, but you would never believe me, girls, if I should tell you the condition. Where are you going, Madge?" for by this time I have put down my paper, unable to bear any more, and am preparing to leave the room. "I'm not going to tell you, so don't feel obliged to go. As I said, you would not believe me, and besides, it would hardly be delicate. I only wonder my hair did not turn grey that very night," this with a satisfied sidelong glance into the mirror where her brown waves and soft,

bright eyes, and dainty colouring are agreeably reflected.

How strange it is to think what a small part of oneself finds expression in one's daily outward life! My whole being, every thought, every impulse, every desire, reaches out to you as a plant in the window leans towards the light, and yet to the people who see me every day I appear as one who has nothing personal at stake,—no one, as Bonnie says, to lie awake nights and worry about. How very far is little Bonnie from guessing that while she is peacefully asleep, dreaming of the picturesque tears that fell into poor Georgie's beef broth, I am lying with eyes wide open straining into the dark for some vision that shall show me where you are, whether safe on our own shore, or in the peril of the fray. If any one has the insight to read me it is Agnes, for the other day when Bonnie was humming "Tenting To-night," and I sat with my lip shut between my teeth trying to keep the tears back, I felt her grey eyes on my face in one of her furtive, searching looks. I got my composure as quickly as possible, for I shrink unspeakably from even a friendly scrutiny of my feelings. It is far easier to bear my part, whatever it must be, quite alone.

Monday, May 16.

I knew of course, that you would go, either with pen or with sword. You feel that you can be of more service as correspondent, but I do not deceive myself, knowing that either way there is equal danger. I am not *afraid* for you,—not now, yet at any time the fear may leap upon me. In the night it will come,—I am getting to dread the long, dark nights.

I have an extra copy of the *Gazer*, and that I suppose I am to regard as your farewell to me, though it is not even directed in your own hand. You are leaving me still free to act from my own motives,—God knows what I shall do with the responsibility!

Thursday, May 26.

Life on these terms will soon become insupportable. Action, action,—oh, if there were only something I could *do*! I cannot bear the situation much longer, and how I am to end it I do not know.

My face in the glass frightens me as if it were not the reflection of my features, but my own soul looking out at me. At night I undress in the dark, for by lamp-light my eyes have a menacing look not unlike those of Grandfather Pullen in the portrait down below. I have not been to see my grandmother for several days, and nobody has commented upon my neglect. I think it may be they recognise, at last, something of the nervous strain I am labouring under, without, of course, guessing at the cause. The truth of the matter is that I am haunted,—by myself. I walk through a system of mechanical movements neither planned nor executed consciously. I am only aware of them when I find myself doing them. The words I say often startle me, coming from my lips and not from my brain. Agnes is kind and solicitous, though not objectionably so; she is another girl like myself and that gives us a basis of understanding. She wishes I would let the doctor prescribe some simple tonic for me,—like all in her profession she believes in specifics.

I wonder if my heart is broken, or my spirit? No, for all days are not like this. Sometimes I feel a high courage, and the incidents of the way I am traversing seem not to matter, since I feel that I am pressing towards the end.

Sunday, June 19.

War without and unrest within. Every day the newspapers tell the story of advance and victory, of suffering and death, and every day I am moving forward one step further towards something that I cannot yet see.

There have been moments during the last five weeks,—brief ones, though intense with meaning—when the only solution of this throbbing question seemed to be that I should marry Myles. For one instant I would experience a sense of sudden relief in the very thought of a decision, of any decision that would enable this tumult within me to settle into rest. But oh! it cannot be done! Never, never! If you had not kissed me, Tony, I might perhaps ignorantly persuade myself that where duty led the way inclination might follow, but it would not, it would not. *I know*; and the memory, too sacred in its deep significance to be

spoken even between ourselves, will save me from such a mistake.

Now that you have gone out into danger and possible death, your spirit seems to possess me. I wonder if it is really your spirit that is saying to me constantly, "The truth, the truth,—tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth." I feel it like a whip, and I start from sleep sometimes as if the words had stung me: "On with the truth, on with the truth, on!"

It is like a battle cry. This war that brave men are fighting sword to sword has revealed to me that I am a coward. It is no wonder you left me till I should come to my senses, Tony,—a coward. I might have told the truth and kept you. What is the money to us, that it should concern me? I think the touch of it would poison me. And if I take no action in the matter it will come to me in spite of myself. What should I do with it? Could I give it into your hands, the gain of a lie? You know I have often talked of being poor with you, and if I brought you nothing of worldly account I should put just so much the more into myself, in order that I might be all in all to you. We should not think of the things that money can buy. Your work would go on, your gifts would make their way. Foolish I, to think a little material security would add to the force of your spirit!

But would the truth, even, bring me to you now? Where are you, Tony? Speak to me out of the distance and the danger. This awful, awful silence! Send me one word, dear, to tell me that you are alive and love me. Tell me what to do, how to do it. The truth is striving within me, seeking to come forth, and I cannot any longer bear the stress and strain. After all, it is only to speak a few simple words, and then quietly to go away. Nobody will miss me. Myles can marry Agnes, and Maidie will be beautifully taken care of. Bonnie would go anywhere with me, and I should find you—somehow.

Wednesday, June 29.

The news did not shock or surprise me. A fragment of shell struck you, and your right arm was shattered,—the strong right arm that held me to your side a year ago. Father of mercies! You are suffering somewhere, and I cannot

come to you, may not even know where you are. You will be taken out of the midst of the peril, and the worst has happened. . . . But how do I know? There are many kinds of danger lurking in that place of terror. The wounded cannot have the care they need, you will be neglected, perhaps, and there is fever and disease all about you. . . . Bonnie's stories have haunted me ever since I read the news. There is only one thing to cling to,—the mercy of God. But He is letting others suffer and die. . . .

I am trying to be calm. I have written to Mr. Norrice, who is in New York. He will go to the office and make inquiries, then keep me informed of whatever there is to tell. I must get away from here in some way, and the means which is most direct will serve me best. They will bring you back to this country as soon as possible, and I must be free to come to you if you need me,—and will have me. When I have told these people the truth perhaps you will let me come and serve you.

When I read in the *Gazer* yesterday that you were wounded, I felt all the scattered forces that make up my being rush together. I didn't turn faint, I only vibrated through and through. Every drop of blood was like an electric spark. I was not aware of any mental shock; the sensation was altogether physical, only there was no pain centre, just waves of suffering coming up one after another swiftly, with no pause between, and breaking over me.

I nerved myself and bore it. It is the only way. If one yielded to emotion in the very least it would be as if one opened the door to a thousand wolves. I even went to the table and pretended to eat, so successfully that no one suspected that my throat was as hard as a clinched fist. All night I lay awake, not thinking, only bearing the pain. To-day I feel as if I had taken an anesthetic.

I have been over to see Mrs. Carlew. Larry's regiment is on a transport somewhere between here and Cuba. She has cried till she is nearly blind, and the doctor says she must not use her eyes even to read the papers. I look at her in wonderment. How does she dare to let down the barriers to the wolf-pack? For me such giving way would mean madness.

Thursday, June 30.

Another sleepless night. My eyes burn and throb. In the glass as I was twisting up my hair this morning my face appeared white as chalk and my lips were as red as if they had been touched up with carmine. I stood looking at myself for a long time, the effect was so odd. All at once I turned to see Agnes Burden in the doorway watching me. I started and cried out, and she came quickly up and put her arms about me.

"Don't look at yourself that way, dear," she said; "it isn't good for you."

I don't know what she meant, but she led me downstairs, and we walked up and down the gravel in the shade of the maples till breakfast time.

I was moving about my room for an hour or two in the night, folding a few things and putting them in my trunk. I find it difficult to decide just what I would better take with me when I go. I shall never come back to this house, and yet, of course, I cannot now burden myself with all that belongs to me, and my preparations must be so carefully made as not to attract any attention. When I go from here, I shall slip away as quickly and quietly as possible, proceeding directly to New York, where I shall take a couple of rooms and wait for Bonnie to come to me as soon as she can get ready.

Friday, July 1.

The important thing is not so much to escape from here or to find you as to unburden myself of the truth. It is such a terrible weight upon me. Ever since I became so intensely aware of it, the pressure has been almost too great to bear. But now the end is very near. I am resolved to tell my grandmother that I cannot marry Myles. Then I will go away and they may settle the rest of the affair as they please. I shall be free.

Saturday, July 3, 2.30 A. M.

I slept heavily for two or three hours, and then woke suddenly with the conviction that there would be no more sleep for me to-night. Perhaps after day-break I can lie down on the couch and lose myself for an hour or two, but the dark oppresses me, and I can't sleep with the lamp lighted.

I have had a letter from Mr. Norrice. He is at my service, and will make it his

business to obtain for me all possible intelligence of you. He had seen the *Gaser* people, and Mr. Wheelman was most kind, promising him every item of news regarding you as soon as it could be obtained.

My plan is now quite definite. It consists of one central purpose,—to tell the truth; the details will follow naturally. They are more or less clear in my own mind, but if I try to set them down on paper I fear I shall become incoherent. *Your* spirit has taken possession of me, and I am not all myself. I shall act, when the time comes, calmly and deliberately, but it will not be out of my own judgment, which I believe, if I could think at all, I should find the same that it was six months ago.

The night is hot and breathless. One cannot escape from one's personality on such a night. There is no reaching out into clear spaces. The atmosphere presses close and shuts one in upon oneself. If, in finding the doors thus closed to escape, one comes face to face with a troop of menacing spirits it is a bit of a hell, Tony. But soon it will be over.

Sultry as it is, I shiver a little as I sit here in the grey dawn. The lamp is burning low. A strange weariness is creeping over me. I might sleep, I think.

Morning.

I had a short, dreamless nap. It has not refreshed me much, I think. Agnes brought me my coffee, and pressed me to eat. To please her I tried, but it required a great effort to swallow. However, the daylight is a relief, and I feel stronger. Bonnie complains that she is wilted by the heat; she came in and chattered till I begged her to leave me, telling her that my head ached, which was perfectly true,—oh, I'm telling nothing but the strict truth, literal and uncompromising, nowadays. I should be glad of Agnes Burden's company, but she is doing all the nursing this week, Miss Mackillay being away for a short rest.

How my hands tremble! It is only by writing rapidly that I can keep them steady at all. When you read these pages, Tony, you will see the wavering lines and be sorry for your little Madge, only it won't matter then, that is, if you do overlook my long perversity. As I wrote those words, dearest, a queer sen-

sation went over me like a wave. The room seemed to tip, and as I closed my eyes I saw a bright red light before them. This will not do. Certainly nothing is wrong with me, except, perhaps, my nerves, and until now I never knew I had any.

Just then Bonnie looked in and declared her conviction that I was going to be ill. I said, "I certainly shall be, Bonnie, if you keep on telling me so." So she went off in a huff. I must follow and make my peace with her. She will melt if I offer her a bit of neckwear or a lace-edged handkerchief. And I must rouse myself, or I *shall* be ill.

Evening.

I drove two hours with Myles late in the afternoon. It was like a dream, the trees and houses slipping past us, and the distant view changing like a slow-moving panorama. Myles was kind; he let me lean back in the carriage and be silent. I shall ask Agnes to give me something that will make me sleep to-night.

Monday, July 4.

The day of independence. I wish it might be the day of my freedom. I took breakfast with the family this morning, having had a few hours' sleep, thanks to Agnes, who brought me some powders. Not only my head, but my whole body feels light to-day. It is no effort to drag myself about as it was yesterday.

They are talking downstairs about good news, I don't know what it is. I am only hoping that sometime during the day there will come an opportunity for me to be alone with my grandmother,—quite alone for ten or fifteen minutes without fear of interruption. My trunk is ready, except for a few last things, and I have written a letter to Myles; it is on my dresser, under the pincushion. I can leave to-morrow morning.

Later.

It is nearly sundown. Maidie has been teasing her father to take her to Bergenville to see the fireworks, and if he consents Bonnie will go with them. That will leave Agnes and me alone with my grandmother, and I shall consider that my opportunity has arrived. I will tell Agnes she may go outside a little while for a breath of fresh air, and I will

sit with the patient. Then I can tell her what I have to say, and I shall be free,—oh, Tony, free!

It seems to me they will never decide to go. They have been debating the question for two hours. Will there be show-ers? (I think so, but do not proclaim my convictions.) Or will the horses be frightened by the rockets? Bonnie, who screams at a spider, is not in the least apprehensive of a runaway accident. Maidie says she *knows* it will not rain. I think Myles will be over-persuaded, for since Maidie's illness he has indulged her to the point of weakness.

7 P. M.

They have been gone an hour. There are heavy thunderclouds in the west, and an ominous wind is beginning to sweep along the ground. I have told Agnes that I will sit in the room while she goes downstairs. She was glad to avail herself of the opportunity, and said at once that she would go as soon as she had given my grandmother her nourishment.

I have a feeling that grandma will receive what I have to say in a more sympathetic spirit than I should have expected her to do six months ago. I shall try to make her understand that a loveless marriage would be wrong in itself, and quite as undesirable for Myles as for me. She is a woman, and no woman, it seems to me, can be quite beyond the reach of an appeal like that. This is the great occasion of my life, the highest and most important. When I came to you at your call I did only what any woman would have done; this is a supreme act, and it is not I who am performing it, Tony, it is you. Only in acting through me, you have made me for the time being as great as yourself.

At any rate, I could keep back the truth no longer, whatever came of the telling. To go away in disgrace, as I suppose I shall have to do, seems not at all a terror to me. As for the money, I would not have it. So I am not afraid of anything they can do. Armed with the truth, the weak become strong. I am strong.

The clouds are growing blacker, and the room is darkening in the corners. There is a brassy tinge to the sky in the east, a wicked, baleful light is over the grass and trees, making them a vivid

green. I looked into the hall just now, and Agnes had come out from the room with the cup in her hand. She nodded to me, giving me to understand that she is ready to go down. My hour is come. I think I heard a growl of thunder. The others may have taken alarm at the storm and come back at any moment. There is no time to lose. The hall is long and dark, and seems a little fearful, the tall window at the end looks taller and grimmer than ever. God, help me. Give me the calmness and courage that I need to tell the truth in the simplest and most straightforward way.

8 P. M.

I have killed my grandmother.

New York, August 2.

We have been here three weeks, Bonnie and I, and in all that time I have written not one word to you. At first I could not, I was so dull and dazed with the strain of the ordeal I had imposed upon myself, and so taxed by the effort to adjust myself to the sudden change of conditions. But I am young and therefore elastic; I am much the same Madge that you knew so long ago, sobered and saddened a little, perhaps, as was inevitable, but capable, I think, of happiness, if happiness could come.

Mr. Norrice has been more than kind. He has taken care to keep me informed of every step of your progress towards recovery, either bringing or sending me daily bulletins directly from the doctor who attends you. I could not help taking that liberty, after the suspense and anxiety of the past two months I felt that I could bear no more. You stood the amputation well, and the wound is healing rapidly,—that much I am sure of. So it is well with you, and for myself I dare to hope a little, though I cannot trust entirely. It is nearly a year since I heard from you, and during that time you have known me only as a wilful, obstinate girl without moral sense. Whatever you may have thought of me, however confidently you may have trusted to my coming at last into the single path, you do not *know*, and so in your mind I may have seemed to have yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and chosen, or taken, the path which led away from you. But, oh, you might as well have stayed

at my elbow, Tony! I should have been no less responsible in the matter.

One little star of hope I do see. There is a letter in charge of Mr. Wheelman at the *Gazer* office addressed to me, which was to be forwarded to my address in case it should have befallen that you were never to come back. Oh, Tony, it seems to me I must have that letter, and I should have tried to plead with Mr. Wheelman for it, only that Mr. Norrice is sure they would not give it up to me except under the implied conditions. I cannot see why I might not have it, but men are so unnecessarily literal that no doubt your editor would say as Mr. Norrice does, that it would be a breach of faith to deliver it as long as you are alive. Neither of them can know what it would mean to me to know what you had to say to me when you were going away perhaps never to come back.

Yet, sealed and in other hands though it is, inaccessible to me, and written two months ago, it constitutes the only substantial hope I have to flatter myself with. You did think of me and care to leave me a word of farewell. It is little enough for a loving woman, a mere thread of assurance that I had not been quite dismissed from your regard, but it is something.

I will finish my story and send it with the packet of letters for you to read and pass judgment upon. At your window above the Hudson, in the quiet place where you are resting and recovering, you can look out over the sloping roofs and green banks to the shining river, and your heart will decide. I mustn't say one word to forestall that decision. Only, Tony,—well, my story must come first.

I have not looked again at the pages already written. The whole summer up to that night four weeks ago was just a fever dream. I mustn't try to recall it. I have lived through it, and that is enough. I am out now in the open again, and whatever comes to me, it will be something that is truly my own, and that I have a right to accept. And whether I have the one happiness that I long for or not, there is still the glorious fact that I am forever free from all that burden of misconception. I have said the truth and acted upon it, and the joy of the release is almost as great as the happiness that would lie in your approval.

When I went to my grandmother's room that night, it was with a single purpose,—to tell her that I could not marry Myles, and leave her to act accordingly. Strangely enough, I thought of nothing that was involved in such a disclosure, least of all its effect upon her. All objections to the course seemed to have vanished utterly. I did not want the money. I cared as little for it as you had. I went to her as one woman would go to another with a matter that vitally concerned us both. I even forgot that she was my grandmother and a hard woman. After all, we had our sex in common, but I don't know that I even thought of that.

Agnes got up with a smile when I went in. It was already growing dark in the room, and she had lighted the small night lamp that stood on the table between the two front windows as far as possible from my grandmother's bed. She looked comfortable and pretty, I remember, in a plain white linen dress that had been washed many times and was very soft and clinging.

"Now go out on the lawn and see if you cannot find a cool spot," I said, controlling my voice, as I thought, to speak unconcernedly. "There is a breeze coming up, you may be able to run across it. I shall not be surprised to see the fireworks party back at any minute. We are going to have showers."

"So I was thinking," she answered. She did a few little things in the room before she glided out.

"Don't come back for half an hour," I said, following her to the door. "I will take a book and sit by the lamp. I hope you will find a cool place outside."

She smiled over her shoulder at me as she went towards the staircase, and I turned back to the still room with the green-shaded lamp making a small circle of light on the carpet, and the long, motionless figure stretched out like a lifeless body on the wide bed. I stood by the window a few minutes watching the wet, heavy clouds mount up in the west, their edges fringed and fluttering in the angry wind. Every now and then the trees bent before the coming storm, the slender maple branches turning over and showing the pale-green lining of their leaves.

A flash of white lightning in the heart

of the cloud mass drove me from the window, not in fear of the storm, but with the startled consciousness that I was wasting precious time. I hesitated an instant, fancying I heard wheels on the gravel, but it was only one of the maids turning over the piazza chairs on the porch below. As I moved away, two or three drops of rain dashed heavily against the glass.

I slowly approached the bed. My grandmother was not asleep, for her one eye was open, and as I drew near it turned like a piece of mechanism and fastened itself on me. I experienced a momentary sensation of shrinking horror which I stifled by main strength almost before it reached my consciousness. To restore my courage, I spoke at once.

"Grandma," I said in a low tone, but enunciating very carefully, "I have come to ask you if I may look again at your will." I repeated the words after a moment's pause to let her grasp their meaning with her poor dulled perceptions.

To the ordinary observer that one eye would have seemed to be entirely lacking in expression. But we were used to reading it carefully, and after a few seconds I saw a certain glimmer of intelligence dawn in it, and detected a slight movement of her hand, by which I understood that she was willing I should reach under her pillow and take out the key of the safe.

I did so, and, kneeling, unfastened the padlock and swung open the door, then ran my fingers over the papers till I came to the envelope that held the will. I drew the document from the wrapper, and saw the big red seal upon it.

I pulled forward a chair and sat down by the bed holding the paper in my hand where she could see it. All thought of everything but the living issue between us two women was gone from me, there was only myself and the face that lay before me on the pillow. A gust of wind had extinguished the flame of the night lamp, but a flash of lightning just then showed me her features, her mouth set grimly on one side, dragged and drooping on the other, her grizzled hair parted with exactness and smoothed under the close cap, and the one inexorable eye fixed upon me. It was the last look I had of her face, for the room was now

so dark that it was only a grey object against the dim whiteness of the pillow.

I think I spoke like this:

"Grandma, when you made this will, you believed that I should some time marry Myles. I myself believed it, if, indeed, I thought so seriously of anything at that time. To you and to him it seemed desirable that we should marry, and I was passive in the matter, passive and very ignorant of myself. I gave way to the stronger wills because I didn't know what I was doing. But now I do know what it would mean to marry a man I didn't love. Grandma," I pleaded, bending forward in my earnestness, "you are a woman, and you will understand me. Please try to understand. I am not wilful, nor selfish, nor obstinate in this, and I am truly sorry to disappoint you. But last summer in New York I met a man whom I could love well enough to give my life to him without any worldly considerations to make it more desirable. We came together as if God had taken us by the hand and led us to each other. I didn't tell you at first because,—well, there were several reasons. I see now that I ought to have done so, but I feared your displeasure, and dreaded the opposition I should meet. I waited in a cowardly hesitation, but I cannot be false any longer. I must tell you the bare truth, hard as it may seem to you. Grandma, I cannot marry Myles. Therefore I have no right to inherit your money."

I thought I had heard her breath come quickly once or twice, and it seemed to me her head had moved slightly on the pillow as if she had lifted her chin to take a deeper breath, but her hand, which was the only part of her body capable of expressing her wishes or feelings, did not flutter at all, and lay inert on the counterpane.

I held up the will between us. "That is why I asked to see this," I went on. "Almost all your money was to come to me, and I thought you might wish to change that now. So if you bid me to do so I shall destroy the will. Is it your wish that it be destroyed? Please tell me what to do?"

I knelt on the floor beside the bed so that I could see the slightest movement of her hand in the growing darkness. It lay still as a piece of clay, the long, withered fingers with their prominent joints

and square tips curled up and motionless. "Only move your hand and I shall know." I spoke very slowly and distinctly. "If you wish me to destroy the will, just move your hand. If you do not I shall understand that I am to put it back in the safe. Now is the time to tell me, grandma. Miss Burden will be here very soon. I am willing to do whatever you tell me. The money is nothing to me. I only want the man I love, if he will have me. You can understand that, can't you? Perhaps you did love my grandfather a little—when you were both young. Oh, please move your hand if you want the will destroyed. I should be so glad to do it. I don't know what you wish me to do. This is dreadful, grandma. I am giving you pain and I am suffering myself. Why can't you tell me what to do?"

In my distress I put out one hand and touched hers. It was so cold and unresponsive that I started back and got trembling upon my feet. I stood looking down at her, chilled by a fear that I could not formulate. My voice must have shaken as I said,

"I must put it back in the safe, then. But I can never touch the money. If you would only let me know that you are displeased and angry, that you want to leave me without a penny,—anything but this awful silence. I don't know what you mean, can't you see that I don't?—and what I am to do must be done quickly." The thought that perhaps she had not seized one word of the meaning I was trying to convey, rushed over me all at once, and just then I heard the horses' feet dash on to the concrete driveway in front of the stables, and the quick rumble of wheels followed. In a panic of desperation I thrust the paper into the envelope. The darkness began to suffocate me and make me dizzy. I felt that I had reached the end of my self-possession, that I must escape from the room into the air.

I don't know what I should have done, perhaps have rushed madly from her presence with the will in my hand, but at that instant a great light gleamed vivid and intense on the opposite wall, as if a ball of fire had dropped in front of the windows, and immediately there followed a crash that filled the whole house with sound, and almost stunned me. It was impossible to tell what fearful thing had

happened or where it had centered itself. I heard a shriek,—my own voice, probably,—and the next I knew I was clinging to the heavy footboard of the bed and praying God to save me from whatever the thing might be.

Just then some one came swiftly into the room. It was Agnes, in her white dress. She went over and relighted the lamp, then with the quick instinct of the nurse, hurried to the bed and bent over it, putting her face close to the pillow. She took up the hand that had lain so immovable and felt the wrist; stooping again she touched the cheek and turned the face slightly toward her. I stood as if paralysed, realising that something tremendous had happened, but ignorant of what it was.

Agnes straightened herself and looked at me. She seemed to take in the details of the scene, my rigid figure, the envelope that lay upon the floor, the open safe, and the chair that I had somehow overturned,—when the crash came, I suppose.

"What is this?—some paper of hers? Does it belong in the safe? And where is the key?—oh, in the lock, yes." She thrust the document in among the others, shut the door softly but quickly, turned the key and slipped it into its place under the pillow.

"Now go," she said, taking me firmly by the shoulders; "go to your room and stay till somebody calls you. Your grandmother is dead."

As I went down the hall I could hear Bonnie crying hysterically and Maidie's shrill voice calling me from below. The bolt that split one of our biggest elms had fallen just as they were driving into the stables, and the horses had been so frightened they had almost overturned the carriage. When I had been in my room a few minutes, I heard Bonnie give a scream, and then she came flying along the passage into my room.

"Madge, Madge, are you here. I can't see. Make a light, do. Oh, what a dreadful thing! She is dead, Madge, Miss Burden says the shock of that awful crash must have caused her death at once. She is dead, Madge, don't you hear me? Margaret is dead, your grandmother. Oh, won't you ever get that lamp lighted? I don't know where I am."

It was well for me, perhaps, that I had

such an absorbing care as Bonnie proved to be for the remainder of the night. Whimpering and disheveled, her eyes wide and full of frightened tears, her lips white and trembling and her whole body shaking like that of a person in the ague, she collapsed on my couch and became almost unconscious. It was two hours before I had her quiet on my bed. She filled the air with her self-reproaches for not having done her duty by poor Margaret in her lifetime, for having shrunk in distaste from the unpleasant sight of the poor stricken old lady when she should have been sitting by the bedside smoothing the wrinkles out of her pillow. Of course it was perfectly true that Bonnie had been as selfish as any bird or butterfly; the fact that the nurses had done everything, and done it well, did not morally exculpate her. And now the thought of that inanimate object that had once been her benefactress filled her both with remorse and superstitious fear. Grandma Pullen's spirit was no longer bound to her body; it might choose to walk the house. So she talked and cried and shuddered, starting nervously at every sound, until at last she fell asleep clinging to my hand.

But in the morning as I was tiptoeing about the room as carefully as possible in the effort not to waken her she startled me by saying abruptly from the bed,

"Do you think I might have a band of dull jet round the brim of my bonnet, Madge? It is correct for half mourning, you know, and of course I shall not wear crape. It is unbecoming and expensive, and besides, Margaret would not have worn it for me. Oh," with a sudden pang of recollection, "my pretty blue blouse with the rows of feather-stitching that I took such pains with!" She sighed deeply. "It must be dyed, of course. I wonder if it will take a good black,—doesn't it seem a pity, Madge, that exquisite shade? Death is so sad. I shall have one black taffeta waist with fine tucks, and a whole gown of nun's veiling, made with a very long sweep. Well, in a way it is a relief to think poor Margaret is gone. What time is it, dear? Will you see to my breakfast,—soft-boiled eggs and a thin slice of toast, perhaps two if they are very thin. I suppose I must eat if I possibly can, grief is so exhausting. Please put the cream

in the cup yourself, dear, and pour the tea over it, the maids are so careless, they will always leave it to the last."

And that was the story of the next two weeks. I am afraid I was content to stay on the surface of things with Bonnie, and allow Myles to arrange the details—the gruesome particulars that somebody has to consider—according to his judgment. The rest I won't describe,—it was all a dream-like pageant. The shock of the thunder-clap passed easily as the cause of my grandmother's death; and the sight of the riven elm, split almost the whole length of its great trunk was sufficiently convincing to every one.

After all, you will see, Tony, the truth did not serve the purpose that I had expected it would. The will remained carefully locked in the safe where Agnes had put it until the day after the funeral, when it was read in the presence of the family. Bonnie's deep solemnity on that occasion was a credit to her. She has a thousand dollars for herself, the income of which will, by careful management, buy one costume, one hat, one pair of boots and two pairs of gloves a year. But that phrase, "All the rest I give and bequeath to my granddaughter, Margaret Pullen," with its fascinating indefiniteness, must have set her limited but active imagination in a whirl. I did not look at her, but I could tell how her delicate eyebrows arched themselves and her pretty mouth pursed up with a comfortable sympathy for the poor Margaret who had been called away from all further enjoyment of her worldly possessions.

But she preserved the proprieties of the occasion beautifully. Even when we were alone she found it possible to shed a few tears before she said:

"My dear girl, did you expect it? You were as calm as an eight day clock. One would think you were in the habit of having a fortune left you every week. I suppose you will be able to live very nicely on what poor Margaret has left you, and, of course, you will marry well, too,—a girl of your attractiveness with a nice little income back of it. Shall you stay in Pullen, dear?—for a while, I mean; of course not always."

I said I had made no plans, and then I thought it might be as well to give her a slight hint of my position. So I said:

"Bonnie, I don't intend to alter my ways of living on account of this fortune, as you call it. I shall probably give away a good part of my income. But I shall always take care of you, and as soon as possible I want to go away from here. We will talk more about it by and by, when I have had time to think a little."

I had already determined upon my course in certain matters. I went the next day to Bergenville, and spent three hours with my grandmother's lawyer, at the end of which time I had made over all she had left me,—houses, lands, mill stock and bank accounts, to Hannah Havenden, otherwise known as Maidie; and if it ever helps to save her from a loveless marriage it will be of more benefit to her than it ever could have been to me. I had not a little difficulty in persuading the lawyer to help me carry out my intentions; he seemed to think I should be likely to come rushing in the next day and beg him to undo the business. But at last I carried my point, though I think he still believes me slightly unbalanced, so he drew up the papers and in a few minutes the transaction was concluded.

There was only one thing more. I had to tell Myles that I was going away. Of course, it was not an easy thing to explain. Tony, I won't deceive you in the least,—he is not so utterly without feeling as I had believed him to be. But I can't write about that. He took a larger view of the case than I thought him capable of, and because he *didn't* blame me, I went down into the valley of humiliation, and begged him to forget my wayward selfishness and my thoughtlessness and egotism. For the first time since my grandmother died, I broke down and cried, and when I looked up, Tony, I caught the expression on his face,—there was pain in it, a proud sort of pain for which one could not offer one's pity. Well, there was no talk of friendship between us, we were deep below that. We never could talk with a common understanding, because we never thought with one, but we touched bottom that day, and both of us knew it was final. I said nothing of the disposition I had made of the money, but left word with the lawyer to tell him when the occasion came. One thing I did long to say, "Myles, I am leaving you Agnes. She is a much

more desirable friend than I should have been, and in a year's time I shall expect you to write and tell me so." But I only suggested that he should keep her for a while as a companion for Maidie; the child needed a good time and a healthy reaction from the restraint of the past year. He replied that he had been considering the arrangement and hoped that Miss Burden would think favourably of it,—as I feel sure she will. So in a little time, I venture to believe, it will be well with them all.

Here ends the final chapter that relates to Pullen, and I will send the packet to you without another word. If I could come to you, Tony, in place of the right arm you have lost, if I could just be the hand to execute the will of your brain, it would be a blessed service to which I should be humbly glad to give the rest of my life. But I have no right to ask even that. I tremble when I think of the selfish, heartless, mercenary, untruthful spirit that has written itself out in unpromising detail upon these pages. But it is there, and representing one phase of my character in its process of development, it was a part of the truth, and must go to you as such.

Tony, do not be afraid of hurting me if I seem to you to deserve the punishment of your disapproval, but in any case, dear,—oh, if I might see you once, very quietly, coming simply as an old acquaintance to assure myself of your well-being,—there would be no harm in that, would there? Yet perhaps I couldn't—

Oh, Tony, it would be the joy of living to serve you!

August 4.

I am here in the next room to where you are sleeping, one hour earlier than the time,—I couldn't wait for the appointed hour. Bonnie is with me, we left Mr. Norrice at the station to take the next train back to the city. His good-bye was like a blessing,—what should I have done without him?

Your one word, Come, reached me this morning, and *I am here*. I have looked once into the room and seen you stretched out on the couch, your one arm lying across your breast and your empty sleeve pinned up, your dear face, a little pale and thin, resting on the blue pillow. The

forehead, the dark, crisp hair, the firm mouth and chin,—they are all the same, and presently when you waken, I shall see my own face in your eyes, as in the old days. What a strange and terrible thing is this sudden joy,—harder to bear, almost, than pain! I am suffering in my own incapacity, feeling the sense of limitation that a great happiness reveals. Tony, I am to be your right arm,—can I believe it?

You are sleeping long and quietly. It is like your beautiful calm self to take your daily nap, though you knew I was coming. But the nurse has told me what a change has come over you since yesterday morning. You are *glad*, and, Tony, I am glad, but not altogether as I thought I should be. I see life before us, not only the joy, but the possible sorrow, the

struggle, and it may be, the separation, but above all I see the service, the work, the helpfulness that such a union as ours must give back in some measure to the world we live in.

Your watch lies in a case on the table beside your couch. When you wake, I think you will look first at that. The nurse gave me permission to go at once to you when I heard you stirring. It will not startle you to see me in the doorway, for to you all things are natural, and follow in their ordered sequence.

Did you sigh just then? . . . There was a movement, surely. I *feel* that you are awake. Shall I speak? . . . shall I come? . . . I hear your watch chain click against the case as you put out your hands to look at the hour. Tony—

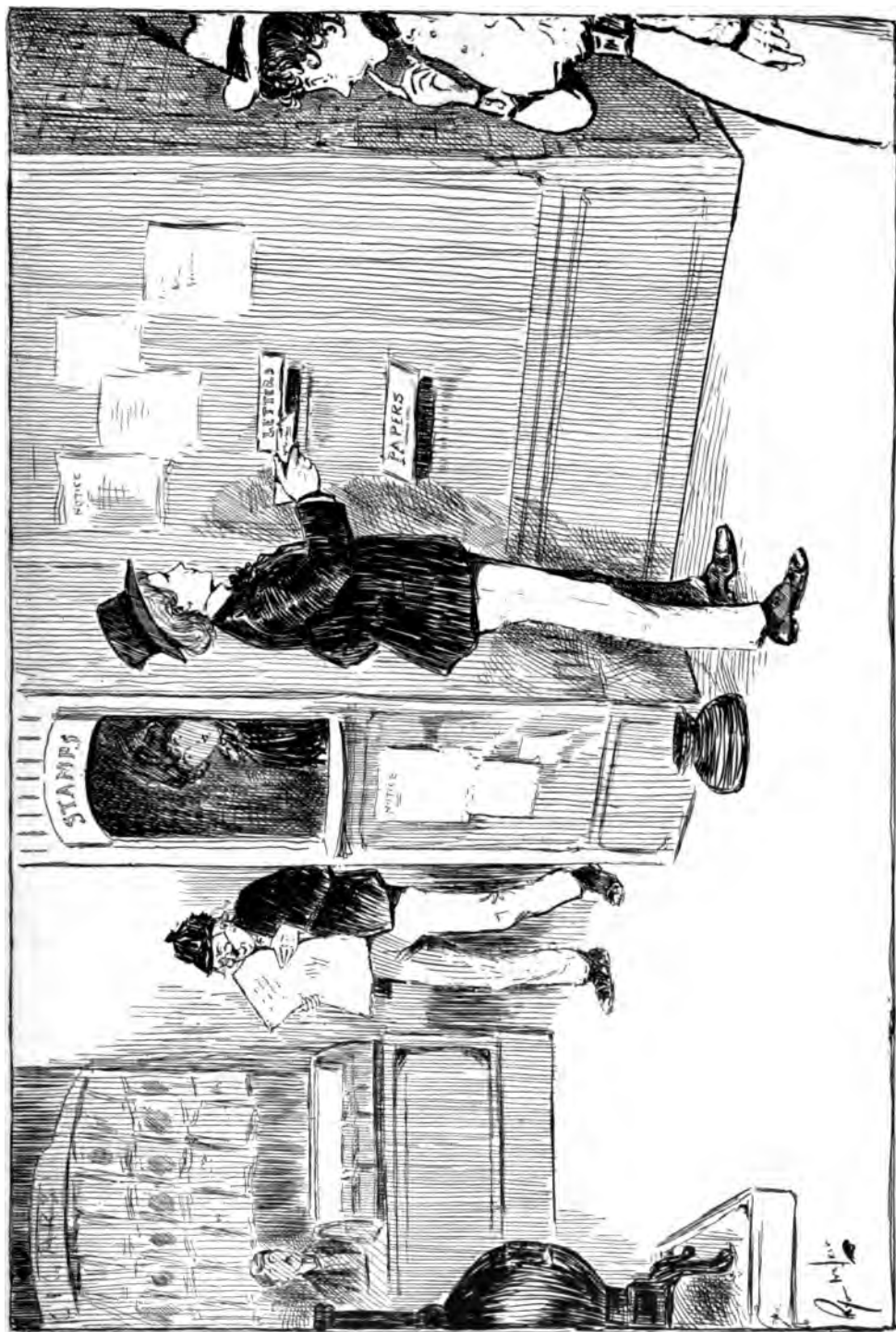
THE END.





CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-POET—A LEAF FROM LITERARY LIFE IN A SMALL VILLAGE.

In my youth I carried my poems to the editor of the Weekly Panjandrum and Clarion Call—I realised that the eyes of the village were upon me.



I mailed many poems to various magazines—which like bread upon the waters came back to me—with little printed slips of apology from the editors.



With shame I confess that SHE, my Layra, the theme and inspiration of my most passionate poems, flouted me for one who had no poetry in his soul.

HERE AND THERE.

War between Russia and Japan became inevitable in 1895, when the former power, backed up by France and Germany, arrogantly compelled the Japanese to relinquish the fruits of their victory over China. Japan had sought a foothold on the Asiatic Continent. Some outlet for her crowded population was necessary, if not for her existence, at least for her expansion to the measure of a great power. For the moment, she was compelled to give up what she had fairly won in battle. Her navy as yet was too small to cope with the massed fleets of the three European nations; and Lord Rosebery, who was then Prime Minister of England, let slip the one great opportunity which has presented itself to British statesmanship in our own times. Had an English squadron at that critical moment ranged itself beside the warships of Japan, Russia would have receded from her demand, the Manchurian question would never have arisen to vex the diplomats of Europe and America, Corea would have quietly become Japanese, and we should not to-day be reading the bulletins of battles.

But from the moment when Russia humiliated Japan at Shimonoseki, war at some time in the future became as inevitable as the conflict between Austria and Prussia in the sixties, or between France and Prussia in the seventies. Given a clash of permanent interests, with hatred on one side and contempt upon the other, and no prophet was needed to predict the issue.

And so for eight years the people of Japan directed all their energies toward just one end—a life and death grapple with the mighty Russian Empire. They maintained and disciplined a powerful army. They built battleships and cruisers. Their strategists have planned with all the patience and all the passion for detail with which von Moltke worked out his great campaign of 1870. And finally, when further waiting would have given the enemy an insuperable advantage, the

Mikado made a definite demand upon the Czar, and having received only politely evasive answers, struck the blow which put an end to talk. This world again has seen that in spite of arbitration treaties and Hague tribunals, there exists no court of last appeal save that whose verdict is traced in blood and tears.

To which of the two contending States does the world's sympathy go out? It is safe to say that Russia stands alone—without one single friend among the nations of the earth. The German government for policy's sake, and looking to the future, may tinge its professed neutrality with a pro-Russian colouring; but the German people dread and hate the great Empire which is always looming up as a potential menace to German aspiration. In France, the Russophiles have dwindled to an obvious minority, since France has given much and has received little in the years of the Muscovite alliance; and the Paris government is as impassive over the Port Arthur disaster as was the St. Petersburg government over the "humiliation" at Fashoda. The rest of the world has learned to think of the Russian autocracy as the embodiment of cynical contempt for plighted faith, and as a bully among nations, browbeating, insolent and barbaric. The oppression of Finland, the extinction of Poland, the betrayal of the Armenians, and the butchery of the Jews, have been coupled with a violation of the most solemn pledges in Manchuria and the defiance of the most elementary principles of international comity. Even the United States, bound as it has been by a tradition of friendship to the Russian Empire, has turned its face away, and regards the spread of Russian power in the East as a menace to its welfare. Some have said that, morally, there is no difference between the cause of Russia and the cause for which Japan is fighting; since each empire aims at the possession of Corea, to which neither has a right. Yet there is a difference—the difference between a burly ruffian who robs to gratify his vices, and a hungry man who

seizes on a loaf to keep himself from starving. To Russia, the loss of Corea would be merely an inconvenience; to Japan it would be almost destructive.

The issue of the war is a question more interesting than any which our generation has had presented to it. Japan's success upon the sea was confidently looked for by the best informed observers; but the coming struggle between the two armies will be a fascinating and exciting episode in history. In the long run, and with a free hand, Russia is bound to win. A white nation may always be counted on to overcome a brown or black or yellow one. The Russians are not so white as many think them, for the Tartar strain in their blood is unmis-

takable; yet the Caucasian element predominates; and we believe that these huge, indomitable masses of sullen, stalwart fighters would wear out the nervous but evanescent energy of the Japanese. If Russia can maintain internal peace, we think that even under the enormous financial strain of a war fought out so far from home, she will conquer in the end. Her people are apathetic and her officials are corrupt; but the grimness of the Russian character and the vastness of the Czar's resources, with their glacier-like resistlessness are capable of crushing the mimetic cleverness of Japan just as they baffled the inspired genius of Napoleon.

H. T. P.



READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Alwood Company:

The Younger Mrs. Courtney. By Mrs. Frank Broaker.

A novel of broken marriage vows, with a number of sensational climaxes. The author intends to have the book dramatised, and has written it to read like a play.

American Book Company:

Homeric Stories for Young Readers. By Frederick Aldin Hall, Litt.D.

The tales of Homer are here adapted for elementary reading and presented as a connected narrative. This is the latest volume in the series of Eclectic School Readings, and is especially intended for use in the sixth and seventh grades.

Ames and Rollinson Press:

The Iberian. Anglo-Greek Play. By Osborn R. Lamb. With Music by H. Claiborne Dixon.

In writing "The Iberian" the authors

have attempted to combine in a play of one act certain of the beauties of the ancient Greek drama with those of the modern romantic play, and they have tried to adapt the same to the stage of to-day.

Appleton and Company:

Life in London. By Pierce Egan.

The National Sports of Great Britain. By Henry Alken. Fifty Engravings with Descriptions.

The Third Tour of Doctor Syntax, in Search of a Wife.

Handy Andy. By Samuel Lover.

This series is in many respects exceptional. Not only is it placing at the disposition of the reader a number of books that have been for the last few years comparatively inaccessible, but it leaves little to be desired typographically and in the matter of the illustrations. The coloured prints from Rowlandson and Gillray and Cruikshank and Alken recall a school of British art which, despite its frequent lapses into bad taste, reflected absolutely the spirit of the British nation at one of the most robust and dramatic periods of its history.

Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory. By Oscar P. Austin.

Rocky Mountain Exploration. By Reuben G. Thwaites.

These belong to the Expansion of the Republic Series, which deals with the well-known expansion of territory known to American history.

The Story of Extinct Civilisations of the West. By Robert E. Anderson.

A small handbook belonging to the series entitled The Library of Useful Stories. Professor Anderson is also the author of Extinct Civilisations of the East.

Sylvia's Husband. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

A new volume in the Novelettes de Luxe Series, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland, where a merry house party runs riot in Ballyrig Castle.

The Close of the Day. By Frank H. Spearman.

A new novel by the author of Doctor Bryson and The Daughter of a Magnate. It deals with the life of an actress.

Baker and Taylor Company:

The Body Beautiful. By Nannette Magruder Pratt.

Mrs. Pratt gives some common-sense ideas on health and beauty without medicine, and the book should, therefore, make a strong appeal to women. There are chapters on Foods Digestible and Indigestible, Health Baths, Sleeping, Tight Lacing, and How to Put on Flesh, while the last chapter contains a number of recipes for making hair tonics, lotions for the face, etc.

Benzinger Brothers:

The Beginnings of Christianity. By Very Reverend Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L.

The discourses contained in this book deal with some general conditions of Christian life in the first three centuries of our era. The author is Professor of Church History in the Catholic University, Washington.

Century Company:

Mrs. M'Lerie. By J. J. Bell.

Mr. Bell sprang into prominence through his Scotch dialect story, Wee MacGreegor. In this little book he has, therefore, very wisely written a story in much the same vein.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Deliverance. By Ellen Glasgow.

A new novel by Miss Glasgow, which every one pronounces the best work she has done as yet. It is a story of the tobacco country during the Reconstruction period. THE BOOKMAN reviews the book in the present number.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong. By Edith Armstrong Talbot.

A biographical study of the founder of Hampton Institute. The book is illustrated and is the work of General Armstrong's daughter.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Sevastopol and Other Military Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude.

This is a new translation, especially authorised by Count Tolstoy. The book relates the author's own experiences and sensations during a noted siege of modern history.

Jenkins:

Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage. Par Chateaubriand. Edited with Notes and Vocabularies. By Victor E. Francois, A.M.

Although written in the first decade of the last century, this book was not published until 1826. The author's reason for this delay was that the favourable picture he had drawn of the Spanish people who were then resisting Napoleon would have led to the suppression of the tale by the Emperor.

En Voyage. A collection of Conversations in French and English. By T. M. Clark.

These conversations are adapted to the use of tourists and classes. The exercises are not intended to teach French grammar; they simply give practice in using a variety of expressions of common occurrence in travelling.

Kellogg and Company:

Education Through Nature Study. By John P. Munson, Ph.D.

The material in this volume formed a course of lectures delivered by the author on Methods of Science-Teaching. Professor Munson is connected with the Washington State Normal School, and he has devoted sixteen years to the study of nature.

Practical and Artistic Basketry. By Mrs. Laura Rollins Tinsley.

An illustrated hand book on basketry.

by a former principal in the Minneapolis public schools.

Lane:

Sophisms of Free-Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined. By Sir John Barnard Byles.

A new edition with an introduction and notes by William Samuel Lilly, LL.M., and Charles Stanton Devas, M.A. The text of the eighth edition of Sir John Byles's book is reprinted, unaltered, except by correction of a few trifling errors of the press. Notes are appended to each chapter, enclosed in brackets, and signed by the editors.

Macmillan Company:

The American Prisoner. By Eden Phillpotts.

A romance of the West Country by the author of *Children of the Mist* and *The River*. Mr. Phillpotts dedicates his novel to Miss Jeannette L. Gilder.

The Dynasts. By Thomas Hardy.

This is the First Part of Mr. Hardy's *Drama of the Napoleonic Wars*. It is to be in three parts, with nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes. The contents of Second and Third Parts may be found at the end of this volume. A note is made to the effect that these parts are in hand, but their publication is not guaranteed.

Points at Issue and Some Other Points. By Henry A. Beers.

The subjects which Professor Beers has chosen for this little volume are: College Entrance Requirements in English, Literature and the Colleges, Literature and the Civil War, Emerson's Transcendentalism, The Modern Feeling for Nature, Æsthetic Botany, The English Lyric, Dialect on the Old Stage, and The Queen of Hearts.

The Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java. By Clive Day, Ph.D.

The aim of this volume is to give in a brief compass the significant results of the experiences of the Dutch in their most important dependency. The author is Assistant Professor of Economic History in Yale.

The New Testament in the Christian Church. Eight Lectures by Edward Caldwell Moore.

These lectures, by a Professor of Theology in Harvard University, were delivered in Boston in March and April, 1903, before the Lowell Institute. Although the material has been somewhat enlarged,

the lectures are published substantially as they were delivered.

A History of Modern England. By Herbert Paul. In Five Volumes. Volumes I. and II.

These two volumes cover the period of modern English history from the Last Whig Movement to the Close of the Palmerstonian Era. A review of the work, when it is completed, will be published in **THE BOOKMAN**.

The Divine Vision and Other Poems. By A. E.

A book of poems of more than the average merit.

Jeremy Taylor. By Edmund Gosse.

Mr. Gosse has written a detailed biography of Jeremy Taylor. It belongs to the English Men of Letters Series.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland.

Mr. Harland's new novel is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Nyvall Press:

Interpretative Forms of Literature. By Emily M. Bishop.

A text-book touching upon the Principles of Classification, Dramatic Narrative, Dramatic Monologue, and Reading in Public Schools. Stephen Crane's "Making an Orator" is reprinted from "Whilomville Stories," by permission of the Harper Brothers.

Putnam's Sons:

Mediæval England. By Mary Bateson.

A new volume in the Story of the Nations Series. It presents a picture of English Feudal Society in its several stages from the Norman Conquest to the middle of the Fourteenth Century.

Turkish Life in Town and Country. By Lucy M. J. Garnett.

The tenth volume in the series entitled *European Neighbours*. Miss Garnett tells of the picturesque life of the subjects of the Sultan, and she also describes the every-day life, customs, and standards of modern Turkey.

When it Was Dark. By Guy Thorne.

A novel of "a great conspiracy," in which a blasphemous arch conspirator adds to the horror of some of the situations.

Ritchie:

Fancies. By Henry A. Wise Word.

A book of verse appropriate to the season of spring.

Stokes Company:

A Little Garrison. By Lieutenant Bilse.
Reviewed elsewhere.

An Adventurer in Spain. By S. R. Crockett.

A story which combines the qualities of the book of travel and the book of adventure.

Warne and Company:

From Paris to New York by Land. By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S.

The primary purpose of the author of this volume in taking this long land journey was to ascertain the feasibility of constructing a railway to connect the chief cities of France and America, Paris, and New York. The book contains photographs by the author and maps of the route.

Foster's Bridge Tactics. By R. F. Foster.

The author of this book on whist and its self-instruction is also the inventor of the self-playing whist and bridge cards.

Boston.

Badger:

Sun Gleams and Gossamers. By Hilton R. Greer.

There are twenty-six poems in this little volume. The author of them is a westerner.

From Hollow Post Bag. By Henry D. Muir.

A book of verse which tells the love-correspondence of two frogs, Miss Polyandra Speckleback of Hades and Sir Leaper Bullfrog of Frog Hollow.

Love Knoweth Best. By William Garvin Hume.

A collection of poems.

Robert of Kincaid. By William Henry Tompkins.

A narrative poem dealing with the life of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, with the scene laid in Scotland during the fifteenth century.

Chryseid. By Will McCourtie.

A book of verse, containing about thirty original poems as well as translations from Jules Laforque, Sappho, Mallarmé and others.

Tannhäuser. Translated from the German of Julius Wolff. By Charles Kendall. Two volumes.

Accompanying these illustrated volumes Mr. Badger sends out a lengthy biographical sketch of Mr. Kendall, who has had a long and varied career. It was during his travels that he decided to translate Wolff's Tannhäuser into English.

Haverhill, Mass.

Chase Brothers:

Daily Cheer Year Book. Selected and Arranged by M. Allette Ayer. With Introduction by Reverend Francis E. Clark, D.D.

The selections in this Year Book are largely of a religious nature, and it is intended to help and cheer its readers. A copy has been sent to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN through the courtesy of Miss Ayer.

Boston.

Everett Press Company:

Memorials of Mary Wilder White. By Elizabeth Amelia Dwight. Edited by Mary Wilder Tileston.

These memoirs give a picture of the New England of a century ago. In her preface Mrs. Tileston says: "I feel that the story of my grandmother's life, with its brave and buoyant spirit, its warm affections and intellectual delights, and its intense religious faith, may help those who are living through the joys and sorrows of our time." Among Mrs. Dwight's friends were Miss Mary Moody Emerson and Miss Susan Cabot Lowell.

Tokyo.

Fuzanbo and Company:

From the Eastern Sea. By Yone Noguchi.

A paper covered book published in Japan, containing a number of poems by the young Japanese poet and writer, who at the present time is living in this country.

Boston.

Lee and Shepard:

Elijah Kellogg. The Man and His Work. Edited by Wilmot Brookings Mitchell.

The story of Elijah Kellogg supplemented by selections from his writings. The book is intended "for his intimate friends and parishioners; for the boys who have delighted in his stories; for the sailors whose lives he saved from shipwreck; for the college students who learned from him a wisdom not to

found in books; for all, in fact, to whom the memory of his unique personality is dear."

Poet-Lore Company:

A Study of George Eliot's Romola. By Roy Sherman Stowell.

This monograph is intended for students of literature, and is the successor of *The Significance of "The Ring and the Book."* The publishers announce that they will be glad to quote special prices to literary clubs and societies.

Published by the Author:

The Autobiography of the I or Ego or The Metaphysics of an Interloper and Imposter. Himself in the Roll of Confessor. By Charles K. Wheeler.

Mr. Wheeler describes this work as a demonstration of the fact that persons are not self-conscious or even-conscious, but that they merely think they are.

Bryn Mawr:

A book of Bryn Mawr verses. Edited by Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901, and Amelia Elizabeth White, 1901.

Cincinnati.

Robert Clarke Company:

The Man With the Hoe. By Adam Blake.

In his introduction Mr. Blake explains that this book was written and appeared in *The Ohio Farmer* as a serial before Mr. Markham's poem, bearing the same title, was published. Mr. Blake's story is described as "a picture of American farm life as it is to-day."

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency. By Joseph Hartwell Barrett, LL.D. Two volumes.

These volumes contain a number of portraits, unpublished letters of Lincoln, Chase, and others. Mr. Barrett aims to represent Lincoln's personal career, and the leading historical events connected with his life, as well as his best written and spoken words.

Chicago.

Donohue and Company:

The Three Schoolma'ams and Other Sketches. By William Newell Holway.

It is difficult to see the reason for the publication of these stories.

Sergel Company:

Chats on Writers and Books. By John N. Crawford. With an Introduction by Horatio Seymour. Two Volumes. The late Crawford was a lawyer

and a critic, and well known as a newspaper writer in Chicago. His "chats" on famous authors and their books fill two large volumes.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

The Birthe of Hercules. By Malcolm William Wallace.

In his preface, Professor Wallace explains that the *Birthe of Hercules*, which is preserved in a single manuscript in the British Museum, is now published for the first time. The publication of the play was made possible by the courtesy of Professor Carpenter of the University of Chicago, who, while studying in the British Museum, had a copy of the manuscript made and later gave it to Professor Wallace to edit.

London.

Digby, Long and Company:

Flowers of the Field. By Hélène Gingold.

A book of poems. Some of the London periodicals compare Miss Gingold with Marie Bashkirtseff "in her combination of youthfulness and wordliness."

Philadelphia.

Jacobs and Company:

The Homebuilders. By Karl Edwin Hariman.

There are eight stories in this volume of fiction, and they all deal with the Pole in this country. The book may be considered as a sociological study of the man who toils.

One Thousand Poems for Children. Edited by Roger Ingpen.

In this collection Mr. Ingpen has kept in mind the "claim of poetry and the demand of the children," and he has included most of the old favourites and a number of nursery rhymes, as well as some recent juvenile poetry.

Lippincott:

Joseph and the Land of Egypt. By Professor A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D.

A new volume in the pocket edition series of Bible characters and scripture handbooks.

St. Paul.

Keefe-Davidson Company:

Legal Masterpieces. Specimens of Argumentation and Exposition by Eminent Lawyers. Edited by Van Vechten Veeder. Two Volumes.

The purpose of this collection is to bring together, from the entire field of

legal literature, specimens of the best models of the various forms of discourse and composition in which the lawyer's work is embodied.

San Francisco.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

A Southern Girl. By Stanton Winslow.

This young southern girl must have been a diffident sort of person, for in writing to her sweetheart she addresses him: "Mr. Burton, Dear Friend." Of course the action of the story takes place in the South before the war.

California and the Californians. By David Starr Jordan.

A new edition. This essay was first published in the Atlantic Monthly for November, 1898.

Wood:

The Testimony of the Suns. By George Sterling.

A book of verse, dedicated to Mr. Ambrose Bierce.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between January 10th, 1904, and February 10th, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Son to His Self-Made Father. (New Hampshire Publishing Co.) \$1.25.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

5. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) \$1.25.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Master Hand. Dallas. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon. (Scribner.) \$3.00 net.
5. Autobiography of Seventy Years, 2 vols. Hoar. (Scribner.) \$7.50 net.
6. Memoirs of de Blowitz. (Doubleday, Page.) \$3.00 net.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
4. Life of Gladstone. 3 vols. Morley. Macmillan.) \$10.50 net.
5. Autobiography of Seventy Years, 2 vols. Hoar. (Scribner.) \$7.50 net.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Lux Crucis. Gardenline. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
2. The Holladay Case. Stevenson. (Holt.) \$1.25.
3. The Boss. Lewis. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Cloffe.) \$1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Boss. Lewis. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. To-morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Torch. Hopkins. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. She That Hesitates. Dickson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

3. Literary Guillotine (Lane.) \$1.00 net.
4. The Bondage of Ballinger. Field. (Revell.) \$1.25.
5. George Washington Jones. Stuart. (Alternus.) \$1.00.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Captain's Daughter. Overton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
6. Promoter of the Admiral. Roberts. (Page.) \$1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
5. Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon. (Scribner.) \$3.00 net.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) \$1.25.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

Montreal, Can.

1. Old Quebec. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$3.75.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Forest. White. (Merang.) \$1.50.
4. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Merang.) \$1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracey. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Vagabond. Palmer. (Langton & Hall.) \$1.25.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Little Chevalier. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

2. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. *Cherry Tarkington*. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. *Colonel Carter's Christmas*. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. *Incomparable Bellair*. Castles. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. *The Fortunes of Fifi*. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. *The Heart of Rome*. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. *Heroes and Spies*. Humphreys. (Neale.) \$1.50.
6. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. *Gordon Keith*. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. *Red Keggars*. Thwing. (Book-Lover Press.) \$1.50.
3. *The Fortunes of Fifi*. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *The Ultimate Moment*. Lighton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. *Letters of Self-Made Merchant to His Son*. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. *Rebecca Wigginn*. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. *The Lightning Conductor*. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. *Butternut Jones*. Tilford. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. *The Holladay Case*. Stevenson. (Holt.) \$1.25.

Portland, Me.

1. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. *Rebecca Wigginn*. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. *The Heart of Rome*. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *Elijah Kellogg*. Mitchell. (Lee & Shepard.) \$1.20 net.

Portland, Ore.

1. *Gordon Keith*. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. *Ben Hur*. Wallace. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *The Mettle of the Pasture*. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *The Main Chance*. NicholSEN. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. *Rebecca Wigginn*. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. *American Prisoner*. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *Uther and Igraine*. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
6. *The Heart of Rome*. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. *Rebecca Wigginn*. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *Pigs in Clover*. Danby. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. *People of the Abyss*. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00 net.
6. *As It Was in the Beginning*. Miller. (Robertson.) \$1.00 net.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. *The Lions of the Lord*. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. *Gordon Keith*. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *The One Woman*. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. *Adventures of Gerard*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. *The Forest Hearth*. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. *The Mettle of the Pasture*. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. *Katharine Frensham*. Harraden. (Dodd Mead.) \$1.50.

5. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *The Heart of Rome*. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
6. *The Forest*. White. (Outlook.) \$1.50 net.

Toledo, O.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
6. *The Forest*. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *The Law of Life*. Sholl. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Hawthorne and His Circle. Hawthorne. (Harper.) \$2.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. *The Lost King*. Shackleford. (Brentano.) \$1.25.
2. Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward. Beekman. (Brentano.) \$1.25.
3. *Russian Advance*. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.

4. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. *Colonel Carter's Christmas*. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. *Washington, D. C., City Directory*. (Boyd.) \$6.00.

Washington, D. C.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. *Colonel Carter's Christmas*. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. *Barlasch of the Guards*. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Jewell. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS.
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10			
" " 2d "	8			
" " 3d "	7			
" " 4th "	6			
" " 5th "	5			
" " 6th "	4			

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. <i>The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come</i> . Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50..	157
2. <i>The Deliverance</i> . Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.....	127
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.....	124
4. <i>The Call of the Wild</i> . London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	91
5. <i>My Friend Prospero</i> . Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.....	88
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50	50



Vol. XIX

APRIL, 1904

No. 2

THE BOOKMAN APRIL 1904



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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE DAINTIEST SOAP MADE is HAND SAPOLIO for toilet and bath. Other soaps chemically dissolve the dirt—HAND SAPOLIO removes it. It contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a perfect complexion. Test it yourself.

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Among the questions which we addressed some months ago to a number of well-known authors on the general subject of reviewing, we asked what they thought about criticism based on the discovery of anachronisms, inconsistencies, and slips of that sort. Most of the answers rather ignored this question. One or two authors seemed to think that it is ridiculous for reviewers to notice such minor matters. When you call an author's attention to certain discrepancies, he generally thinks that you are a very small-minded, gimlet-eyed criticaster, prone to pass over real merit in order to nose into trifles and then to exaggerate these out of all proportion. We, however, look at the subject in another way. In the work of a Thackeray, for example, we can readily ignore the circumstance that in one part of *Vanity Fair* he speaks of Mrs. Bute Crawley as "Martha," and in another part as "Jane." His book is really so big as to make one feel ashamed to stress these slips even though it might be very much better had they been corrected. But when we come to the smaller fry, the case is otherwise. These persons cannot be expected to rise to the supreme heights of literary creation; we don't ask them to give us masterpieces. By way of compensation, however, we do expect that they shall spare us the jolts and jars which come from manifest absurdities and which could be obviated by a little care.

Thus, for example, when Miss Imlay Taylor takes us into the Russia of the seventeenth century and makes her Mus-

covites fire several shots from the same pistol without re-loading (see *The Rebellion of the Princess*) we all know that such a thing was quite impossible at that time, and this knowledge spoils a climax in the book. Likewise, when Mr. Eden Phillpotts in his last novel (*The American Prisoner*) represents a Vermonter at the time of the Revolutionary War describing how he had killed grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains we can't help grinning, because we are aware that the Rocky Mountains were then quite unknown. Probably Mr. Phillpotts has a vague idea that the Rockies are a spur of the Green Mountains, but it would have been much better had he consulted his geography before making so ludicrous a mistake. Then, too, when Mrs. Burton Harrison, in *Sylvia's Husband*, represents Irish gentlemen as using the brogue of hod-carriers, she is as much astray as is Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., when he describes a fashionable New York woman as dining in the middle of the day and having "supper" at seven P.M. And we all remember how Mr. Irving Bacheller, in *Darrel*, made his schoolmaster quote Maeterlinck before that gentleman was born, and hang up "chromos" fifty years before they had been invented. It is hardly worth while to extend the list, though we might go on for half an hour. The point that we make is this: that all these writers show themselves guilty of carelessness and slovenly composition when they allow such things as we have mentioned to disfigure their pages and mar the pleasure of the reader. An anachronism or an inconsistency may be a trifle in itself just as a pinch of sand on the sound-board

of a piano is a trifle. But in each case, it makes all the difference in the world with one's enjoyment.

■

Mr. Andrew Lang, writing in the London *Morning Post*, gives some amusing instances of the ingenuity displayed by proof readers who think they know what the author meant to say far better than he knew it himself. We quote the following:

Proof Readers and Typographical Errors genuity displayed by proof readers who think they know what the author meant to say far better than he knew it himself. We quote the following:

Perhaps proof readers have become scarce owing to the progress of society. The proof reader must be a man who can read, write, and spell. He must know a thing or two, must remember stock quotations from Browning and familiar things in Thackeray, must be aware that Hazlitt did not spell his name with an "e." Moreover he must have a genius for conjectural emendation when an author writes a difficult hand. He may carry emendation too far, as in the case of the French author who wrote that, if any man would know Love, *il faut sortir de soi*. The proof reader, seeing no sense in this, altered it to "if any one would know Love, *il faut sortir le soir*," "he must go out in the evening," which is very true, but not what the philosophic author meant to say. Perhaps a proof reader corrected, in a geographical work, "a plain covered with erratic blocks" into "a plain covered with erotic blacks." Blocks are not erratic, he doubtless argued, but negroes are amorous. This was a brilliant emendation, better than the German editor's emendation of "He smote the sledded Polack on the ice" into "He smote his leaded pole-axe on the ice."

The most attractive typographical error that we have noticed lately was contained in an account which the New York *Times* gave of the recent consecration in this city of Bishop Greer. The account went on to say that in some respects the ceremony differed from that which attended the consecration of Bishop Burgess. "Bishop Greer, for example," said the *Times*, "was not preceded by two crucifers (!)."

■

The resignation of two Columbia professors, well known for their achievements in art and letters, was interpreted by the newspapers, and perhaps by themselves, as a protest against the lack of idealism in our universities. Ringing words

Universities and the Signs of the Times

appeared in the papers in defense of "sweetness and light." It was taken quite generally as a sign of the times, and Truthful James was quick to inquire: "Is our civilisation a failure and is the Caucasian played out?" Experience has taught us that any particular sign of the times as noticed in a newspaper is apt to be ambiguous, or, at most, a sign of the day of the month. Things taken to be "characteristic of the age in which we live" are for the most part only characteristic of Monday or Tuesday of last week. Not the affair itself, but the discussion which it started is the important sign, for it shows that throughout the country there is a suspicion of university aims. Unfortunately it is not a mere suspicion that art or literature is not having a fair chance. Nor is it founded on the notion that the study of art means idealism and the study of everything else means materialism. The public did not need President Schurman's reminder that the student of language, history, or economics may be quite as much an idealist as the student of art, any more than it needed Professor Lounsbury's assurance that "appreciation of a great work of literature or music or art can never be communicated by direct instruction."

■

The reasons why so many people are ready to pounce on anything as a sign of the university's decline are never so doctrinaire as they seem in print. Behind the talk of commercialism, specialism, athleticism, and what not, is merely a vague feeling, based on actual contact with highly trained university men, that there is something the matter with them. They seem to be damaged by what they know. It is not so much the kind of knowledge as the way they bear it. They seem to go down utterly before their books. Their pleasures are not infectious. People feel that if they themselves knew as much as that they would not be so disagreeable about it. Charles Darwin could be gracious even on the subject of earthworms. Our botanist is needlessly botanical. One fears that the entomologist in his own home is probably insectivorous. Allowing for the necessary wear and tear, the long hours and the narrow field and all the penalties men must pay for concentration, we still believe that there ought to be a larger

human residuum. A specialist often loses parts of himself from sheer carelessness. Many a scholar seems profound merely because he is too lazy to meet you half way, and he finally takes a kind of pride in the fact that you cannot get at him. The emphasis in these discussions is laid on the subjects and not on the men, as if everything could be set right by re-arranging the curriculum. Or some one will say, Idealism is what the country needs, and you will find that what he has in mind is some particular chair of literary palaver. Meanwhile the men of the narrow learning go scot-free and in an age of pedantry, a time of more mere -ists and -ologists than the world has ever before known, when you cannot even read a book without calling yourself after it, a time of Ibsenites, Omarians, Borrovians, Ruskinians, herpetologists, cytologists, rhododendrologists, and osteopaths, eager to stay just where they are and glad that you cannot come, pedantry practical and pedantry moonstruck, but in one form or another unmistakably large and thick—in these days there is very little written of the submerged man that seems at all intimate or convincing.

If Molière could only return for a while or Shakespeare visit a summer school or Pascal attend a faculty meeting, if we had even a Pope to take the matter up, it might be properly personified. These homilies on general decline do not mean anything, and rebukes *en masse* never hit any one. We write them because we do not care. As soon as we begin to care, we shall become more pointed and personal, and new and grotesque types will appear in literature. Our writers are now blind to the value of this material. They do not know what comedies there are lurking in technical terms. We do not even chaff the new pedantry, as M. Brunetière ventured to do some weeks ago when Masson was elected to the Academy. These remarks of his on the minuteness of Napoleon's biographer would probably be interpreted with us as a fling at historical research itself or as a contempt for accuracy:

"You have followed him [Napoleon] not only in his battles, and marches across Europe, in the soirées at Malmaison and the official re-

ceptions at the Tuileries, but also in his intimacy, in his private apartments, bedrooms, and dressing-rooms. You have counted his wash: thirty-six flannel undershirts, nine dozen white shirts, bosoms of hollands, at 48 francs apiece—but 60 francs when they were all hollands; twelve dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; three dozen 'folded towels,' about which you 'regret that you have not gained any further



BLISS CARMAN.

can find a good deal of amusement in collecting and comparing the attacks that are made upon him. A really clever criticism will excite his professional admiration, and a stupid, ill-tempered, vituperative one will fill his soul with joy. One of our most cherished possessions is a collection of huge scrap-books filled with clippings which fairly reek with every sort of malediction ranging from the grimly sardonic to the furiously frantic; and once in so often we like to read these ravings and chuckle over them with an intense internal satisfaction.

■

As for Dr. Triggs, we can't discover in his writings any particular reason why he should have attracted so much ridicule. To be sure, his half-contemptuous patronage of authors such as Longfellow and Dickens is rather amusing and smack somewhat of the callow young man who thinks he knows it all; but in the main his dicta were sensible enough. Take for instance his view of modern poetry. It is really true that the spirit of our age does not naturally and spontaneously express itself in poetical form; so that poetry to-day is essentially artificial, and cannot sustain long flights. This assertion is not refuted by the argument that men and women still read with pleasure the great poets of the past. Of course they do, because we retain an æsthetic appreciation of what is fine in every form of art. We still possess the power of admiration even though we have lost the capacity of creation—at least in that particular field. Our modern creativeness displays itself in the sphere of material enterprise, of combination and organisation, and into these things we put the same passion and fire and energy which men in other days gave to the making of an epic or to the building of an immortal drama. It was unfortunate that Dr. Triggs should say that Mr. John D. Rockefeller is as great as Shakespeare was—not because this remark is not true in a way, but because most persons supposed that Dr. Triggs in saying it was trying to toady to the man who has given so many millions to Chicago University. Had he mentioned Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan instead of Mr. Rockefeller, nine-tenths of the criticism which he has received would never have been written.

It is probable that Dr. Triggs is a victim of the student reporter—a type of humanity which has been evolved during the past few years, and which is becoming a decided nuisance.

The Student Reporter

In every university throughout the country there are several undergraduates who make it a business to purvey university news for different journals. Some of these young men are self-respecting, accurate, and honourable, and are too loyal, each to his own Alma Mater, to spread abroad false news such as is likely to bring the institution into disrepute. At Harvard and Yale and Princeton, this sense of loyalty is always strong enough to restrain the student reporter from going beyond the bounds of truth and decency. But at Chicago and at many other places, the case is unfortunately different. For the sake of the pay which they receive and which is proportionate to the sensation which they create, many of these youths will distort and misrepresent almost anything, from the utterance of the professors to the policy and conduct of the institution as a whole. The result is that all sorts of silly, malicious, and blackguardly stories get into print and are widely circulated, to the detriment and sometimes to the dishonour of the universities which are so unlucky as to foster and educate these young pimps of the press. It would be a good thing if undergraduate opinion would look at this matter in its true light, and very promptly ostracise all such student reporters as are guilty of disloyalty to the honourable traditions of American college life.

■

In a recent number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. Moore had a dissertation on famous literary names in which he expressed views rather at variance with the usual ideas on the subject. Most people are agreed that, apart from his work, the very oddity of the name of Rudyard Kipling did much in the beginning to rivet popular attention, and argue that had *Vanity Fair* and its fellows been written by one Thomas Brown, and *David Copperfield* by John Smith, Victorian literature would have a less sonorous ring. But to Mr. Moore, to be called Dickens or Thackeray is absurd. No man with such

a name as Dickens, he thinks, could have written the Spenserian stanzas. And as for Thackeray, why the very name of the man suggests the rattle of plates. Mr. L. F. Austin, commenting upon this paper, takes up the cudgels in behalf of the old names and belabours Mr. Moore lustily. This, he points out sarcastically, is a new and persuasive method of criti-

cism. How can any one believe that Bacon wrote *The Advancement of Learning*? The name reminds you of a frying pan. Don't tell us that Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote that charming fantasy, *The Countess Cathleen*. Yeats rhymes with plates, and, adds Mr. Austin, "Mr. Moore, I dare say, despises *The Pilgrim's Progress* because Bunyan's name suggests corns,

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J. OSCAR FISHER—"Ye Editor"	HENRY M. HYDE
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER—Right Out of a Dime Novel	RALPH CLARKSON
MINE HOST MORT PETERS, with a Volubility	FRANKLIN H. HEAD
GUS FIGGET, Who Drums and "Gets Busy"	HUGH GARDEN
WINTHROP K. RIDDLE, of Philadelphia (Pennsylvania)	ARTHUR HEUN
CHRIS C. NEWBOWER, Never Invited Anywhere	IRVING K. FOND
ELMER PRATT, the Village Brummell	I. K. FRIEDMAN
RILEY PETERS, with a Hundred Sweethearts	JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
ERNEST PRATT, of the Louisianahouser Busch City	ALLEN B. FOND
WILBUR FRY, a Musician of Note	ALLEN SPENCER
ORVILLE PETERS, Second Musician of Note	KARLETON HACKETT
JUDGE WARDEN (Presumably of the Fat Stock Show)	WILL PAYNE
DR. NIEBLING, Who Stays Out Late at Night	JOHN VANCE OHENEY
WES KIDWELL, "Just Drops In"	WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE
D. I. BLACK	F. W. GOOKIN
MRS. RILEY WITHERSBY, the Social Lioness	MRS. COONLEY WARD
MRS. ROSCOE FRY, Fond of Commanding	MISS ISABEL McDOUGALL
LUCILLE RAMONA FRY, One of the "Buds"	MRS. ELIA W. PRATTIE
MRS. REV. WALPOLE, Part of the Congregation	MISS EDITH WYATT
MRS. SMILEY GREENE, in the Wake	MISS LUCY MONROE
MISS MYRTLE PETERS, Who Dotes on Society	MISS OTTILIE LILJENORANZ
MRS. DOO NIEBLING	MRS. OLARA LOUISE BURNHAM
MISS FLOSSIE NIEBLING	MRS. HOWARD COONLEY
MISS MAE NIEBLING	MISS DODSON
MRS. D. I. BLACK, a Lawyer's Wife	MRS. ROSWELL FIELD
MISS KATE WARDEN, Who Loves Philadelphia	MISS HARRIET MONROE
MISS NORMA COOKEIN, of Lafayette	MISS ANNA MORGAN
MRS. MORT PETERS	MRS. CHARLES F. BROWNE
MISS MINERVA MALTBY, a New Flame	MISS OLARA LAUGHLIN
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which are bad for pilgrims." We call attention to this controversy because it is so beautifully illustrative of latter-day British ideas of humour and delicate repartee.

At the present writing, the plan for a Shakespeare memorial in London seems likely to succeed, but there is no agreement as to the form the memorial shall take.

Mr. Sidney Lee supports the project for a Shakespeare theatre and school of dramatic art. The London *Academy* favours an institution for the study of Shakespeare, including a library, a museum of relics, a portrait gallery of Shakespearean actors and commentators, lecture rooms, etc. It argues that such an institute would be lasting and practical, while a Shakespeare theatre "would be a commercial enterprise holding forth no possibility of financial success," and could "neither live nor last." It is hard to see why one is more of a commercial venture than the other, and of the two the theatre certainly seems livelier than this institute, which, as the *Academy* describes it, looks uncommonly like a huge mausoleum of Shakespeareana.

A volume which we are sure will receive a very genuine welcome is Mr.

**More
 McCutcheon
 Cartoons**

John T. McCutcheon's *Bird Centre Cartoons*, which have been appearing from time to time in the *Chicago Tribune*.

A year or two ago to the general American public outside of the Middle West, Mr. McCutcheon's first claim for attention rested on the fact that he was a brother to George Barr McCutcheon. But *Cartoons by McCutcheon* changed all that, and gave him an audience wherever pictorial humour of the first quality is appreciated. His career during the past ten years has been exceedingly eventful. He did his first conspicuous cartoon work during the campaign of 1896. In January, 1898, he started on a trip around the world on the dispatch boat *McCulloch*. He was on board that vessel during the war against Spain and in the battle of Manila Bay. In 1899 he made a tour of special service in India, Burma, Siam, Cochin China, Northern China, Korea, and Japan, returning to the Philippines in November for the autumn campaign. The following year he was sent to South Africa and joined the Boers in the interest of his paper.



THE LITTLE ROOMERS IN CAPTAIN FRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Front row, seated, beginning at left—Irving K. Pond, Miss Edith Wyatt, Melville E. Stone, Jr., Miss Isabel McDougall, George Barr McCutcheon, Hugh Garden; Howard Van Doran Shaw is standing at the right. Second row, seated, beginning at left—Mrs. Eve Summers, Roswell Field, Mrs. Cooney-Ward, Miss Anna Morgan, Miss Lucy Monroe (with album on her lap), Mrs. Ella W. Peattie; Miss Clara Laughlin and John T. McCutcheon are standing in the third row, holding hands. Seated in the centre, immediately behind the second row, beginning at the left, are Miss Harriet Monroe, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, and Miss Holden; Miss Ottilie Lillienkranz is standing immediately behind Miss Monroe and Mr. Field. Standing at the extreme left, are Ralph Clarkson, Allen C. Pond, Franklin H. Head (with the white side whiskers and moustache), Henry M. Hyde, Allen Spencer, Karlton Hackett (with mandolin); seated next is Will Payne. Standing next to Mr. Payne, with light in front of his face, is I. K. Friedman, and next to Mr. Friedman are Arthur Huehn and William Morton Payne.

In the city of Chicago, Ill., they have an organisation or society known as the Little Room. People living in the outlying districts are said to have very vague ideas of the meaning and purpose of this society, but they know that it is interesting. The Little Room is believed to be addicted to frivolity. It is made up of some writers, artists, musicians, and journalists of distinction—people whose names have gone even beyond the Chicago city limits. This year, as usual, the society arrayed itself in fancy costume and presented a play in one act by George Ade, based on the *Bird Centre Cartoons*, which represent social happenings in the life of a small village in the Middle West. The members of the Little Room who ap-

pear in the photograph which we present are: Irving K. Pond, Miss Edith Wyatt, Melville E. Stone, Jr., Miss Isabel McDougall, George Barr McCutcheon, Hugh Garden, Howard Van Doren Shaw, Mrs. Eve Summers, Roswell Field, Mrs. Coonley-Ward, Miss Anna Morgan, Miss Lucy Monroe, Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, Miss Clara Laughlin, John T. McCutcheon, Miss Harriet Monroe, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, Miss Holden, Miss Otilie Lillienkranz, Ralph Clarkson, Allen C. Pond, Franklin H. Head, Henry M. Hyde, Allen Spencer, Karlton Hackett, Will Payne, I. K. Friedman, Arthur Huehn, and William Morton Payne. Two distinguished Little Roomers were absent. Henry B. Fuller ran



BIRD CENTER ATTENDS "THE COUNTY FAIR."

away to the wilds of New York rather than appear, and Emerson Hough went to Texas to gather the hay crop on his ranch there.

Mr. E. W. Hornung won so brilliant a success by his two books about Raffles that his latest novel, *Denis Dent*, will be welcomed by a host of readers. Without speaking of the literary merits of this book, we feel moved to mention one fact about it which has particularly arrested our at-

tention. In a dedicatory note Mr. Hornung addresses himself to a certain P. M. Martineau, and says:

"The little picture of the past attempted in this tale owes more than one touch to your kindness." Now we don't doubt that it owes various touches to the kindness of Mr. Martineau, but we are quite certain that it owes very many more touches to a careful perusal of Charles Reade's great novel, *It Is Never Too Late To Mend*. The coincidences between this book and *Denis Dent* are altogether too close and too numerous to be



JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

purely accidental. In both, the hero goes to the Australian gold fields in order to gain enough money to enable him to marry a girl in England. In both, a richer rival tries to thwart his purpose and to win the girl. In both, the rival works largely through a baser ruffian. In both, the hero's letters to the girl at home are intercepted and she is made to feel that he has quite forgotten her. In both, the richer rival comes near success

—in one book he almost marries the girl; in the other he actually does so. These are merely the principal coincidences. The likeness extends also to a multitude of small details. In fact, the Australian part of Mr. Hornung's book is a diluted reproduction of the Australian part of Charles Reade's. Perhaps it is the English portion of *Denis Dent* that owes so many "touches" to Mr. Martineau. In that case there seems to be nothing left for Mr. Hornung.

❖

Another series of peculiar coincidences is suggested by a recent book of genuine merit. This is Mr. Marmaduke Pickthal's *Saïd the Fisherman*, which reminds us of James Morier's *Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, a book which may be unknown to our present breed of book reviewers, but which is a marvellous picture of Oriental life and custom and which led Sir Walter Scott to speak of its author as the best novelist of his day. Here again one notes resemblances. Hajji is a Persian menial, a pipe-bearer. Saïd is a poor fisherman. Hajji attains wealth and success by unscrupulousness and rascality. Saïd does the same. Hajji visits England and admires "the moon-faced" English women. So does Saïd. But here the resemblance ends and the likeness between the books is obviously superficial. But we advise those who have read and admired *Saïd the Fisherman* to look up Morier's book, which is quite as Oriental and vastly more amusing.

❖

Under cultivation, they say, women often show uncommon presence of mind and sagacity. Feats of
On Behalf of this nature are recorded
Women Who with great care in the
Have Not Yet leading periodicals as
Dawned proof that the experiment was worth making.

The following is not only typical of its class, but is so significant in itself that we present it at some length: Two trained women were talking about the continuous advancement of a mutual friend, when one of them remarked that the reason why she succeeded was "because she is always prepared for emergencies however great——"



MISS ROSE E. YOUNG,
The Author of "Henderson."



MRS. BURTON HARRISON,
The Author of "Sylvia's Husband."



LORADO TAFT.



EZRA S. BRUDNO,
Author of "The Fugitive."



COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE,
Author of "Napoleon."



WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT,
Author of "Robert Caveller."

"Or small," I added.

"You are thinking of the magnet," was the quick reply.

"The magnet?" I questioned.

"Yes," my acquaintance explained. "One day at college, one of the other girls dropped her eye-glasses in a narrow opening between two walls. She couldn't reach them, and had very nearly decided that they must remain permanently out of reach."

"But they didn't?" I asked with interest.

"No," answered my acquaintance. "Our successful friend happened to remember that their frame was made of steel. She went to the physical laboratory, borrowed a magnet, tied a string to it, and lowering it carefully into the opening, gravely drew up the eye-glasses."

Happily, this delicious story was recounted to me before, in the course of my investigation, I had visited any colleges. At each one of the many girls' colleges in all parts of the country to which I went during the winter and spring, I repeated it to some person connected with the particular institution; and invariably that person exclaimed, "How exactly like a college girl!"

The significant thing, of course, is the writer's surprise at it, and this undercurrent of cynical astonishment runs all through that large and peculiar portion of the press which is devoted to women's interests. Groups of women who unaided have earned enough to pay their board, who can support themselves by their pen, who have weathered education without loss of good looks, who have sat on platforms, but are now sitting in charming homes, who hold offices in clubs, successful mothers, and efficient wives, who can write novels nevertheless, women who have led "the literary life" and still are by no means shattered, form a necessary part of any illustrated periodical. It would seem that intelligence had never come to beings who less expected it. How must they have rated themselves in the past? When a woman achieves anything nowadays, the others seem to write of her as if she were a gorilla eating with a spoon. Yet we could tell tales of cunning far ahead of the anecdote above quoted—deeds of the barbarous and untrained, deeds of the woman with pins between her teeth, deeds of any woman, things done with a man, with a hat, with an income, with no income, proving that if this college girl was remarkable, the doings of every

other girl are almost incredible. It is held, and rightly held, that this useful friend to man should be educated, but that is no reason for disparaging what nature had already done all by herself. Sex patriots should remember that even at the very start she was human, cephalic index 77 to 88, cranial capacity considerable, mistress of herself, and feeling more or less at home with the law of gravitation. Sex patriots must not put our mothers, sisters, and wives into any Jungle Book.



MISS CAROLYN WELLS.



FRANCIS L. WELLMAN.
The Author of "The Art of Cross Examination."

Mrs. Craigie throws out a valuable suggestion as to the relation of books to various stages of bodily application. "For the steady ache," she says, "a fine novel full of sound characterisation

**Books for
Reduced
Vitality**

keeps the nerves under command. For the intermittent spasm—lyrics, ballads, sonnets, and short poems are best." On the latter point she might have been more explicit for it makes a great difference to the sufferer whether the short poem is to be read during a spasm (serving in a way as a hot application) or between spasms, when it would merely divert the mind from its grim expectation of the next twinge. Since a great part of our reading is done while we are under the weather, it is strange that the subject has not been more seriously discussed. There is hardly any one who does not associate certain authors with certain phases of ill health, and a great many readers cannot recall certain characters or lines without a corresponding reminiscence of some special kind of pang. For our part there are some excellent books that we shall never recur to unless we suffer from the same complaint. This of course is the danger of any system of literary therapeutics.

They are telling the story of a New Englander who lately journeyed through the South. After many days, a longing for some of the good old New England dishes came upon him; and so, being at a hotel in Richmond, he added to his dinner order a request for some Washington pie. His sable attendant stared.

**The
Washington
Pie**

"Washington pie, suh? Don't got no Washington pie, suh. Neber hear o' dat, suh."

"Oh, well, you give my order and the chef will know."

Presently, back came the dusky one, puzzled and apologetic.

"Berry sorry, suh, but dey ain't neber heard ob no Washington pie, suh."

"Well, maybe they call it something else here. You go and tell them that it isn't exactly a pie, but cake in layers and some cream on top, and sugar and things."

The darky's eyes gleamed with sudden comprehension.

"Oh, yas suh, yas suh! I understan' suh."

So quiet reigned and the dinner proceeded. At its close, the faithful attendant wore a look of triumph.

"Now, suh, I'll bring yo' Washington pie, suh!"

And off he went, and returning, proudly laid before the guest—a chocolate cake. The New Englander looked at it pensively for a moment, and then he said with an air of gentle deprecation:

"Yes, that's all right. Only I meant George, not Booker."

Very gloomy things have been said during the last few weeks on the subject of poetry. Alfred Austin in a paper read before the Royal Institution explored "The Growing Dislike for the Higher Kinds of Poetry," blaming mainly materialism and the tendency to prefer novels—a womanish tendency, he thinks. He suggests no particular remedy. William Watson published a magazine article calling attention to the general decline and attributing it in part to the "state discouragement of literature." Meanwhile poetry of one kind or another gathers so thick and fast around every editor's desk that it seems sometimes as if he must shut up his office and conceal his address. Never before were so many people at it. Never before were there so many of almost identical emotions. By the law of chances, it would seem, something remarkable ought soon to occur, and yet it does not. Everyone is trying to be unlike all the rest, only to find himself after all on the same familiar level. In the outside world one meets many people, who beforehand you would have said were highly improbable, but a poem always seems to be just about what you had expected. As to the cause, Mr. Watson and the Poet Laureate will surely go mad if they have really set out to find it. We have no doubt that in many a madhouse to-day men are asking themselves this question, "Does the age account for the absence of great men or the absence of great men account for the age?"

**Decline of
Poetry**

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Mr. Watson contrasts the official encouragement given to the arts of painting, sculpture, and music with the government's indifference toward men of letters. "Appreciation at the hands of a select few they have; but in the eyes of the mass of their countrymen, thanks in no small measure to what I have ventured to call 'the State discouragement of literature,' they are persons without a visible position." He thinks there is an "anti-literate" spirit abroad in the land and he lays it to bad education, the apathy of authority, and the treason of literary persons themselves. On this last point he adds that many have taken it upon themselves to apologise for a literary manner and that the strange phrase "merely literary" has become habitual with some litterateurs.

One might gather from the way they use this and kindred expressions that to be literary is the unpardonable sin in literature. Instead of taking their stand confidently on the nobility of the great art of writing, they give it away to every casual comer. They fall prone at the feet of the first man who with some show of raw unchastened force comes trampling hob-nailed on every fine convention of the craft. They foster the notion that the only glory left to authorship is to prance and gibber on the grave of its own traditions.

But he believes there is still a body of readers who "prefer a dignified style, a style that has breeding and a pedigree," and demand that "literature" shall speak to them in its own tones which are not the tones of the street." He thinks it is especially true of poetry that such readers have little sympathy with the critic who has "so little love of the great old writers that he cannot bear a modern who reminds him of them." A sincere and salutary discourse, and yet how much more forcible Mr. Watson might have made it, had he given concrete instances. They are what give the work of Mr. Churton Collins its peculiar value. He never merely deplores a tendency. He illustrates it from current writings, that there may be no mistake as to its identity. Appeals to honourable tradition and protests against our modern slap-dash ways do not mean much till the writer begins to divide the sheep

from the goats, as Mr. Collins did in *Ephemera Critica*. Mr. Collins to-day is the best representative of the class on behalf of whom Mr. Watson makes his appeal, and it would seem from the great interest shown in his current papers on American poets that this class is not a small one. Perhaps it is safe to register the present vogue of Mr. Churton Collins among the few comparatively decent "signs of the time."

❖

With legends like that of the progressive and irreverent American who tried to make a deal with the government of the Khedive for advertising space on the sides of the pyramid for the purpose of exploiting a new hair oil, and with the grim reality of a landscape dotted with sign boards proclaiming the virtue of various whiskies, malt extracts, soaps, corsets, biscuits, cigars, and golden remedies actually before us, we have come to think of ourselves as a nation unique in the devices of advertising and to regard Europeans somewhat in the light of amateurs. As a matter of fact, we read and hear now and then of "wrinkles" which ought to convince us that we have occasionally something new to learn. For instance, publishers of serials might take a lesson from that French newspaper which a few years ago offered handsome prizes to those of its readers who should first anticipate certain details in the chapters still unpublished. If our memory does not play us false, the questions ran something like this: "Violette, Matilde, Jeanne, Olympe. Which one of these four women will die poisoned? Will it be Victor, Alphonse, Gaston, or Leon, who will depart for America? And which one of the four will become enamoured of the duchess? At what age will the heroine marry? Who will be her husband?" And, finally, the gem of the whole collection, "Le trompera-t-elle?"

❖

Another scheme for the exploitation of a newspaper was launched in Paris last autumn. It proved successful, so very successful that the government was obliged to step in and suppress it. Then it made its way to London and has caused the magistrates no end of trouble. In

Paris the editor of the paper in question came out one day with the statement that six bronze medals, each good for three thousand francs, and one good for seven thousand francs, had been hidden, and that they would become the property of any one who could find them. The announcement immediately aroused wild interest, and soon thousands all over the city were engaged in the search. Finally, one medal was found glued beneath a park bench by a workingman. The circulation of the progressive paper went up by leaps and bounds, and soon many other newspapers were engaged in similar schemes. Then the government stepped in and prevented the continuance of all hidden treasure competitions on the ground that they were lotteries. Recently a London weekly has made a similar venture, and the enormous number of adventurers and people of moderate means who have been roaming about the city at all hours of the day and night has presented a remarkable spectacle. One man following a given clue—"a fair lady"—went to Margaretta Street and was digging a hole when he was arrested. He declared that he worked chiefly in the mud in the gutters. Late one night another was found scraping the ground with a stick while holding a lighted candle in the other hand. Certain suburbs have been invaded by roughs from all parts of London who are engaged in the search. In one case a witness at hand declared that a friend of his who had been arrested was merely touching the loose stones with a latch key. "Oh, yes," commented the magistrate, "I see. He was trying to let himself into the pavement."

Unless Major Lambert, of Philadelphia, should see fit soon to give to the world the collection of letters written by Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield—a collection which shows that despite the innocence of their intimacy, the woman inspired in Thackeray sentiments warmer than those of mere friendship—it probably will be a long time before we have a more interesting contribution to Thackerayana than the series of letters which have been appearing recently in the *Century*. These letters

were written during the fifties and early sixties to the Baxters, an American family at whose home in New York Thackeray passed much time during his first and second visits to this country. A great deal of Thackerayan correspondence has been published during the last ten years, but very little of it, in our estimation, can compare with this last series in genuine interest and importance. These letters give you many curious little glimpses of the most interesting period of his life—after the world had come to accept him as a great man, after his genius had won full recognition, and the critics no longer flattered at those who had proclaimed him the equal of Dickens. Here he talks frankly and unreservedly of his ambitions, his disappointments, his ennui, of the passing irritations which meant so much to him, of his wrestlings with the ill health that interfered so much with his work, and of the plans which he was building but which he was destined never to carry out.

✱

Here you see a man in his forties, in the full flush of his achievement, who grumbles because he is old—so old that he feels ashamed when he takes up his pen for the purpose of fiction. What business has a poor, broken-nosed old foggy such as I, he seems to be saying if you read between the lines, to be writing of love-making and of young hearts. He thought it rather absurd that he should go on spinning yarns. He felt that at his years it would be more dignified to take up the serious side of literature, to begin work upon *The Age of Queen Anne*, that book of which he dreamed so much and for which he was so well adapted, or better still, to dawdle in Parliament or to play with sealing wax as a diplomatic underling in Washington. But there were other things than these ambitions to be thought of. There was money to be got. His own comfortable patrimony he had dissipated in his younger and wilder days, and the time had come when he was thinking of his daughters and their future. This thought runs through all these letters. "Think that at the end of next year if I work I shall be worth twenty thousand pounds," he writes in one place. "It's as much as I want—ten thousand apiece for the girls is enough for any author's daugh-

ters—and then when I am independent what shall we do? Hush—perhaps have a try at politics for which I don't care now—but one must do something, and when you begin to play you get interested in the game—I have taken share in the Transatlantic Telegraph—I felt glad somehow to contribute to a thread that shall tie our two countries together—for though I don't love America, I love Americans with all my heart—and I daresay you know what family taught me to love them.”

No, Thackeray did not love America, he loved it no more than Dickens did. And in justice it must be said that he had more reason for his dislike. The tumultuous reception of Dickens at the time of his first visit, and his subsequent ungracious *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* made many Americans suspicious of this second British lion. Boston found him a cad, and if we are to credit Trollope's story of Thackeray's crushing sarcasm at the expense of a man who, like himself, had a broken nose, and other similar incidents, Boston was not without reason. But some of the fleers of the New York papers at his lectures were far less excusable, and Thackeray never forgot nor forgave them. He alluded to these attacks in *Roundabout Papers*, which were printed in the *Cornhill*, long before he felt the indignation which stirred him to write "On Half a Loaf." Speaking of these lectures in one of the Baxter letters, he tells of their popularity in England. "They are a much greater success here than in America—as great even pecuniarily. People

knowing the subject better, more familiar with the allusions, etc., like the stuff—I am glad for my part that this should be the opinion—for I know in America it was thought I brought them an inferior article—glass beads as it were for the natives. But no newspaper in this country will say, like Bennett, that any young man could sit down in their office and write such lectures in an evening.”

✱

An idea which apparently never suggested itself even to the late Major Pond—industrious and resourceful exploiter of literary personalities—is to be used on the sixteenth of this month at Sherry's for the benefit of the Reading Room of Barnard College. It is to be called "Advance Sheets," and its object is the very laudable one of getting together on one platform as many authors of distinction as possible. The "Advance Sheets" are the advance sheets of a number of the leading American magazines for May, and the idea is to have each periodical represented by one of its contributors who will read a poem, a short story, or a skit of some kind which is to be published in the May issue of the magazine in question. The editors of a number of the magazines have promised their co-operation, and among the authors who are expected to appear are Mr. Hamlin Garland, Miss Agnes Repplier, Miss Carolyn Wells, Mr. Yone Noguchi, Miss Myra Kelly, Miss Elene Foster, and Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, who is to represent THE BOOKMAN.



UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

I.

IT seems that gradually all is tending with one accord to prove that the last truths are at the extreme points of thoughts which man has hitherto refused to explore. This may be stated with regard to both moral and positive science; nor is there any reason against adding to these the science of politics, which is only a prolongation of moral science.

For centuries, mankind has, in a measure, lived in a half-way house. A thousand prejudices, and, above all, the enormous prejudices of religion, hid from it the summits of its reason and of its feelings. Now that the greater number of the artificial mountains that rose between its eyes and the real horizon of its mind have, in a marked manner, subsided, it takes stock at once of itself, of its position in the midst of the worlds and of the aim which it wishes to attain. It is beginning to understand that all that does not go as far as the logical conclusions of its intelligence is but a useless game on the way. It says to itself that it will have to cover to-morrow the road which it did not travel to-day and that, in the meantime, by thus wasting its time between every stage, it has nothing to gain but a little delusive peace.

It is written in our nature that we are extreme beings; that is our force and the cause of our progress. We necessarily and instinctively fly to the utmost limits of our being. We do not feel ourselves to live, and we are unable to organise a life that shall satisfy us, except on the confines of our possibilities. Thanks to that self-enlightening instinct, there is a more and more unanimous tendency to stop no longer at intermediate solutions, to avoid henceforth all half-way experiments or at least to hurry through them as rapidly as possible.

II.

This does not mean that our tendency to extremes is enough to guide us to-

wards definite certainties. There are always two extremes between which we have to choose; and it is often difficult to decide which is the starting-point and which the final goal. In morals, for instance, we have to choose between absolute egotism or altruism, and in politics between the best-organised government that it is possible to imagine, directing and protecting the smallest acts of our life, or the absence of all government. The two questions are still insoluble. Nevertheless, we are free to believe that absolute altruism is more extreme and nearer to our end than absolute egotism, in the same way as anarchy is more extreme and nearer to the perfection of our kind than the most minutely and irreproachably organised government, such as, for instance, one might imagine to prevail at the last limits of integral socialism. We are free to believe this, because absolute altruism and anarchy are the extreme forms that demand the most perfect man. Now it is towards perfect man that we must turn our gaze; for it is in that direction that we must hope that mankind is moving. Experience still shows that we risk less by keeping our eyes before us rather than behind us, by looking too high rather than too low. All that we have obtained so far has been announced and, so to speak, called forth by those who were accused of looking too high. It is wise, therefore, when in doubt, to attach one's self to the extreme that implies the most perfect, the most noble, and the most generous form of mankind. Thus it was that this reply could be given to one who asked whether it was well to grant to men, in spite of their present imperfections, the completest possible liberty:

"Yes, it is the duty of all those whose thoughts go before the inconscient mass to destroy all that trammels the liberty of men, as if all men deserved to be free, even though we know that they will not deserve to be so until long after their deliverance. The harmonious use of liberty is acquired only by a long misuse of its

benefits. By proceeding at first to the furthest and highest ideal we have the greatest chance of subsequently discovering the best."

And what is true of liberty is also true of the other rights of man.

III.

In order to apply this principle to universal suffrage, let us recall the political evolution of modern nations. It follows a uniform and inflexible curve. One by one, those nations escape from tyranny. A more or less aristocratic or plutocratic government, elected by a restricted suffrage, replaces the autocrat. This government in its turn makes way, or is almost everywhere on the point of making way for the government of all by universal suffrage. Where will the latter end? Will it bring us back to tyranny? Will it turn into a graduated suffrage? Will it become a sort of mandarin, the government of a chosen few, or an organised anarchy? We do not yet know, no nation having hitherto gone beyond the phase of the suffrage of all.

IV.

Almost everywhere, in obedience to the now so active law that carries us to extremes, men are hurrying along at full speed in order the sooner to reach what appears to be the last political ideal of the nations, universal suffrage. Since this ideal still completely masks the better ideal which probably lies hidden behind it and since it does not appear what it perhaps is, a provisional solution, it will, until we have exhausted all the illusions which it contains, hold the gaze and wishes of humanity. It is the necessary goal, good or bad, towards which the nations are advancing. It is indispensable to the instinctive justice of the mass that the evolution should be accomplished. Anything that trammels it is but an ephemeral obstacle. Anything that pretends to improve that ideal before it is attained drives it back towards the error of the past. Like every universal and imperious ideal, like every ideal formed in the depths of anonymous life, it has first the right to see itself realised. If, after its realisation, it becomes apparent that it does not fulfil its promise, then be meet that we should think

of perfecting or replacing it. In the meantime, this fact is inscribed in the instinct of the mass, as indestructibly as in bronze, that all nations have the natural right to pass through this phase of the political evolution of the human polypter, and, each in its turn, each in its own language, with its particular virtues and faults, to interrogate the possibilities of happiness which it brings.

That is why, full of the duty of living, this ideal is most justly jealous, intolerant, and unreasonable. Like every youthful organism, it violently eliminates all that can impair the purity of its blood. It is possible that the elements borrowed from monarchy and aristocracy which men endeavour to introduce into its adolescent veins are excellent in themselves; but they are injurious to it because they inoculate it with the ill of which it has first to be cured. Before the government of all is made wiser, more limpid, and more harmonious by the mixture of other systems, it is necessary that it should have purified itself by its own fermentation. After it has rid itself of every trace, of every memory of the past, after it has reigned in the certainty and integrity of its force, then will be the time to invite it to choose in the past that which concerns its future. It will take of this according to its natural appetite, which, like the natural appetite of every living being, knows with a sure knowledge what is indispensable to the mystery of life.

V.

The nations are right therefore in provisionally rejecting that which is, perhaps, better than universal suffrage. It is possible that the crowd will eventually admit that the more highly intelligent discern and govern the common weal better than the others. It will then grant them a lawful preponderance. For the moment, it does not give them a thought. It has not had time to learn to know itself. It has not had time to exhaust experiments which appear absurd, but which are necessary because they clear the place in which the last truths without doubt lie hidden.

It is with nations as with individuals: that which tells is what they learn by themselves, at their cost; and their mistakes form the heritage of the future. It

serves no purpose to say to a man in his childhood or in his youth:

"Do not lie, do not deceive, cause no suffering."

Those precepts of wisdom, which are at the same time precepts of happiness, do not impress him, do not feed his thoughts, do not become beneficent realities until after the moment when life has revealed them to him as new and magnificent truths which no one ever suspected. In the same way, it is useless to repeat to a nation that is seeking out its destiny:

"Do not believe that the multitude is right, that a lie stated by a hundred mouths ceases to be a lie, that an error proclaimed by a band of blind men becomes a truth which nature will sanction. Do not believe, either, that, by setting yourselves to the number of ten thousand who do not know against one who knows, you will come to know anything, or that you will compel the humblest of the eternal laws to follow you, to abandon him who recognised it. No, the law will remain in its place, with the wise man who discovered it, and so much the worse for you if you go away without accepting it! You will one day come across it on your road, and that which you have done when you thought that you were avoiding it will turn against you."

Such words as these addressed to the crowd are very true; but it is no less true

that all this becomes efficacious only after it has been experienced and lived through. In these problems in which all the enigmas of life converge, the crowd which is wrong is almost always in the right as against the wise man who is right. It refuses to believe him on his word. It feels dimly that behind the most evident abstract truths there are numberless living truths which no brain can foresee, for they need time, reality, and men's passions to develop their work. That is why, whatever warning we may give it, whatever prediction we may make to it, the crowd insists before all that the experiment shall be tried. Can we say that there where the crowd has obtained the experiment it was wrong to insist upon it? A special study would be needed to examine all that universal suffrage has added to the general intelligence, to the civic conscience, dignity, and solidarity of the nations that have practised it; but, even if it had done no more than to create, as in America and France, that sense of real equality which is there breathed as a more human and purer atmosphere and which seems new and almost prodigious to those who come from elsewhere, that in itself would be a boon which would cause its gravest errors to be forgiven. In any case, it is the best preparation for that which must come.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

A Ship of Mine.

On the gray horizon's rim there stands
 A ship of mine. Long since it sailed the sea,
 One of the white and golden argosy
 That bore my hopes afar to farthest lands.
 What gallant sails, what sheets and iron bands
 To cope with storm! Mine other ships—ah me—
 And cargoes have gone down where silently
 The gull dips 'round the wrecks upon the sands.

Is this last ship that looms so distantly
 To fade beyond the line where wave and sky
 Forget themselves in one long dream of time?
 Is it to furl its wings, or is it to fly
 With courier speed to bring me tale of crime,
 Or treasure rare, or grief, or love sublime?

W. F. McCaleb.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

II.

THE NEWSPAPER AND WALL STREET.

By Edwin Lefèvre.

THERE is this difference, journalistically, between the Wall Street man of a daily paper and the war correspondent: that all papers, dull or yellow, morning or afternoon, will publish all the war news they can get; but not all of them give much space to Wall Street matter. The war correspondent can send as much as he likes, or the censor allows, with the consciousness that it all will be not only printed, but "featured," even lengthy descriptions of the topography of the seat of war at a dollar a word for cable tolls being welcome. But the Wall Street man has just so much space and no more, much of which goes for tables of quotations, routine statistics, and reports of various trades and markets printed in the smallest type the paper has. The only time the Wall Street man has his innings is when there is a panic or a "banner day" in a boom or the culmination of some big deal, because then financial warfare is waged so that the story is really war correspondence after all; only the projectiles are dollars and the wounds bleed gold. On such occasions the financial editor will give facts, bits of "inside history," precedents, and other data to the "star" reporter sent down to make a picturesque story of it. Or the story may be handled by the Wall Street Department through its own men, either the financial editor or the "outside news" man—the reporter who covers what happens in Wall Street outside of the stock market. But when you say "Wall Street" you really mean the stock market, and the financial editor handles that.

On the whole, the New York afternoon papers make more of a feature of Wall Street than their morning contemporaries; indeed, those which publish night editions call the edition printed after the close of the stock market their "Wall

Street edition." The *Globe*, the *Evening Post*, the *Evening Mail*, the *Evening Sun* and the *Brooklyn Eagle*, all "carry" complete technical accounts of the financial and produce market. Most of the "yellow" sheets content themselves with printing a few quotations of stock prices and huge headlines. A "slump," of course, is news; therefore, panics and, indeed, all stock market "fireworks" fall under the province of the city editor and are covered as any other news-making and space-deserving events are covered. This, in addition, of course, to the technical financial articles.

There are stock exchanges in Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, Baltimore, and other cities, and everywhere in this land there are investors and banks and stock gamblers who are interested in the prices of securities. The papers of those cities carry financial and commercial reports, the financial editor "covering" the local market and handling all the matter of the department—the New York stock market letter, the grain, cotton, provisions, and metal markets, etc. In New York, the financial editor writes the descriptive and analytical "money article," which means the "leader" on the stock market. He is responsible for the entire financial department and the shortcomings of its men, just as the city editor is responsible for the news of the city, though, of course, he does not necessarily read every line of the "copy" that goes to fill the financial pages. He writes editorials on money and finance; indeed, on all trade matters having a bearing on the financial situation. There is nothing that the average newspaper man understands less than financial matters—an atavistic ignorance of the profession, going back to the classic Fleet Street days, I suppose. Any good reporter can "do" a panic in the stock market, since he cannot help seeing much that is highly dramatic and



"THE STREET."
Drawn by Walter Hale.

moreover disaster is easily imagined when it comes from unsuccessful gambling. But stock market technicalities are a sealed book to him and he is equally ignorant, or is apt to be, of the "real reasons" for the financial convulsions.

The financial editors of those New York papers which treat Wall Street seriously are in reality financial specialists doing daily editorial work. Most of them are college men, belong to good clubs, and, being democratic, often meet bank presidents and financiers on terms of social equality, uptown. I recall only two of them who set out deliberately and with malice prepense to be financial writers and took special courses in political economy and finance at the university, and their only newspaper experience has been as financial writers. Others did "general" work before going to Wall Street. Two were stock brokers before they became financial writers; one of them in London and the other in New York. One drifted to Wall Street to

write fiction about it without making himself the laughing stock of brokers and business men. Another was the private secretary of a well-known stock operator. Still another was in charge of the biographical department of his paper for years. The Nestor of the financial writers, Mr. H. A. Jackson, of the *Evening Mail*, came down to Wall Street, they say, with Henry Hudson. He has seen so many men rise and fall with the rise and fall of stocks, he has known so well the great makers of financial history, men like Gould, Vanderbilt, Drew, Travers, Jacob Little, that nothing startles him—not even the eccentricities of a United States Steel magnate. His sense of humour is keen. He has laughed at the mad scramble for elusive dollars and at the public's frequent and violent attacks of ticker fever, and calmly written his daily articles, tipping his office boys daily to carry his copy promptly to the composing room. Because of his sense of humour he has survived this last century



H. A. JACKSON,
Of the "Mail," the Dean of the Fraternity.

or two, respected and liked by all who know him—most of all by those who have worked under him.

The financial editors have studied our financial history. They are familiar with every phase of the financial situation. They are men who are able to deduce from dry statistics facts of interest to human beings. They are beyond question an educational force and it is not their fault that we are hysterical as a nation and that the public goes to extremes in its stock market opinions and no less so in its judgment of the financial leaders. The financial editor is a trained newspaper man who knows the value of news, who understands the money market, foreign exchange and its complexities, who must be able to analyse general trade as well as monetary conditions. To do all this he has had to study at college and out of it, to read constantly the newspapers of his own and, at times, of other countries. He must meet men in active business and listen and discuss

trade matters, railway extensions, promoting and underwriting schemes, etc. He must do what professional Wall Street does not—that is, remember the past, because it enables one the better to judge the present and the more likely to guess the future.

To be sure, not every financial editor in New York is competent to write profoundly on all economic points, but they have what the college professor and the occasional contributor to the unread magazines of economics lack—that is, knowledge, obtained at first hand, of the men whose personality so dominates the financial markets that it is very hard to dissociate the men from the events. It makes the financiers respect the financial writers. Some of the latter are so successful that they have earned the dislike of the very highest of the high financiers, who are impotent to punish independence of ideas and of expression, and stoop to the withdrawal of paltry advertisements from



MR. CONLEY,
Head of the Associated Press Financial Bureau, at His Desk.

papers whose incomes is many thousands of times greater than would be yielded by the ungiven or withdrawn advertisement. That is the reason why I'd rather have Mr. Noyes of the *Evening Post* talk to me on the currency than any bank president in New York, not excepting the greatest, and I'd very much rather listen to Mr. Woodlock of the *Wall Street Journal* express his opinion on the ethics of the indefinite extension of voting trusts than to Mr. J. Pierpont



MR. NOYES,
Financial Editor of the "Evening Post."

Morgan, though Mr. Morgan would probably talk interestingly on the subject and on the "animus" of the opponents of the extensions. But the newspaper men named are wonderfully clever analysts, have humour, are not awed by personalities and have the knack of felicitous expression.

But much more than technical attainments are necessary, for the Wall Street a great daily has to be much

more than a financial writer. Like the political reporter, he must know the issues of the day, but he must know far better the leaders who really force the issues or give them expression. The Wall Street man of a New York paper knows the financial leaders and they know him. I rather think he knows them better than they know him. It is a hard game, in Wall Street. The great constructive financiers, whose lives read like romances and whose "statements of facts" sometimes are also romances, are, when all is said and done, not much more than manufacturers of securities. Their wares have to be sold to the public at the best prices possible. The advertising which enables them to sell is not done through the advertising columns of the papers, but through the "reading matter." Principally, however, the advertising is done through the ticker. It is called stock manipulation. The newspaper is of great importance. But if the manipulation is skillful the newspapers have to write about it as a matter of news.

There are many newspaper-made reputations in this country and Wall Street has its share. The financial writer for the daily paper knows them. The genuinely able men who do things in finance, in railway consolidation, in industrial promoting, in the thousand and one things that are done in Wall Street, need the help of the newspapers in their stock market campaigns. Sometimes they get it; sometimes they don't. Many newspaper men will not write against a scheme simply because they suspect the manipulators of a stock of desiring to add to their fortunes. But they will never write in favour of any scheme which they know to be in the slightest degree shady, however prominent its sponsors may be.

There has been much talk of the alleged control of the various papers by the chief financial cliques. I do not know of any paper in New York City which has ever instructed its financial editor as to whom or what he must or must not offend or attack in his column. The fact that some newspapers are "wrong" on the market, sinning, for example, in the direction of over-optimism, makes the professional tipsters and the losers of Wall Street say that the same papers, or their financial editors, must have been told what to write by the villainous con-



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS WALL STREET STAFF AT WORK.
The Inner Room Is Occupied by the Reuter Agency, Which Works in Conjunction with the Associated Press.

spirators against the public who manipulated the stock market remorselessly. The stock market bankers seldom say enough to influence the views of the financial editors. They give news when there is any; express opinions when they may do so without detriment to themselves or their schemes. They seldom give "tips." But the stock market operators often tell their newspaper friends what they think this or the other stock will do, not necessarily for publication. It is a "tip" given in friendliness, also in the belief that if the tip is taken an ally is found, which is good reasoning, for no man can be expected to attack a stock of which he is "long." He would not be "long" of a stock in which he did not believe. Editorial opinion is often influenced this way, which shows that stock market magnates in this country are keener psychologists than the English. Ernest T. Hooley testified in London of the enormous sums in cash he had to pay newspapers to keep them from attacking his ventures. In this country such blackmailing is un-

known. Friendly advice does the trick. Only those newspaper men who never speculate are strictly honest toward their paper, for speculation is bound to bias the mind, and a financial editor should be absolutely free from prejudice or partiality, no less than from entanglements. How easy that is, when a man gets, say, two thousand or at most five thousand a year from the paper and could easily make twice as much if he gambled in stocks, will be easily realised by the intelligent reader. To the honour of the profession be it said that some don't gamble at all. The argument of those who do is that they have opinions which they write and print. Speculating is merely having the courage of one's convictions. This may or may not be so. I do not know that any newspaper in New York has any rule forbidding its financial writers to speculate, so perhaps there is no great harm in it after all.

I once heard a very wealthy capitalist say to a Wall Street newspaper man: "How much did the bears pay you for



MR. KELLOGG,
"Philip King," of the "Sun," at Work.





THE PULSE OF THE NATION'S FINANCE.
Drawn by Walter Hale.

writing that article?" referring to an adverse criticism of a corporation in the success of which the capitalist was deeply interested. Other financiers were present. The newspaper man, in the hearing of all, answered: "You are too old a man to strike and too great an ass to talk to. I hope you are no worse than old and stupid. But I have my doubts! I have my doubts!" The next day the capitalist apologised, almost abjectly. It closed the incident. But he has less to say about the venality of the press.

Time was, and not very long ago, when shrewd bankers imagined they were not "conservative" if they talked to reporters. How utterly they failed to grasp the value of gratuitous newspaper advertising was simply amazing. It was not till the great bankers became great buncoers and went into all manner of schemes during the boom, that they realised they needed the newspapers, and now they will on the slightest provocation graciously deign to consent to allow the reporters to publish statements and figures carefully calculated to help the schemes of the great bankers.

It is only since the boom that Mr. Morgan has been accessible. After the United States Steel Corporation was floated, Mr. Morgan's junior partners permitted themselves to resume the form and manners of human beings and spoke to reporters who did not ask too indiscreet questions. Since then they have become almost garrulous. Mr. Morgan, himself, was the hardest man to interview in the United States. He sometimes allowed a reporter to ask questions, but this was a mark of especial favour. That is as far as the reporter would get. But when the newspaper-reading public exalted him to the demi-godship of finance in 1901, he was literally forced to realise that reporters were not a pest, but were hard-working men who represented the greatest power in the country. He was too busy a man to see every scribbler who asked for an interview. To avoid offence or unfairness, he told the "regular" Wall Street men of the principal papers that if they would select one of their number he would speak to him every day, if necessary. They wisely chose the Associated Press man. Every afternoon at 4, Mr. Markowitz of the Associated Press calls at Mr. Morgan's office and asks Mr. Morgan tactful questions,

which Mr. Morgan answers; that is, when there is something special. A big banking house like Morgan's has no end of "routine" news in the shape of flotations, reorganisations and financial operations of all kinds. Mr. Morgan's junior partners tell the newspaper men about these matters. No newspaper man, however, can claim any degree of intimacy with Mr. Morgan, perhaps due to the demands upon the banker's time rather than to any temperamental unwillingness to make friends.

Mr. James J. Hill has many newspaper friends, editors and reporters, whom he has known for years and to whom he will always talk freely. Mr. E. H. Harriman is friendly to the newspaper folk whenever he needs their help. At all other times he is neither friendly nor unfriendly, since he will not see them at all. When Mr. Harriman wished the newspapers to espouse his cause at the time of his fight with Mr. Keene over the Southern Pacific dividend, he was more than cordial to the representatives of the principal papers. After the court decided against the Keene party, Mr. Harriman became E. H. Harriman again. On the other hand, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Mr. Harriman's bankers and Mr. Morgan's successful opponents in the Northern Pacific fight, have for friends every Wall Street reporter and financial editor in the city. They are the most intelligent banking firm in the country, which is why they are continuously truthful. James R. Keene declines to be interviewed by reporters whom he does not know. Those who have known him for years he will invariably see, because he knows they will not print his remarks. George J. Gould is as amiable as he looks, but is extremely busy. John W. Gates is approachable, as all of the Western plungers are, but he has the bad habit of becoming furiously angry whenever adverse criticisms of him or of his methods are published. The bank presidents are easier to get at than the stock market bankers. Being professional business men, they know the place the newspaper occupies. The Standard Oil people are Standard Oil people.

The most interesting news is that which is not printed. The financial writers have friends from whom they hear stories of all kinds. These friends, like many of the greatest financiers, will

speak freely, knowing that if they do not wish it, the stories will not be published. I have been at some pains to ascertain if any financial editor ever violated a confidence. It has never happened. It is well that this is so, for the spoken indiscretions of some of the big men in Wall Street are incredibly numerous. A deplorable desire to acquire a reputation as a wit made the junior partner of an international banking house the other day make a remark, which had the reporters who heard it published it, must have necessitated the resignation of the junior member from the firm. The reporters, moreover, were not bound by any ties of friendship or pledge of secrecy not to publish it. But they didn't because they knew better than the man himself what an asinine thing it was. I remember taking the news of the shooting of Mr. McKinley to a man who probably is next to Mr. Morgan as a spectacular figure in finance. I read to him the despatch from Buffalo which my paper had received. His only remark was: "By God, that shows what a lucky fellow that Roosevelt is!" It would not have read well in print, though it was interesting as showing the workings of the mind of a man who stood to lose millions by a slump in the market, and a slump seemed inevitable. The same man later in the evening "gave out" a statement, full of conventional expressions of sorrow—two lines—and of his firm belief that the stock market would not suffer very much—twenty-seven lines. That same night one of the principal brokers in the Stock Exchange, when asked to express an opinion on the tragedy at Buffalo, replied, very impressively: "The Republic at Washington still endures and Amsterdam is higher!" Quoting, from memory, Garfield's statement at the time of the assassination of Lincoln and also informing the reporter that prices of American stocks on the Amsterdam Exchange were not affected by the terrible news. This showed the Wall Street point of view beautifully, but it wasn't nice.

The late "Phil" Armour committed one of the greatest of the spoken indiscretions of financiers. He was a director of the St. Paul Railway. He also was "running a bull pool" in the stock, which in English means that he, with some friends, had bought a large block of St. Paul shares and would try to put up the price

so as to sell out at a profit. A Wall Street reporter went to see him. Mr. Armour gave him quite an interview and the reporter took notes in shorthand. He was thus able to use many of Mr. Armour's Western phrases. Among others was one which made the financial editor read it twice. It was, "Every man who holds 100 shares of St. Paul has a joint account with God Almighty." The editor was not a particularly religious man, but he was a particularly good newspaper man. He sent the reporter back to say that possibly Mr. Armour was not used to being interviewed by New York papers and perhaps he would like to see how some of his Western expressions looked in type. If so, Mr. Armour could have a proof of the interview before it was printed. Mr. Armour retorted that he knew his business, but he feared the editor did not. The editor showed that he did by printing the interview *verbatim et literatim*. The next day the *Tribune* had an editorial on Mr. Armour's shocking irreverence and other papers throughout the country took it up. Mr. Armour could not repudiate the interview. He refused himself to the flocks of reporters that besieged him and begged the Wall Street editor to say that Mr. Armour had been misquoted, which the editor declined to do.

The news of Wall Street is varied. Such things as the declaration or the passing of dividends, annual meetings or elections, statements of earnings, etc., are easily obtainable. The daily newspaper workers of Wall Street find it no trouble to appropriate such news items from the "slips" of the two news agencies; and much else, besides, for the news agencies have expert reporters, and their managers are, moreover, men who have vast experience in financial news gathering, and a circle of influential acquaintances second to none. The Wall Street manipulator who can secure the aid of the news agencies would get his following from among the readers of the "slips"—to wit, among the professionals of Wall Street and the inveterate speculators among the amateurs. The gossip of the Street is also well covered by the news agencies and the newspaper men are able to obtain "clues" innumerable from them. In other words, the daily newspaper reporter looks upon the news agencies as a sort of gratuitous Associated Press. The old-

est of the agencies is that of Dow, Jones & Co., who, in addition to printing the news slips which are carried to the offices of subscribers by messengers, and also on tickers, publish the *Wall Street Journal*. The other agency is the New York News Bureau, whose service consists of slips and tickers and which publishes the *Wall Street Summary*. It is only justice to say that these agencies are the greatest labour-saving device ever invented for the benefit of the financial reporters, for they "cover" all markets thoroughly.

The financial editor's principal work consists of his daily description and analysis of the stock market. Different papers have different views as to the space to be allotted to such matter. The *Globe* and the *Evening Post* each have a two-paragraphed article, the first descriptive and the second a veritable "leaderette" on some phase of the financial situation which has exerted strong influence on security prices. The articles of the other afternoon papers are mostly descriptive, with some expressions of opinion. Of the morning papers, the *Sun's* article is probably read the most widely. The *Herald's* policy is not to write a financial editorial every day, but the financial editor must see to it that there is at least one "spread head" financial news story, the comment on the market and on special stocks being written in short paragraphs. The others publish more or less conventional and more or less short financial leaders and from a quarter to three-quarters of a column of paragraphs about the stock market and Wall Street topics generally. The afternoon papers publish on Saturday a weekly review of the financial situation. With some of the morning papers the reviews are published on Monday morning; that is, at the beginning of the business week, that men may read them on their way to their Wall Street offices. The *Sun's* Monday article was for years the most widely read of all. It was signed "Matthew Marshall," which was the name Mr. Hitchcock chose to adopt. Rather than a review of the stock market, it was a wonderfully well-written essay on some financial topic. But whenever "Matthew Marshall" wrote anything that was "news" the Street accepted it unquestionably. When Mr. Hitchcock ceased to write it, the article was written for a few weeks by

Mr. Newton Sharp of the *Evening Sun*, and later by "Philip King," who soon established a reputation as a financial writer second to none. Wall Street asked who "Philip King" was? It sounded like a real name, yet Wall Street did not know any real Philip King who knew the Street and the financial situation so well, and wrote so authoritatively. It was not until after the retirement of Mr. Colin Armstrong as financial editor of the *Sun*—a position he filled for years—that the street learned that his successor, Daniel F. Kellogg, was also "Philip King." Kellogg was city editor of the *Sun* for years, after having been one of its star reporters when to be one of the *Sun's* star reporters was something. The *Herald's* Monday morning article, possibly not so felicitous literally as the *Sun's*, is, I think, the most influential of the weekly reviews of the stock market. Mr. Dater, the *Herald's* star financial man to-day, now that "Tom" Hamilton has gone uptown to perpetrate *Herald* editorialisms every night except Tuesday, has two things in his favour as a widely read financial writer—he is interesting and he has been correct in his prognosis of the stock market. At a time when nearly everybody in and about Wall Street was swept off his feet by the "boom," Mr. Dater, and Mr. Noyes of the *Evening Post*, did the most unpopular thing imaginable in warning people that stock prices had a top.

The outside news men of the papers' Wall Street department has to get and write the "news." That means that they have to "cover" everything that happens outside of the stock market, including the banks, the custom house, the clearing house, the Chamber of Commerce, the visits of the Secretary of the Treasury to New York, etc. They run down the "rumours" that fly about. They often write an untechnical stock market story if the market is exceptionally active or exceptionally strong or weak. They are thrown into contact with all manner of people, good, bad and worse, and their life is at times made wretched by the fact that some are responsible to both the city editor and the financial editor. In addition to these men, the "financial department" has the man who does the "outside" or curb market, and another who writes the short paragraphs about those stocks which have been especially

active or have fluctuated noteworthy. More people read these paragraphs than they do the "leader," possibly excepting Mr. Noyes's article, because most men who have the *Evening Post* vice read all the editorials; and the financial article is an editorial. It is also the most outspoken of all financial articles, and, I venture to say, it has made more high financiers—the very highest—squirm than all the other papers put together. The chief trouble is not that the *Evening Post* tells the truth about the stock market strategists, but that it tells the truth all the time. It is fatiguing to tell it; but how much more to hear it!

The afternoon newspaper men complain that their work necessarily suffers from the rush. The last batch of financial copy must be in the composing room a few minutes before three, and the market does not close until three. The leader or technical stock market story is set up before the ticker has stopped. It often happens that the article has to be practically rewritten in the last half hour, for the market may change quite suddenly and from very strong become very weak, or the reverse. The financial editors of the afternoon papers, or most of them, finish their articles in the composing room to be prepared for

precisely such an emergency. The very late news, such as a dividend which the Street may be looking for and which is not announced until three o'clock, is telephoned direct to the composing room, where it is "taken down" by some one and squeezed in. The arrangements of each afternoon paper for giving a complete table of prices and sales are more or less elaborate. All are designed to delay the "Wall Street edition" of the papers as little as possible, for Wall Street goes home early. Its banking and its gambling day is done at three and only the clerks remain. It must have its afternoon paper to read on its way home. It is no rare sight to see well-known brokers, bankers, and plungers waiting patiently for the Wall Street editions to reach their news stand. Such a mob is always to be seen in the Arcade of the Empire Building every afternoon between 3:10 and 3:20. The morning newspaper men have no "rush." They have more time and they have the advantage of complete sets of the news agencies' slips and of the afternoon papers. But all must work hard in dull times, because it is so hard to write, and when the market is active because there is so much to write about.

CONCERNING TASTES.

A FRIEND has lately taken us to task for not wishing to turn other people into duplicates of ourselves in matters of taste. We had been speaking of the didactic air which most critics assume in writing of the stage, as if everything from the grace of the author's style to the charms of the leading lady could be determined once for all like the heights of mountains. It seemed to us that they saw many things that did not exist for any one else under the sun, and we hoped that we did also, for it struck us that an identity of personal tastes would be as sad as an identity of noses. He called this a "rollicking in error." Now, delighted as a man is with himself, it is doubtful if he really cares to see in others the exact counterparts of his preferences. His eagerness to talk does not always spring from a desire to convert. It is not as an

apostle of paternity that he tells you about that prodigious youngest child of his, and he is far from wishing even to convince for a probable result of that would be an attempt to kidnap. The same thing is true wherever a personal feeling is involved. Somehow or other, the words must come out and when a man has more to say than people will submit to face to face, it is customary now to print it. Should the day ever come when the world will neither listen nor read, there will still be a roar of soliloquies. Strike us dumb and we shall carve our thoughts upon the trees or tattoo our bodies with them.

There are things on which we ought all to agree: The Binomial Formula, that kind hearts are more than coronets, the law of diminishing returns, monogamy, the exiguity of American literature, the Ten Commandments, and that Shakes-

peare is greater than Alexander Pope. There are things in which it is desirable forever to disagree: The meaning of life, the proper way to boil an egg, choosing a wife, which of Shakespeare's plays is the best, and the real reason for disliking Jones and admiring a sunset. No critic whose work has endured ever wished to impose on others the precise hierarchy of his enjoyments. He never was mainly a fisher of men, and if now and then he seems to land some of them body and soul, they are mostly the little ones. John Ruskin, bent on rescue though he was, knew in his heart that he would never have made people think at all if he had not made them think differently. Had he ever met his spiritual twin he would certainly have trumped up some excuse for a fight with him. Every true critic is academic, impressionistic, a hermit, a leader of men, an epicure, a missionary, and at the last analysis a human being more in need of company than disciples. He expounds the law and loves the diversity within the law; writes sometimes for the good of men and sometimes for the fun of it. And if he is not all this, and a good deal more, his books are buried with him. We lesser folk are not to blame if we betray an equal laxity.

Whenever an academic writer reads a book he thinks at once of his duty to man and hunts for a useful lesson. When a phrasemaker reads it, he thinks, Here is my chance for a perfectly stunning stage entrance. One weighs a ton and the other weighs nothing at all. The critics of the chair, prosecutors in literary anatomy, Casaubons, commentators, biologists of books divide the field with the harlequins. Neither class shows any liking for the thing itself. They sweat with purpose and descant on pleasure with a gritting of teeth. Mr. Bernard Shaw would die of shame if caught with a platitude upon him. Professor Junk would die of fear if caught without one. Mr. Shaw, hot on the trail of paradox, will show that Shakespeare never conceived a human character. Professor Junk, author of "Hybridisation of Fiction Forms," classifies all novels by their

"central thoughts," counts the nouns in "Paradise Lost," shows how Poe's "Raven" was anticipated seventy centuries ago by Kia Yi, the Chinaman. In a solemn voice they bid you choose, like Hercules at the road-forks. Are you academic? Then you must never smoke your pipe except for what it teaches. Are you "impressionistic?" Then you will never light a pipe when there are Roman candles.

After living for a while among these old derricks of the academic world you grow very tired of the uplift. Is there to be no talk among equals? When you meet a man must you immediately heave yourself up alongside and try to hoist him? Pen and ink and a sleepless purpose either to instruct or amaze, vigilant self-omission, the habit of talking down, a close reckoning on the public (how high this sentence will lift it, how much it will be tickled by that), give to our critical writings the look of a steam roller flattening out the angle of variation. A good deal of the work should be transferred to the government at Washington, where it could easily fit in under the Secretary of Agriculture, be attached perhaps to the Bureau of Animal Industry. Leave out the man and the rest is as easy as crop reports. Leave the man in and there is not only the danger of deviation, but of a guilty pleasure in other people's diversity. For in private life we allow ourselves great unconcern and many irrelevances. We are never exclusively gymnasts, wits, anti-imperialists, or crowbars of the higher plane. There is a large region wherein we are glad to see our neighbours going their own way. In private life we insist on having our own latch key and dying a separate death. It is only in print that people are less than their propaganda and that the desire of making a proselyte underlies every word. Print is the only place where men are merely pattern-makers, and where, if you say that patterns are not your sole interest night and day, you are set down as a debauchee, careless how many rascals may escape between your sentences.

F. M. Colby.

JOURNALISM IN JAPAN.

JOURNALISM is a new vocation in Japan. We did not have even one newspaper in Japan where millions and millions of people breathed, only forty years ago. It would sound like a story to be told that some six hundred newspapers—more than a few of them having a circulation of above one hundred thousand daily—and countless magazines are published to-day. It is interesting to trace the beginnings of our Japanese newspapers. The first newspaper was a translation of the *Batavia News* of Java, which was done by the "Kaiseijo" (an office of that time which was like a Foreign Office and School of Foreign Languages combined). The *Batavia News* was brought out regularly by a Dutchman. It stopped, however, after a few appearances. And the second newspaper appeared some thirty-eight or nine years ago, under the name of *Shinbun*, with Mr. Hikozo of Banshu and Ginko Kishida as its editors. Mr. Kishida is to-day regarded respectfully as the father of Japanese newspaper men. Hikozo was a sailor who was accidentally blown over to the Pacific Coast and returned. He had no education to speak of, but gained a slight knowledge of English in California. He explained the news from a San Francisco paper to Kishida, who put it in Japanese writing. They printed their paper—it was a semi-monthly—from a wooden block. At that time Japan had no type. The publication came to an end with the departure of Kishida for China. Kishida was a collaborator of Dr. James C. Hepburn (long life and prosperity to you!) in his monumental Japanese-English lexicon. And also Mr. Kishida was widely known all over the Asiatic continent for his eye-fluid.

He started the third Japanese newspaper, called *Moshiogusa* ("sea-weeds"), when our Japan began to be stirred by the revolution. He had one Mr. Wellington for his partner. They still used the wooden blocks. The paper sold tremendously, as it reported the news with a certain delightful ex-

aggeration. After half a year, Kishida gave up his newspaper to found an express company, and it came to an end under his successor. The civil war subsided, and our great restoration was accomplished. The foreigners were permitted to come in freely. Japan began to be influenced by the Western civilisation. We found now some four newspapers in Tokyo, prominent among them the *Nichinichi*, still running to-day. It was helped by the government during its early existence, and even to-day we regard it as a government paper. It is not known what deep relation it may have with the government, but it is doing its work completely and effectively in a calm way, although its publishers and editors have been changed frequently. It was first edited by Ochi Fukuchi (one of the famous writers, an old friend of Marquis Ito), whose editorials were a phenomenal success. He was succeeded by writers like Naohiko Sekine, Rokudo Asahina. The present editor, Mr. Asahina, is considered one of the greatest newspaper men, the other two being Katsunan Kuga of the *Nihon* and Soho Tokutomi of the *Kokumin*. His rigid style and keen analysis of political questions are unrivalled. His paper is the oldest.

The *Hochi* was established early in the history of Japanese newspapers, under the English influence, by Mokichi Fujita, who died long ago, and others who thought Spencer's books a Gospel. Among the number was Mr. Yukio Ozaki, the well-known member of the Diet and once a cabinet member. Five or six years ago the paper underwent a great change, when every publisher began to look upon the newspaper as a business enterprise. Till that time the publishers as well as the editors were thinking something else, and regarding journalism as the highest vocation. The editors indeed often considered the newspaper as the stepping-stone to something greater, while the publishers thought it their own duty to feed the ambitious young fellows. They were proud of the amount they sank monthly in the paper. The *Hochi*, which

had an honourable history, suddenly changed. The editors began to pay more attention to "San Men" (page 153), where any city accident or police news is printed. The circulation speedily increased. It is one of the best-selling Tokyo papers to-day. The older readers, however, sigh over its unpardonable decline. Everything in Japan is turning commercial with a tremendous speed.

There is the great *Jiji*, which stands out head and shoulders. It was founded by the late Yukichi Fukuzawa, the great educator of modern Japan. It was con-

ducted along business lines from the outset and put considerable energy into the industrial and commercial departments. Though Mr. Fukuzawa is dead now, the paper is meeting with no mean success. It was the first paper in Japan to use cartoons, taking the American papers for a model.

Mr. Soho Tokutomi (Soho being his pen name, which he assumed from his having been born by the mountain side of Soho in Kiushiu) made his name with his "The Future of Japan." And he started a magazine, *The Friend of the*

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衆議院の解散

○漢城特報

○昨日の國外

文苑

時事片々

日本大興産株式會社

カメリヤ

信託部

廣告部

電報部

電話部

郵便部

銀行部

保險部

證券部

信託部

廣告部

電報部

電話部

郵便部

銀行部

保險部

證券部

by their own observation, but only under directions. But to-day every paper in Tokyo (twenty-five altogether) is trying to get the best news. The papers are illustrated. And women begin to be employed. We found out that they were apt for interviewing other women. There are only a few who have made a name, but their future is beyond any doubt.

And there is another phenomenon, which is the English column. Undoubtedly it is to fulfill the public demand. I myself am sceptical of its value in proportion to the trouble involved. But English readers are wonderfully increasing every year. Nearly all the schools teach English. The papers want to encourage them with their English, and the stu-



dents may be benefitted by them in their training. It may sound absurd to say that the papers are issued for the benefit of the school students. But it is true in Japan. The Japanese students study them.

The year 1900 tremendously disturbed the newspaper world. The *Yorozu Choho* and the *Niroku Shinpo* attempted to increase their circulation by creating a sensation, and succeeded in it. The *Yorozu Choho's* circulation was seventy thousand before, and jumped up to one hundred thousand and then to one hundred and fifty thousand within a year or so. The *Niroku Shinpo* claims to be the most widely circulated paper in Japan. Both of them are modelled on the type of

the *Journal* or the *World*. They boldly exposed the private secrets of high-standing personages. They did almost anything for their own purpose. Their success influenced the other papers, which began to imitate them in a mild way. The dignity of our old papers disappeared. They turned into business enterprises.

And there is the *Yomiuri*, whose chief attraction is its literary department. Koyo and Roban, two prominent novelists, are on it for the last fifteen years. Beside the *Chuo* and *Mainichi*, there is the *Asahi*, whose circulation is great.

The southern Japanese read the *Osaka Asahi*, which would not take a secondary place even if published in Tokyo.

Yone Noguchi.

THE OPENING CHAPTER AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

WHEN Rudyard Kipling first checked himself upon the verge of an interesting digression, and flung out the careless phrase that has since been worn threadbare by other writers, "But that's Another Story," he probably had no more serious purpose behind it than a thrifty desire to save a good thing for a later occasion. He certainly was not seeking to formulate a text for a critical essay, a criterion by which to measure contemporary fiction. And yet these four words would not make a bad text from which to preach of logical construction and the economy of ideas, the wholesome doctrine of wise omission. One would like to see them framed and hung over the desk of every one of our younger writers, so that before putting pen to paper they might be reminded to ask themselves whether the chapter they are about to write is an integral part of their plot, or only an extraneous incident, Another Story, that it were better to keep for a later volume. Indeed, it is a wise novelist who knows his own story,—knows its scope and purpose, its logical beginning and end. For more novels are marred by having too much put into them than too little; by being overcrowded with characters and incidents, overburdened with symbolic meanings; above all, by being stretched

over too long a term of years. There are few tests of an author's constructive ability that are at once so simple and so severe as his opening chapter, his choice of the psychological moment at which to introduce us to the group of men and women in whom he wants us to share his interest.

We have outgrown the idea of an earlier generation, that a well-rounded novel should begin beside the hero's cradle. "I am Born" is the laconic chapter-heading that introduces us to David Copperfield; and every reader of Smollett and of Sterne will remember that both Roderick Random and Tristram Shandy philosophise with disconcerting frankness over the details of their advent into this world. The novelist of to-day, however, has come to realise that birth is one of the most arbitrary and unsatisfactory of all starting-points. His hero is what he is, not merely because he was born on a certain day, or because he had a certain kind of childhood and youth, a particular sort of education and home training, but also because of what his parents and grandparents were before him. He is the product of certain racial and family traits that have been handed down through untold generations; and what he may do to-morrow is, for all we know, only the culmination of a drama begun

centuries ago. Yet, on the other hand, some sudden crisis in his life may have wrought so radical a change of fortune and of heart that all the past,—his own past and his father's and grandfather's before him,—counts for little if anything in his subsequent life; and to chronicle them would be literally to write Another Story, indeed, many other stories.

In plain terms, there is no such thing as a beginning to the story of a human life. The narrator must necessarily begin somewhere in the middle; and herein lies the real point of Zola's famous definition of a novel as "*Une tranche de la vie*," a cross-section of life. Zola fearlessly practised what he preached, making his first incision at a point where human life swarmed thickest. His starting-point was always the crowded street, the jostling throng, the busy store or market, the crowded theatre,—some spot where the pent-up energy and excitement suggest quite as much the infinitude of human interests already numbered with the past as those which belong to the future. And it is characteristic, not only of Zola, but of the whole school of realists, that in cutting their cross-section they note the time of day, as methodically as a photographer notes it on his negative,—and usually in the opening sentence.

A whole essay might be written upon the opening sentence in fiction. There are certain favourite methods that have become almost formulaic, and this method of mentioning the hour of day is one of them. The formula is to be met with in Balzac, although not commonly. "Towards three o'clock in the afternoon" is the opening line of *Le Cousin Pons*; while *Une Fille d'Eve* begins similarly, "It was half-past eleven in the morning," and *L'Enfant Maudit*, "One winter's night, at about two in the morning." Zola, however, was the first to use the formula to the extent of abusing it. In almost all of the "Rougon-Macquart" series you are sure to find the hour mentioned within the first page, usually within the first paragraph, and in a goodly number at the very beginning: for example, in *Nana*, "At nine o'clock the auditorium of the Theatre des Variétés was still empty;" in *La Joie de Vivre*, "As the cuckoo clock in the dining-room struck six, Chanteau lost all hope;" in *L'Argent*, "Eleven o'clock had just

struck in the Bourse, when Saccard entered Champeaux's office;" in *L'Oeuvre*, "Claude was passing the Hotel-de-Ville, when the clock in the tower struck two in the morning." And deliberately, or instinctively, the trick has been widely imitated: by the Spaniard, Valdes, in *José*, "It was two o'clock in the afternoon;" by the Italian, D'Annunzio, in *Piacere*, "It was four o'clock;" by the American, Frank Norris, in almost every novel that he wrote. The opening words in *Blix* are, "It had just struck nine from the cuckoo clock that hung over the mantelpiece;" in *A Man's Woman*, "At four o'clock in the morning every one in the tent was still sleeping;" in *The Pit*, "At eight o'clock, in the inner vestibule of the Auditorium Theatre—" In *The Octopus* we have to wait until the ninth line to yearn that "Pressley was perplexed to know whether the whistle was blowing for twelve or one."

But whatever hour or day or year a novelist chooses for introducing his characters to the reader, it is no exaggeration to say that in fully three books out of four the introduction has been made prematurely. The book would have gained in strength if the opening chapter had taken up the plot at a later point, when its action was further developed. In the really good stories of all literatures, the classic tragedies and epics, the plot most often hinges upon events that took place long before the opening scene or the first canto. The *Iliad* itself, the one great epic of the Trojan war, belongs almost wholly to the closing year of that war; and a very large part of its force and dignity comes from the impression which we get, behind the actual narrative of the poem, of an endless vista of unrecorded battles, the countless victories and defeats of all those weary nine years of fruitless struggle.

One or two specific cases will help to emphasise the point. Take, for instance, the whole group of so-called "colour-line" stories, those dealing with the question of racial intermarriage. Almost without exception, the novelist goes back to the first meeting between the coloured man and the white woman, and traces minutely the whole history of their acquaintance, elaborating and explaining every detail that helped to bring about the final unnatural union. There is just one treatment of the theme, and that, unquestion-

ably the greatest it has ever had, in which the opening scene is subsequent to the marriage,—the tragedy of *Othello*. A genius of lesser rank would have given us Othello's courtship, not as a splendid bit of condensed word-painting, but as an actual scene upon the stage,—and robbed the play of half of its dignity.

Or, again, take a different type of story, a whole group of plots in which a man shrinks from marrying the woman he loves, because of his guilty knowledge of a secret in his past life, a crime of which he cannot ask her to share the burden. It would be easy to multiply examples of this type; but for the moment there are just two that come to mind: *La Sacrificée*, by the French novelist, Edouard Rod, and *Falk*, by Joseph Conrad. The precise nature of the crime does not materially affect the general principle. In the two books just mentioned they are widely different. The hero of *La Sacrificée* is directly responsible for the death of the woman's former husband. They had been lifelong friends, with the added tie that exists between an incurable invalid and a trusted physician. The friend had made his promise that should the disease finally take such a form as to leave him a helpless, useless paralytic, the physician would hasten the natural end and relieve his family of a needless burden. This promise the physician in due time carries out; and he never for a moment questions his right in the abstract to do it. But he knows in his heart that at the very moment when he was giving the overdose of morphine, he was already in love with his friend's wife; and it is this guilty knowledge which prevents him from ever being happy after his own union with her. Now there were a dozen points at which Rod could have opened this story; at the time of the murder, or later after his marriage with the widow, or earlier, at the very beginning of the friend's illness. This last course is the one actually followed, and while the result is a story of no mean strength, there are parts of it which drag rather wearily.

Falk is a story of which the present writer had occasion to speak at considerable length not many months ago. It is the story of a man who was once shipwrecked, and during many ghastly days sustained life by eating human flesh, the flesh of his less stalwart shipmates. The memory of those days makes it seem im-

possible to him ever to ask a good, pure woman to share his life. Now, no one among contemporary writers could have made a narrative of such gruesome power out of the story of that shipwreck and the cannibalism which followed as Joseph Conrad could have done. But he did not choose to do it. His opening chapter comes years later, and our whole knowledge of the earlier episode comes in a fragmentary way,—in the haunted look on Falk's face, in certain nervous mannerisms that are habitual to him, in the broken narrative that finally falls unwillingly from his lips. And no one can read this book without feeling that, told thus indirectly, it gains immeasurably in power and grimness. No straightforward relation of the facts could have approached it in effectiveness.

After all, this method of striking into a story right in the middle coincides with the every-day experiences of life a good deal more closely than does the more orderly way of beginning as far back as possible. Your knowledge of the life stories of the people you personally know began in nine cases out of ten, in the middle. What lends an interest to your next-door neighbour, or the man you met casually last night, is not what they may do next week, or next year, but what they have already done. It is the people who have already lived and suffered and achieved, whose subsequent careers we are apt to watch with some attention. You may have known Jones or Robinson by sight for the last ten years, and never in all that time really noted the cut of his hair or the colour of his eyes. And all of a sudden you see his name in the headlines of the morning paper, as president of a bank or co-respondent in a divorce suit; and immediately the comings of Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson assume a real importance and interest. It is the fact that from the very nature of their subject-matter detective stories must begin in the middle after the safe is robbed or the victim strangled, that gives this type an inherent advantage over higher forms of fiction. From the opening chapter there is the glamour that comes from a mysterious deed which we are never to see acted out, but only to conjecture piecemeal, and patch together as best we may.

Taken as a whole, the novels of the past four weeks cannot be said to furnish a startling amount of inspiration to a

critic. But there are some among them which may serve indifferently well to illustrate this question of where a novel should begin. *Yarborough the Premier*, a story of English politics by a new writer, Agnes Russell Weekes, is a case in point. Like Anthony Hope's *Quisanté* and George Gissing's *The Charlatan*, it is a study of a clever, unprincipled politician, who worked his way upward through shameless methods, and blazed for a time, meteor-like, in the political heavens. The chief fault of the book, however, is that it aims too high. Gissing and Anthony Hope were both content to take a star of lesser magnitude, moving in a smaller orbit; and the resultant stories were far more plausible. Miss Weekes has made her hero Premier of England, one who sways the destinies of the British Empire, and incidentally of all Europe, for nearly a score of years. Now, when a writer ventures to brush aside existing cabinets and parliaments, and manufacture European history to suit himself, he has got to do it on a very big scale indeed, in order to make the thing seem real, and mesmerise the reader into forgetfulness of the sober realities of current events. It may be conceived that Miss Weekes shows a good deal of power in certain scenes of her story, enough at least to give promise of something better and stronger in the future. But she has not been strong enough to make Yarborough seem quite real; we keep telling ourselves all the time that we are reading, that really no such person as Yarborough ever was or ever could be Premier of England.

But, aside from the matter of plausibility, it is a question whether the construction of the plot might not have been materially improved by a judicious abridgment. Yarborough owed his whole advancement to the theft of a government paper, of vital importance—a secret treaty which practically “sold the Empire to Germany.” Yarborough's brother, who was responsible for the paper's safety, accepts the blame, ruining his career and going into voluntary exile, rather than betray Yarborough's dishonesty. From this beginning, Yarborough climbs, upon a scaffolding of lies and frauds and broken promises, until he grasps the highest prize known to British statesmanship. But incidentally he loses what he valued even higher

than his ambition,—the woman he loves (an episode, by the way, which is a good example of Another Story). A score of years later, years of triumphant arrogance, Yarborough begins to pay the penalty. He has never known what it means to be ashamed of his life and frauds and thefts; but now he is beginning to learn. In middle age he has found some one to love,—his young son, the fruit of a late and loveless marriage; the boy is the soul of honour, and Yarborough's daily, hourly punishment is the dread that the lad will learn of that old-time theft of the secret treaty, and the unjust banishment of his father's brother. And of course the boy does learn of it and the story ends with a tragedy. Miss Weekes has followed the orderly method of beginning as far back as possible. She shows us the secret treaty in the very process of being drafted, the detailed discussion of all its clauses; she suggests the danger of its being stolen, the ineffectual precautions taken to guard; she lets us see the thief himself triumphantly bearing it off to London, with the aid of a special train, to get him there in time for the morning papers. She leaves nothing to the imagination. Of course, a comparison between what is and what might have been is necessarily largely a matter of opinion. But it is a very fair chance that the story would have been materially improved if the whole of the first half had been blotted out, and the reader had started with no more knowledge of Yarborough's past than his little son possessed, the truth about the stolen treaty being allowed to leak out gradually, working up to an effective climax.

A book which one naturally takes up next, not because it belongs in the same class, but simply because it deals with politics, is Brand Whitelock's bright and irresponsible little volume, *Her Infinite Variety*. It is one of those clever little trifles that are the product of a serious author's lighter mood. Its germ idea is to satirise the question of woman's suffrage, and the whole thing is done so deftly, so lightly and with such humorous understanding of men and women, that it leaves no sting behind. Young Vernon is a State Senator; he is engaged to be married and he is ambitious. His betrothed has never taken his political aspirations quite seriously. In fact, she questions whether, within the exclusive

circles to which she belongs, it is altogether good form to have much to do with politics. Vernon burns to convert her, to do something which shall bring him fame, and spread his name broadcast in glowing headlines. He finds his opportunity in a debate over a bill to give the women of Illinois full right to the ballot. A young woman lawyer from Chicago, a "suprising young woman, of exquisite daintiness, wholly feminine and alluring," who comes to Springfield to lobby in favour of the bill, converts him to the cause within the first five minutes and when he rises to address the Senate he astonishes even himself with an eloquence in which there is far more high-flown eulogy of the fair sex than there is of logical argument. Needless to say, he gets all the newspaper fame for which he yearned, and something more; for his name, in two-inch letters, is bracketed everywhere with that of the clever and pretty female lawyer from Chicago. And to crown all, when his betrothed, with a whole bevy of indignant female relatives, comes down to Springfield in hot haste the next morning, to verify the scandal, she finds the culprit breakfasting, as ill luck would have it, at the same table with her fancied rival, the woman lawyer. The book is nothing more pretentious than a small comedy of errors, worked out to a felicitous conclusion. But it is worth heralding as a story which owes half its quality to having begun in just the right place, neither a day too soon or too late, and in stopping before the novelty of its manner has palled.

There will be some diversity of opinion about *Violett*, the latest volume from the Baroness von Hutten. It will necessarily challenge comparison with *Our Lady of the Beeches*, and may suffer accordingly. Those who liked the idyllic atmosphere and delicate sentiment of the earlier volume will miss it in *Violett*. Yet the latter is, constructively, a better book. It has what the merest novice among the writers of French fiction recognises as fundamental, and what so many of our own authors seem to think can be dispensed with,—a definite central problem. It is the study of a boy, whose father has been hanged for murder, and a most atrocious murder at that. He had poisoned the boy's own cousin, a half-witted little girl, for the sake of the small fortune that he hoped to inherit from her. Here

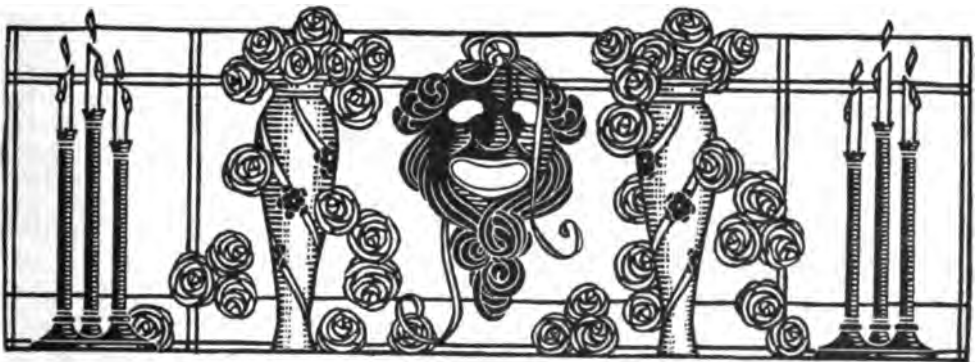
is one of the few cases where a minute study of childhood, the details of a boy's studies and plays, his hopes and sorrows, at ten, at twelve, at each succeeding year, has a direct interest, a closely interwoven relation with the later life of the man. The Baroness von Hutten has chosen to take for her purpose an exceptional boy, one abnormally sensitive to external impressions. His father was a light-house keeper, and he has lived all his life within sight and sound of the waves. And to his strange, high-strung nerves, sight and sound, taste and smell, seem to blend and interchange; every color has its own particular sound, every musical note its characteristic odour. His senses seem to distinguish a whole range of colour-tones beyond the purple, an infinitude of sounds too delicate for the ordinary human ear. As an artist, a musician, his possibilities are limitless. But the weight of his inherited shame crushes him down. It is a life-long burden that he first took up on the day he learned that "people couldn't play with a boy whose father had been hanged." His career is exactly what might have been expected. He drifts into relation with theatrical folk, and falls in love with a very ordinary young woman, a fourth-class actress in a cheap variety show. She is shallow and vain and mercenary, and, although she loves Violett, she marries another man with more money, whose father was not hanged, and who beats her whenever he gets drunk. But Violett never finds out that his divinity's halo is only tawdry paint and tinsel; and when the opportunity comes to make the sacrifice, he cheerfully gives his life to save hers, feeling well satisfied that "in spite of his father's sin, he had not brought discredit into the eternal harmony." A highly sentimentalised story, but possessing the merit, not too common, of striking a certain note at the outset and sustaining it to the end.

No one could give Mr. Bram Stoker any new light upon the art of catching the public attention from the first opening sentence. It is something of a puzzle to critics who like to apply the evolutionary theory of literature, to trace Mr. Stoker's literary pedigree. In botanical parlance, he might be termed a sort of "sport" variety, an eccentric offshoot from the old, original stock of Edgar Allan Poe. His books are the Poe horror

tales run riot, like some monstrous, abnormal fungoid growth, spreading and multiplying in the dank labyrinths of a tropical forest. Such stories as *Dracula* and *The Mystery of the Sea* are, frankly, not a high order of fiction. They are at best a sort of glorified "penny dreadful." But one cannot help admiring the thoroughness with which the horrors are heaped up. In his latest volume, *The Jewel of Seven Stars*, the type has been pushed to its utmost limit. Indeed, the most surprising thing about the book is that such a tissue of palpable absurdities could be made, through sheer audacity, to hold the attention of any sane-minded reader, and force him to acknowledge that he has had a succession of unpleasant little shivers coursing up and down his back all the while he was reading. To sum it up briefly, *The Jewel of Seven Stars* is a medley of Egyptology, mysticism, and reincarnation. It opens with a mysterious accident, not to call it by the harsher name of an attempted murder. An eccentric old Egyptologist, whose whim it is to sleep in a room full of mummies,—all sorts of mummies,

royal princesses and sacred pussies,—is found one night unconscious and bleeding rapidly to death from a curious wound on his wrist, which resembles nothing so much as the long, parallel gashes made by the sharp claws of a giant cat. It is quite unnecessary to analyse the story further. Any one familiar with Mr. Stoker's methods can easily imagine what use he has made of such material as mummied cats that come to life and prowl unseen, weird, ancient lamps that glow without fire, and emit poisonous fumes, and a seven-fingered Egyptian princess whose severed hand has an uncanny way of travelling around by itself and strangling people to death in the dark, leaving its seven-fold mark as a sort of sign manual. Of course, it is all the very acme of what is preposterous; and yet, if you read the story alone, on a stormy night, with the wind howling and the blinds slamming, the chances are that you will be haunted for the rest of the night with mysterious mewings, and fancy every unfamiliar sound is the scratching of unnumbered little cats upon your walls and bedroom door.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



MR. SHAW AND THE MAN OF DESTINY.

IT is well known that Mr. Bernard Shaw does not wish to be regarded as merely brilliant. He demands a fair judgment on the truth of what he has to say apart from his manner of saying it. He professes a message and he is not satisfied with a smile of intellectual pleasure or a stare of astonishment. Like most sensitive and clever men he hates an attempt to classify him, and he would try to squirm out of any adjective that is at all definite. At a public meeting not long ago, some one having introduced him with the remark that his only fault was that he was too talented, he rose and said that his talents were but ordinary and that his strong point had always been his character. But though a very clever man, Mr. Shaw does not understand some of the simplest laws of human nature. He is not even aware of the danger of being amusing. People learn while they laugh, but very few of them know that they are learning. When the midriff resumes its former place the mind pretty generally goes on as before, perhaps a little repentant. True prophets have sometimes been great humourists (witness Job), but their fame as prophets, we believe, was mainly posthumous. Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, but meanwhile Cervantes died. If Mr. Shaw were always right, his manner before the world would be sadly against him. The world expects from its serious men a certain degree of dullness.

Compared with most of our playwrights, Mr. Shaw is not only far more entertaining than they, but sounder. It is only when we compare him (as he expressly demands) with the best of all time, that he goes to pieces. All great playwrights have seen that every man was something more than a leading motive. They have never used him merely

as a pawn; that is, to prove something. They have suggested a thousand irrelevant things. At times they have almost seemed to forget their purpose. In any true comedy man is a small figure dancing against the sky—temporal antics on a background of ultimate facts, birth and death and eternity. That is the only joke, and every great writer has perceived it. Not one of them has ever been a mere debater of propositions. No writer ever created a man without suggesting a mystery. The plain man has this in common with Shakespeare: He too is aware of unknown things, makes guesses, and is quite unreasonable. His mysteries begin too soon, but he has them. From merely clever people you might suppose there was no mystery at all. They make things so clear to you.

Napoleon, as conceived by Mr. Shaw and rendered by Mr. Arnold Daly, in the little one-act play, *The Man of Destiny*, seems at first more nearly flesh and blood than any character in his earlier plays. For a time Mr. Shaw takes pains enough with him to make you think he cares for him—a very unusual impression, for while Mr. Shaw warms up with an idea he is apt to be cold-blooded with human beings. The clergyman in *Candida*, for instance, though conventional, legally married, and all that, might well have had a chance to make out a better case for himself, but Mr. Shaw regarded him merely as material for rebuttal. Even at the emotional crisis of the play you felt it was only a higher kind of chess-playing. In *The Man of Destiny* though he had to move more quickly to the point he still found time for a little personal sympathy and Mr. Daly's rendering brought still more. It was not till toward the end that you saw "the pulse of the machine," and even then you had Mr. Shaw's wit to console you.

F. M. Colby.



THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION.



MANSFIELD AS IVAN THE TERRIBLE.
From a Drawing by Martha D. Beal.



ACT. III, SCENE I. "THE PIT."



"THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE."

Showing W. H. Thompson, W. J. Ferguson, Grace Kimball, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, and Florence Conlin.



FORBES ROBERTSON AS "HAMLET."

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ARNOLD DALY AS "THE MAN OF DESTINY." Digitized by Google



OLIVIA AND CÆSARIO IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."



"THE OTHER GIRL." ACT II.

This Cast Includes Lionel Barrymore, Joseph Wheelock, Frank Worthing, Frank Burbeck, Elsie de Wolfe, and Drina de Wolfe, all of Whom Are in This Picture.

JOHN [SHARP WILLIAMS, Leader.

A HUNDRED years ago, Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, was Speaker of the House of Representatives. A statesman of the antique type, who looked and dressed his part. Speaker or Senator,

he always wore the same kind of clothes. Mr. Benton paints it for us in the "Thirty Years' View :"

"A suit of the same material, cut, and colour, superfine navy blue—the whole suit from the same piece and in the fash-



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.
Photograph by Clineinst, Washington, D. C.

ion of the Revolution, and always replaced by a new one before it showed age. He was neat in his person, always wore fine linen, a fine cambric stock, a fine fur hat with a brim to it, pair top-boots, the boots outside of the pantaloons, on the principle that leather was stronger than cloth."

In the House of Representatives, after you have fed your full of looks on Uncle Joe Cannon, who might be a Methodist bishop, a Mormon apostle, an early Assyrian god, or a baron of beef products, you ask for Williams of Mississippi. At first you refuse to accept him. You feel like asking, in the tragic language of Mr. A. Ward, "Do my eyes deceive my earsight?" There lounges a man who, when he stands up (as if the process were labourious and infrequent), is about five feet seven and a half inches tall. The anthropometers may tell you that he is five feet ten. They are duped by his slenderness. He has "the brown hair streaked with gray" of Mr. Matthew Arnold mourning for Thyrsis. As yet the gray is a feeble minority. A collection of hair which seldom feels the barber's shear. It is inconceivably incomplete, a miracle of frowiness. It looks as if it had been combed by a cyclone and pecked at by all the fowls of the air. A well-developed forehead lets itself be guessed at. Straightforward blue eyes, which, however, have a way of seeming curiously closed and lifeless when the owner sinks into abstraction, and there is nobody to nag or stir him. A straight nose, a rather pessimistic underlip, a chin prickly with stubble unless somebody has entreated or commanded the owner to be shaved. A moustache as untrimmed as the foolish virgins' lamps.

You begin to like Mr. Williams when you hear that he is so absent-minded that once he unconsciously locked Mrs. Williams up in her room at their hotel and sauntered off to the House. This absent-mindedness explains his clothes. They are not his. They make no pretence of fitting him. They don't look as if they would fit anybody, but they must be somebody else's. Mr. Williams has conveyed them from somebody who must have been grateful to lose them. From what morgue of frippery do they come? They are always old. They always were old. They bag and droop impossibly. They are more spotted than the leopard.

They are streaked with fruit accretions and accumulations and strata, the débris of ages. Mr. Williams has a pair of gaiters that may be the remnants of Nathaniel Macon's top boots.

Here sits "John Williams," whom we all know as one of the most alert and quick-firing minds in Congress—here he sits, wrapped in abstraction and careless of other clothing. By the look of him, in those moments, he might belong to the great class of American citizens that is in permanent session in the grocery stores and the post offices and little railway stations, the thinkers who base their lines in thought, slow speech, and rapid expectation. A moment more and Mr. Williams, returned from the cares of contemplation, makes his flashing point, or with exquisite amiability impales an opponent, who can hardly help being satisfied with his agony, since such a good fellow inflicts it.

But why so much pother about Mr. Williams's clothes? Well, because they may be of interest to collectors, and because they are so different from the togs of the conventional planter of the stage or novel or Washington hotel. Do they still breathe the vital air and the more vital julep, those fine old Southerners, in broadcloth and frilled shirts one used to see at the Capitol? May they live forever. And Mr. Williams, sometime of Memphis and now of Yazoo, has none of their splendour or their Bentonism. He is not "a fine figure of a" statesman. There is nothing solemn or majestic about him. There is nothing "sectional" about his appearance any more than there is in his principles. Judged by his face, he might come from anywhere. Judged by his garments, he must come from Baxter street, by way of the Baltimore fire. His carelessness of decoration and scenery become almost engaging as you think of it in connection with his temperament and his qualities. Without thought for himself, he will do anything for his friends, they will tell you. Neither poor nor rich, he is as rich as he cares to be, and as generous as the poor. "You can depend upon him absolutely." "A strong friend." "A trump." You will hear golden opinions from all sorts of people if you ask them about this shabby and brilliant gentleman from Yazoo.

He lives, most unfashionably in a

hotel. Having great social gifts he seldom, one might almost say never, goes into society. Too much trouble, probably. If he ever becomes Speaker, his habits may change in this respect, and he may blaze out as gloriously as Uncle Joe Cannon does occasionally, not without a watchful eye on Danville and Republican simplicity. His fireside and his books: these are enough for Mr. Williams at present. His greatest social dissipation is an occasional "stag" party. He likes to go to the Washington Press Club, perhaps it is rather shabby, like all press clubs that have been, are, or shall be. If it is not impertinent to refer to the private habits of a public man, the virtuous may glow still more with the knowledge that Mr. Williams is a man of temperate habits, as most public men of to-day are. But he is not a prohibitionist in theory or practice. If he wants a drink he takes it. The whiskey has no effect upon him, whereas he improves the whiskey.

Mr. Williams seems to be liked by everybody in the House, nor is this popularity due to any neatness, mere "geniality" or effort on his part. He is respected and admired, as well as liked. Sometimes the leader of the minority in the House makes enemies on both sides of it. Men on his own side who wanted his place sulk because he was preferred to them. They growl and snarl, sometimes attack or desert him, make queer little attempts at leadership on their own hook. His temper is worn. The majority loves to bait him. He soon falls on evil days and is fallen upon by everybody. It is a hard and thankless job. Mr. Williams takes it almost as easily as if he were sitting on his Yazoo piazza. The secret of his success is his perfect temper, his entire self-control. How important this is may be judged from the well-remembered case of Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons in Earl Gray's Administration. A rather bovine, completely commonplace person, who hated office; not the least bit of an orator. But his temper was so sweet, his politeness so unvarying, his good nature so irresistible, his honesty so great, that probably the reformed House of Commons has never had another leader so popular or with such ungrudged power over it. Lord Althorp had little talent; Mr. Wil-

liams has much talent and adds to it the qualities which stood the Englishman in so good stead. Mr. Williams—and hardly another Democrat in the House—can pursue the Republicans vigorously and constantly without losing his temper. The wheels of his Olympian chariot "never catch fire," as Mr. Sumner said, whose own axles smoked frequently. The debater that boils over is lost. Mr. Williams never loses himself. He gives heartily and takes smilingly, like a good gentleman boxer. Often he jabs his opponent until the latter forgets himself and rages. Then does Mr. Williams, imperturbable, poke the bright snickersnee into his adversary's ribs. Scholar, student, philosopher, man of many universities as he is, he finds ridicule his most effective and dreaded weapon.

He has none of the old-fashioned, set-speech, humble-in-the-face, "Good-God, Mr. Speaker" rhetorical fire-and-bubdub manner. He speaks with a slow, Southern accent, in a conversational tone. His voice is audible, without effort, throughout the chamber. His enunciation is admirably clear. His sole gesture is an occasional movement of the right hand outward and away to the side. Even in making his strongest points he doesn't try to tear a cat. If his voice has been raised a little, it soon drops into its even, easy pitch. If he is making a speech of any length, he lays down his proposition, lawyer-fashion, considers his every argument from every side; advances, orderly and logically, from subject to subject. His English is plain, simple, excellent, without ornament, apparently instinctive, the immediate record of his thought. His sentences are complete and symmetrical.

He seldom speaks long. Somebody lends him five minutes or seven minutes of time. He can pack as much into those five or seven minutes as anybody in the House. He makes his point clear; illustrates or enforces it, perhaps, with a story that some old fellow in Mississippi who called him "John" has told him; turns the laugh against the Republicans, reads a bit of doggerel, effective for his purpose, and often his own composition. To tell the truth, if he had permitted his intellect to the manufacture of serious instead of comic verse he might have been as bad a poet as John Quincy Adams.

The House likes to be amused. It doesn't require the highest genius to amuse it. Every Congress, Parliament, or Convention likes to turn from its sober work and laugh like a pack of boys. Mr. Williams has an inexhaustible treasury of anecdotes for his private hours; and he uses them in the House only when they are better than any other weapon. He has a thorough comprehension of the mental state of the House. He understands the House and it understands him. He reads its mood instantly. He never bores it. Follow him through the pages of the *Congressional Record*, and you will see how constant and yet unobtrusive his leadership is, and with what variety of attack and defence he has proceeded. As a rule, he prefers quick, sharp work. He does not monopolise. He accepts one gratefully and eagerly. He has breathed into the Democrats of the House a spirit of discipline, of common intention, breaking down occasionally, it is true, but breaking down as to details rather than cardinal policies. Watchful as to all the business of the House, seldom missing a point; gracefully admitting mistakes when he makes them; appealing sometimes to his colleagues for information which, one cannot help suspecting, he already has; alternating from grave to gay, he has kept his party well in hand; and steadily, with every argument of solid statistics or chaffing banter, he has insisted upon tariff revision and reciprocity. The Democrats have only to look to the Sen-

ate Chamber to see what can be done in the way of discrediting and disuniting their party. In the House, thanks in part to a Representative's head being less sublime and impenetrable than a Senator's, thanks in no small part to the personal charm and force of John Sharp Williams, they have done much better work and are in a much better condition; and people are much better satisfied with them. "We are not idiots," Mr. Williams said last winter. Too wide an extension should not be given to a crank, which might be regarded as a paradox. Mr. Williams was speaking of the House only.

Mr. Williams is a frank, approachable man. He uses no buskins or stilts, surrounds himself with no mystery, puts on no airs. He has learned much and is learning more. In parliamentary law, for instance, he is inferior to Mr. De Armond, of Missouri, and perhaps to some other Democratic Representatives. But no other Democratic member has in the same degree that union of qualities that the post of minority leader demands. He is not and does not pretend to be "a great man." He is modest and he is rather lazy, as a "lawmaker" has the right to be. But there is something large, competent, adaptable about him. He has been in Congress only eleven years. He has been a "national figure" only a few months. There is no more promising, as there is no more amiable, man in Congress.

Edward M. Kingsbury.

STARTING A MAGAZINE.

G OING to start a magazine, eh? Monthly, weekly, quarterly, or annual? There is not a magazine man in the United States to-day who would hesitate to advise, "Don't do it!" The field is full. There are more magazines than people can read, and were it not for the advertising three-fourths of them would go into bankruptcy. Yet there are people who have a sort of ineradicable craze for printers' ink, and think they can make a fortune at any time by spreading a lot of it on white paper.

Two young men, chock full of origi-

nality, started a weekly magazine in New York fifteen years ago. One was a sub-editor on a metropolitan daily, with duties that kept him more or less busy from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. six nights a week. He had a salary of \$35 a week. His partner was a civil engineer with a literary leaning, who, having saved up \$3,500 through railroad and contract work, believed he could invest it in a magazine and make a great fortune, with some fame annexed.

After much discussion a name was decided upon—the *New York Gazette*. It sounded well. They did not know

that there had been other *New York Gazettes* in the course of a century and a quarter; it was sufficient to them to know that none existed at that particular moment. They paid an old engraver in Ann Street \$25 to make a wood-cut of the title, and then had it electrotyped and some impressions taken to see how it showed up. They thought it grand, and proceeded.

The next thing was to make terms with a printer in Chambers Street, who talked to them a long time and learnedly of ems and other things common among typos. Having agreed upon a price for composition, they found a press in William Street where the *Gazette* could be struck off and bound. The prices were higher than other magazines paid, but our editors were uninitiated and did not realize that the typesetter and the pressman might be in cahoot.

An office was rented in Nassau Street at \$300 a year, payable monthly in advance, and in it were installed two chairs, a desk, a big table, scissors, paste pot, brush, wrappers, pens, ink, pins, and other editorial paraphernalia. Contracts were made for so many reams of paper from a house in Beekman Street, with a sliding scale of prices, each increase of 100,000 copies in circulation to be met by a reduction of a fraction of a cent a pound.

It was decided to make the price of the *Gazette* 5 cents a single copy, \$2.50 a year—in advance; \$1.50 for six months; agents wanted everywhere! A printer's proof of the imprint was much liked: "NEW YORK GAZETTE. A Weekly Magazine of Stainless Fiction designed particularly for the family circle. THE GAZETTE is the only periodical in the world in which the interests of the subscribers are identical with those of the publishers. Send six cents in stamps for sample copy. Positively NO FREE LIST. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage."

An account was opened in the National Park Bank, a check-book was laid in, with bill-heads, letter-heads, receipt forms, etc., and everything was ready except the letter press. That was to be *aut scissors aut nullus*. A truck load of bound volumes of ancient magazines was bought at a junk shop in Ann Street,

and from the International News Company armfuls of English story papers were obtained.

Pigott, the engineer and capitalist, nominated himself business manager, office boy, "writer and paster," book-keeper, messenger, office cat, printer's devil and assistant editor. Patterson, the newspaper man, was duly appointed editor-in-chief. He continued his labours on the *Morning Trial* (a fictitious name), and contributed as much of his salary as he could spare to the general fund. He got out of bed every day at 10 o'clock and worked all the afternoon for the *Gazette*, selecting stories from the old magazines and British periodicals, rewriting them and dressing them up with a local flavour of contemporaneous human interest and with just enough of colour to escape the charge of being "yellow." At night, every minute he could steal from his desk was devoted to the *Gazette*. If copy was slack he would run down to the office of the weekly and do a little hurried editing.

In a week the dummy was ready for the printer and the forms were made up for the pressman. It was a critical moment. How many copies should they print? Question!

The business manager, Pigott, had spent many hours with Patrick Farrelly of the American News Company, and his assistant, Mr. Carr, and finally obtained an order for 8,000 copies of the *Gazette*, at two and one-half cents a copy. Eight thousand copies as a starter! The boys nearly danced for joy. They took a drink of cider and went to work like steam hoisting engines.

Pigott started out for advertisements, but didn't understand the business very well, so a man was hired. He turned out to be the "King of Green Goods Men," the celebrated Edward Bechtoldt, who used to be a bartender in the Astor House. There never was a cleverer fellow in the world, nor one so plausible or specious. He kept all the post-office inspectors on the run for ten years, and finally settled down in honest business. He lasted with the *Gazette* three days.

Then Pigott found just the right man, a one-armed preacher from New Jersey—tall, commanding, of fine presence and a way with him. He signed himself "A. Stryker." He was employed at a commission of 25 per cent. on all advertise-

ments, one-half to be paid on receipt of the ad. and the other when the bill was collected. Mr. Stryker was a gem. For the first copy of the *Gazette* he got no less than eight striking ads.—tooth tablets, complexion wafers, “good news to ladies,” hair vigour, electric corsets, “I cure corns,” “health, strength and energy,” and blood poison. They made two pages, and Stryker received cheques to the amount of \$120, or the half of his full commission. Some of the “ads.” were to run four weeks, some three months.

One appreciative advertising agent for great houses took the entire back page. There was no cover on the first three or four numbers. An insurance company took half of the first page. Things looked like a boom in Kansas in corn time. The baby was born full of clever fiction, skits, jokes, wit, philosophy, home chat, a couple of pages of fatherly editorials, and an “extraordinary announcement” by Editor Patterson to this effect:

THE MOST LIBERAL AND ATTRACTIVE OFFER EVER MADE.

The New York Gazette is the only periodical in which the interests of the subscribers are identical with those of the publishers.

The principal object of the publishers of THE GAZETTE is to encourage people of small means to become personally interested in the conduct of a weekly story paper. If a well-established paper is a gold mine, as a certain writer has remarked, there is no reason why capitalists should have all the nuggets.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

On the first day of every month in 1888, beginning February 1, THE GAZETTE will issue 500 PROFIT CERTIFICATES, each entitling the holder to *one year's subscription* and a *share of the profits* earned by the paper in the *six months* following the date of purchase.

Holders of these certificates become silent partners in the ownership of THE GAZETTE, and draw *three dividends*, one every two months. The certificates are provided with coupons, each of which is good for a proportional part of the bi-monthly dividend.

The price of one PROFIT CERTIFICATE is \$3 (*which includes one year's subscription*). Any person or club desiring six certificates may have them for \$15; but it must be understood that *not more than six* will be made out in the name of a *single subscriber*.

WHERE THE PROFITS COME FROM.

THREE-FOURTHS of the net profits on all copies of THE GAZETTE sold otherwise than by annual subscription direct to the office of the publishers are to be divided among the certificate holders.

THE GAZETTE is sold by news dealers throughout the Union. If the sale reaches 50,000 copies this would represent a net profit of at least \$600 A WEEK, or more than \$15,000 FOR SIX MONTHS. THREE-FOURTHS of this sum—\$11,250—is the property of the certificate holders, and will be divided among them according to the number of coupons presented by each.

Of course it is plain to every one that should the sales of THE GAZETTE reach 70,000 or 100,000 or 200,000—as it is extremely probable they will do—the sum to be divided among the certificate holders will be VASTLY INCREASED.

EVERY ONE DOING FOR HIMSELF.

Thus it will be to the interest of every certificate holder to do all he can to increase the sales of THE GAZETTE, as by expanding its circulation he *enlarges his own profits*.

The publishers of THE GAZETTE reserve the right to increase the monthly issue of certificates if in their judgment such a step seems advisable.

Scattered here and there through the magazine were such paragraphs as these:

“Just One Word to Parents: Buy a PROFIT CERTIFICATE for your son, explain its nature and let him begin his business career by drawing dividends. Price \$3.

“Buy a PROFIT CERTIFICATE for your daughter and let her make her own pin money out of the proceeds. Price \$3.

“The demand for the GAZETTE PROFIT CERTIFICATES is so large that persons wishing to avail themselves of our EXCEPTIONALLY LIBERAL offer would do well to send in their applications without delay. Our terms are cash! We cannot undertake to hold back certificates for anybody, as they belong virtually to our subscribers.”

Two pages were devoted “To Correspondents,” Editor Patterson answering the imaginary questions of unknown victims of initialism. This was regarded as a drawing card. Correspondents were warned: “Please to understand that no replies, under any circumstances, can be sent privately through the mails!”

On the front page was this conceit, appropriated from “Uncle Toby:”

If it pleases you, then we are happy;
If it does not, it is all our fault,
And you are much of a gentleman, sir.

The name *New York Gazette* was sent to the Librarian of Congress, with a dollar bill, and duly copyrighted. Nine thousand copies of the first number were issued, 8,000 for the American News Company and 1,000 for the mails, sample copies, etc.

Mr. Pearson was Postmaster, and an application was made to him for entry into the mails at the second-class rates of postage—one cent a pound. He asked for a list of subscribers. A list of subscribers!

"But we have only just started; we have no subscribers as yet," Business Manager Pigott informed him.

"The law is that you shall have such a list before you are entitled to the pound rate," firmly announced Mr. Pearson, who from that moment was regarded as the *Gazette's* bitter enemy.

"We will obtain a list of subscribers!" agreed the editor and Pigott. "The whole thing is a fake, anyway. There must be such things for sale. There must be some old broken-down magazine with a list which it will sell cheap."

There were advertisements in sundry "literary" periodicals of "subscription lists" for beginners; so the *Gazette's* proprietors bought one for \$50 and sent it to Mr. Pearson, who said that he would immediately communicate with Washington on the subject of entry. In the meantime, pending action, the *Gazette* was to be mailed at the one-cent-a-pound rate to "subscribers."

The American News Company sent its wagons for the 8,000 copies, and there was happiness in the office. Then the "writer and paster" set to work sending out the other 1,000 to "subscribers," and to such as it was hoped might be induced to become friends.

Editor Patterson proceeded with the second number, vol. i. Mr. A. Stryker brought in additional advertisements and got half of his commission in advance. The American News Company ordered 10,000 copies, a leap of 2,000 in one week!

"At that rate of increase we shall soon own an establishment to do all our composition, printing, binding, etc.," said the delighted young men. Everything in

sight was a rose except the "temporary" pound rate, and they were confident of having that thorn removed in a very short time.

The "Extraordinary Announcement" in the first number was practically repeated in the second, with embellishments and calls like this:

"Some things you get—By purchasing a profit certificate and aiding us to increase the sales of the GAZETTE:

"You acquire a personal interest in one of the best periodicals published.

"You draw a proportional share of the profits for six months.

"You draw three bi-monthly dividends.

"You get the GAZETTE free for one year.

"YOU GET NO CHROMOS!"

On the 23d page was:

"March Certificates (the first were for February): We have still on hand a few profit certificates of the March issue, drawing bi-monthly dividends for half a year from the first of next month. April Certificates will be ready on March 2. Price \$3; six for \$15. We cannot undertake to hold back these certificates for any one. First come first served."

This appeared on page 25:

"No Variety Store. We want all our readers to understand that the GAZETTE is not going to give away any job lot of gimcracks or gewgaws, or cheap chromos, in order to boom its circulation. The GAZETTE is a story paper, not a variety store."

Things went along swimmingly. Messrs. Farrelly & Carr, magnates of the A. N. Co., increased the order for the third number to 12,000 copies, another jump of 2,000. Editor Sanderson (or Patterson) thought seriously of resigning his place in the *Morning Trial* and devoting all his time to the *Gazette* but Manager Pigott counseled patience.

A young woman was hired to assist in folding and addressing single copies to "subscribers," and inquiry was made of the janitor touching the rent of an adjoining office. Nothing was heard from the Third Assistant Postmaster General, and Pigott made a trip to Washington to "punch him up." With the help of a United States Senator and three New York Congressmen he succeeded in bearding Mr. Harris in his den; but returned to the office of the *Gazette* without much satisfaction beyond having

given him a piece of his mind, and obtaining from him a promise to "look into the matter as soon as it came under his observation."

"We are trying to shut out all new publications," said Mr. Harris. "The mails are terribly overcrowded, and we would like to drop a few thousand worthless publications from the privileges of the pound rates."

On the way back to New York Pigott evolved one of the grandest schemes ever devised for increasing the circulation of a periodical, and the moment he reached the *Gazette* office it was set upon for execution.

Messrs. Farrelly & Carr ordered 14,000 copies of the fourth number, still another leap of 2,000. "We will have a handsome cover put on Vol. I., No. 4," said the boys. It was navy blue, printed in black, and quite the nobbiest thing of the kind that ever flourished on a newsstand. The new scheme was inserted in this number. This editorial announcement explains it:

THE MOST LIBERAL AND ATTRACTIVE OFFER EVER MADE.

The New York Gazette is the only periodical in which the interests of the subscribers are identical with those of the publishers.

In *The Gazette* of February we took especial pains to inform our friends that we did not keep a variety store, and that in subscribing for this magazine they would get no chromos. We meant that and we shall cling to it. But in speaking of chromos we said nothing offensive about landscapes, and we now beg leave to announce that a lucky stroke of fortune has enabled us to offer to the public at large one of the finest prospects in all the world.

This prospect is no less than a landscape in the Land of Flowers—not simply a painting of the land, but a genuine piece of the land itself. A complete description of it is published on pages 30 and 31. Read it.

In plain English, we are giving away to each subscriber a building lot in a new town in Northern Florida, situated only two miles from the famous De Funiak Springs—the Florida Chautauqua—and twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

It is the fashion now to have a winter home in Florida in order to get entirely away from such terrible blizzards as have recently swept over the land dealing death and destruction. And when homes are actually given away, we don't see how any person can conscientiously decline to take one.

To our knowledge there has never been made elsewhere an offer so liberal and attractive as this. We commend it to your careful consideration.

On page 30 a complete plot of the new city was published. The ground cost \$350 in cash, or 17 cents a lot, and actually was above water. It was figured out that each lot, delivered to the subscriber, would cost the publishers of the *Gazette* the sum of 25 cents. An arrangement was entered into with a Commissioner for the State of Florida in New York to sign the deeds for 8 cents each. Every legal necessity was complied with. Never was a more honest plan presented.

Page 31 was given over to a complete detailed description of the plan of "GIVING AWAY HOMES IN FLORIDA," 270 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico.

Here is the meat of the announcement:

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE HOMES.

A town lot in the heart of this enchanting region may be secured in the following simple manner:

Each person sending us the sum of \$2.50—the price of a single subscription—will receive the NEW YORK GAZETTE, post-paid, for one year, and in addition a DEED TO ONE TOWN LOT 30 BY 70 FEET.

Each person or club of two persons sending us \$5 will receive TWO COPIES of THE GAZETTE for one year and deeds to TWO ADJOINING TOWN LOTS.

Each person or club of three persons sending us \$7.50 will receive THREE COPIES of THE GAZETTE for one year and DEEDS TO THREE ADJOINING TOWN LOTS.

Each person or club of four persons sending us \$10 will receive FOUR COPIES of THE GAZETTE for one year, and DEEDS TO FOUR TOWN LOTS, INCLUDING ONE ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE CORNER LOT.

NOTICE.—This extraordinarily liberal offer is made in all fairness and honesty. We mean what we say—no more, no less. Necessarily, such unheard-of inducements to subscribers cannot be held out long, and we hereby warn everybody that the time for securing these free homes in Florida is limited. If you want a home beside the warm waters of the Gulf, you cannot afford to hesitate.

Send your subscriptions to the NEW YORK GAZETTE, 154 Nassau Street, New York, and the number of deeds you wish will be promptly forwarded.

[*Deeds will invariably be made out in the name of each individual subscriber, unless we receive special directions to the contrary.*]

"How many profit certificates have we sold, Pigott?" asked Sanderson.

"Not one. That scheme of yours is a rank failure, and we might as well confess it. Sometimes the fool public will fight shy of dividends and profits when they come too easy."

"Well, maybe your land swindle will fetch 'em in. Let's work it for all we're worth. Really, old man, it's the biggest card I ever heard of. Pity we can't have the idea patented. Every other magazine in the country will be giving away homes in some part of the land."

The land scheme "caught on" quickly, and subscriptions began to pour into the office of the *Gazette*. A man in Ohio wrote:

Gentlemen: Kindly put me down for two subscriptions and two lots. If you will name a street after me I will take 10 subscriptions and as many lots.

A woman in Indiana wrote:

Gentlemen of The Gazette: I see that you have not yet given a name to your new Florida city. If you will name the place for me I will take 100 subscriptions and 100 lots, and I think I could induce 1,000 persons to subscribe. My name is Ella Betts. Leave off the *s* and call it Ellabett, which is quite pretty, I think.

As fast as subscriptions came in deeds were mailed. Things began to hum. The next order from the American News Company was 16,000 copies. "Still bounding along!" cried the publishers.

Up to this time the news company had made no report of sales, and as the drain upon the resources of the publishers was continuous, a query was decided upon. Pigott had a long and pleasant chat with Messrs. Farrelly and Carr, who promised a statement forthwith. They had simply been waiting to hear from their most distant agents, some as far west as San Francisco. Those nearer home had been heard from already.

Singularly enough the Post Office Department kept quiet. Under the "temporary permit" the *Gazette* still flourished at pound rates. But—so long as the American News Company continued to increase orders, what was the use of worrying?

One Wednesday morning a truckman entered the office of the *Gazette*, took off his cap and drew from the lining a paper. "American News Company," was all he said.

"Too early," said Pigott, genially. "Our next number is out to-morrow. You are just a day ahead."

"I didn't come for anything; I've got a load of magazines for you on the truck outside."

"Magazines? For us? What are they?"

"Don't the paper tell?"

"Let's see. Oh, yes; it says returns. Returns of what? Not political returns, surely. We've nothing to do with the election. 'Returns, 22,435.' Must be some mistake."

"Better come take a look, Mister," grumbled the truckman.

"Of course. I want to look into the matter."

One of the biggest trucks he ever saw stood in front of the door, loaded to the guards with unsold copies of the *Gazette*. A crowd stood around. It was the worst moment of Pigott's life.

"Say, Mister, what shall I do with these things?"

"Why—er—take 'em into the office, of course. Use the elevator."

There were only two elevators, and one of them was occupied for three and a half hours carrying up the "RETURNS." Pigott did his best to look cheerful; he also did his utmost to hide. He kept repeating to himself—"Returns, 22,435."

At last they were all inside, and Pigott banged and locked the door as if he were trying to keep out the wrath to come. There were enormous lines and piles of them all over the office. He threw off his coat and set to work ranging them along the wall. He did not want Editor Sanderson to see them in so great stacks, and every bundle was packed into the smallest possible space against the wainscoting.

The door opened and in stepped Sanderson, jauntily, and with the air of a prince just come into a kingdom. Seeing Pigott all flushed and sweating, he said: "Working too hard, old man. Better let up. Why don't you make the printers ship those things directly over to the News Company instead of stacking them up here? It would save cart-

age, which is something. Fourteen thousand copies, eh? Do you know, Pigott, we have made wonderful progress? We haven't advertised at all. The thing has just pushed itself along by pure merit. I propose we put an ad. in the *Morning Trial*, or, better yet, in the weekly edition, which has a circulation of 250,000 copies. We'll streak it clean across the last page in two-inch letters—'Unparalleled Achievement; *New York Gazette*.' That's all. Being on the paper I can save us 20 per cent. on the advertising rates, which is something. What do you say?"

"All right! All right! Anything you say goes."

"You needn't be so snappish. I am asking advice."

"I agree. Let's advertise—let's do anything—something—everything."

"Why, Pigott, what's the matter? There's something wrong."

"The—the *returns*! RETURNS! RETURNS!"

"But, my dear fellow—"

"Returns—22,435!"

"Oh! I see. These things banked up against the wall are the unsold copies. Ah! I'm glad to get some accounting from the American News Company. They have been pretty slow. Now, let's do a little careful figuring. Nothing like knowing how we stand. We have sold to Messrs. Farrelly and Carr, all told, not counting the present issue of 16,000 copies, yet to be delivered, 44,000 copies of the *Gazette*. At 2½ cents a copy that means a neat sum of \$1,100 owing to us. The ads. amount to \$780, but they won't be due for a couple of months yet. How about the subscriptions, old man?"

"We have received only 34 so far."

"Better than none. That makes \$85. Every little helps. Now, we are to the good just \$1,965. What has the thing cost up to date?"

"Twenty-six hundred and forty dollars."

"That leaves us in debt just \$675. Great Jupiter! We are elected. It cost the ——— people \$230,000 before they saw daylight. We have the full noon-tide with us as soon as we send over the current issue of 16,000 copies. That will make \$400, leaving us only \$275 behind. We will make that up on the next issue. I assume you have received some new advertisements from Stryker."

"Four new ones, to run a quarter; \$324."

"How much have we paid Stryker altogether?"

"Half his commission—\$238."

"Then we owe him \$238."

"When the bills are paid."

"And these bills are due?"

"Some in a day or two—the rest at the end of the quarter, or three months; that is, next April 28th."

"And this is February 25th. Good enough. We are GOING TO MAKE THIS THE SUCCESS OF OUR LIVES."

"But you haven't deducted the RETURNS."

"Oh, no; I had forgotten. How many are there?"

"Exactly 22,435."

"Well, deduct them from 60,000 and that leaves the American News Company owing us for 37,565 copies, which at 2½ cents means \$931.12. My dear old man, I'm DELIGHTED! We're on top. We are ELECTED!"

The two went to Nash & Crook's and had a portion each of corned beef hash, with a poached egg on top. That was a *Gazette* luxury.

"I believe I'll resign to-morrow," suddenly ejaculated Editor Sanderson.

"What for?" asked Pigott.

"Well, we can make this thing go just twice as fast if I devote my entire time to it. No man can serve two masters."

"Better stay with the *Morning Trial* until we see daylight."

"We do see it. I'm perfectly satisfied with the prospects. We are the pioneers of five-cent weekly magazines. We are meeting a want, and a big one. With a little more publicity we shall have \$100,000 worth of advertising a year, all clean profit. I can name half a dozen monthly magazines that we'll ruin in short order."

They went back to the office of the *Gazette* and found in the letter-box the following communication:

Post Office, New York, N. Y.

First Division, Auditor's Office.

January 31, 1888.

Publishers New York Gazette, City:

SIR—I have to inform you that the Department has decided that the *New York Gazette* is not entitled to admission into the mails at the second-class rate of postage. It is ex-

cluded under sec. 332, page 140, P. L. & R., being regarded as a publication published at a nominal rate of subscription.

Very respectfully,
HENRY G. PEARSON.

"That kills us," said Pigott.

"It does NOT!" said Sanderson. "We'll go to Washington and fight it out. We have some influence. Of course we cannot continue to publish and pay eight cents a pound postage, or a cent a copy. Go to Washington to-night and see some of our friends."

Pigott had a long talk with Third Assistant Postmaster General Harris, without making a point. He then called upon "Sunset" Cox. Nothing doing, as they say in Deveryland. Cox was temporary Speaker of the House, and cared not to trouble himself about constituents. A United States Senator with a pull was seen; he could do nothing. That is, he WOULD do nothing more than give a perfunctory letter of introduction to the only Henry R. Harris, Third Assistant P.M.G. Harris sent Pigott to a Mr. Kelly, Kelly sent him to a Mr. Fontaine, and Fontaine said—"abandon hope."

Pigott wasted two weeks among the elect and the elected without gaining a point, and returned to the office of *The Gazette* with a long, blue face.

"We are undone," he reported to Editor Sanderson. "We have been killed by that idiotic land scheme of mine."

Sanderson let out an Indian war-whoop. "Oh, my profit certificate!" he yelled. "You have been landed by LAND."

"Don't make fun. This is serious business. We have \$356 in bank. The entire Government is against us. Did you ever hear of the Webster land swindle?"

"Assuredly not."

"Well, it is a recent thing. At the mouth of the Suwanee River, of which the divine Patti has sung so much, a lot of scoundrels sold many acres of land under several feet of water at low tide. People all over the country invested, believing, of course, they were buying up-land, and when the fraud was discovered there was much trouble. This became known far and wide as the Webster Land Swindle. It is fresh in the mind of the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Mr.

Henry R. Harris, and our purchase of land in Florida has led him to the conclusion that we are doing a Webster land business. If we had postponed the publication of our town-lot chromo scheme a week longer we would have been admitted to the mails at the pound rate. As it is, we are dead. Nobody can save us."

"Well, don't be down in the mouth. We still have the American News Company. That institution isn't afraid of a thousand Third Assistants to the P.M.G. It can use freight or express. It is not dependent on the mails."

There was a knock at the door.

"American News Company," said the truckman who entered.

Pigott gasped. Sanderson watched in silence as the man took from the lining of his cap a paper.

"RETURNS!" breathed Pigott.

"That's it," said the truckman, cheerily. He did not appreciate the tragedy of the situation. Nor did Sanderson for the moment.

"How—how many?" ventured the business manager—writer and paster.

His hand trembled as he glanced at the paper.

"What! Returns, 17,564!" He pulled himself together like a hero and said, calmly, "Bring 'em up."

He figured a little while on a note-head and whispered to Editor Sanderson: "That makes 39,999 unsold copies out of 60,000 published!"

Sanderson figured and replied: "Well, we aren't dead yet, old man. That leaves the American News Company owing us for 20,001 copies, which at 2 1-2 cents means net cash of \$500.02."

The postman leaves a letter from the American News Company, in which Mr. Carr says: "Gentlemen: Please let us have 3,000 copies of your next issue."

Pigott looks at Sanderson; Sanderson stares at Pigott.

"Well?"

Both said it. The drop of 13,000 in the order from the 16,000 of the current issue looked desperate.

"This is a knock down," said Pigott.

"Never say die. We'll pull through yet, see if we don't. They say a cat has nine lives."

"Not after it's dead. Our cat is dead."

They went out to a cheap table d'hôte and had a bite of something, which made them feel no better.

"We'll postpone the next issue," said Pigott, "until we have an understanding with the American News Company. Perhaps they will return every copy published. We must know if they have sold any. I shall go over and see."

The result was eminently unsatisfactory. The returns were coming in from all parts of the country; Messrs. Farrelly and Carr could offer no encouragement; they had put the magazine on news-stands all over the United States, and nobody seemed to care to buy it. They could not tell exactly when all the returns would be in; probably in three or four weeks from the date of the last issue. If the demand did not increase they would have to reduce their order from week to week.

"You must see the inevitable," Pigott informed Sanderson. "We are about out of money. We can't borrow any. We have no resources. We have sunk over \$3600, and haven't a thing to show for it. I tremble every time the door opens: There it is NOW. I'll wager it's more RETURNS!"

He was right. Another truck load, this time 15,220. They were piled six deep against the wall and as high as a man could reach. There was hardly room enough to turn around.

"This leaves the American News Company owing us for 4,781 copies," Pigott said slowly and solemnly. "That is, they owe us \$119. I expect to see more RETURNS before this tragedy-comedy is ended, that will put us in their debt. Then where will we stand?"

It was a sad and gloomy night. On the following morning Pigott said, bravely: "I'm going out to try to collect some money. There are several hundred dollars due us for advertising to-day. I wonder where Stryker is. I'd like to take him along. He hasn't been around in over a week. He used to drop in every day. I hope he isn't ill."

At five o'clock the partners met in the office of the *Gazette*. Sanderson read a chapter of disappointment in Pigott's face.

"No luck, old fel?"

"The worst imaginable. I have been to seven of our advertisers whose bills are due to-day."

"And they won't pay?"

"There are no such people in existence."

"WHAT!"

"We have been swindled by as shrewd a scoundrel as ever lived. The 'ads' we published are fakes. There are no individuals or firms to be found at the addresses given."

"Can this be possible?"

"It not only CAN be; it is. There is not a bona fide advertisement in the magazine besides the three I got myself. Stryker disappeared at the right moment. He has filled up three or four pages with bogus stuff and drawn \$238 in commissions. I shall try to find the villain and send him up for ten years. This is the last straw. The camel's back is broken. I move we quit."

"Looks perfectly black, doesn't it?"

"That blackguard keeps on hand a stock of old cuts which he works off on such idiots as we are—too green to live in a city. We are a couple of clodhoppers. We ought to be chained to a pair of brogans and sucker corn for a living. We are broke now for fair."

"What shall we do?"

"Liquidate at once. Throw up the lease of this room immediately. Notify the agent. Sell our RETURNS—bless 'em!—for old junk. There's a firm in Ann Street that gives one-quarter of a cent a pound. We must have a million pounds—judging by the looks of things. I shall proceed to refund every dollar we have received in subscriptions and for land lots; and I shall pay the American News Company its bill in full. That will leave me about enough to leave New York on, and I'm going straight West. The game is up. It's a deuced good thing you didn't give up your job on the *Morning Trial*. You won't starve to death, at any rate.

"We have had some experience," Pigott added, trying to smile. "I hope it will not be lost on us. In a year or two we will see the woods full of little five-cent weekly magazines, all making fortunes; and we can look back and say—'We blazed the way!'"

In a week all that was mortal of the *New York Gazette* was a handful of profit certificates and a piece of land in Western Florida. Every account was honorably settled. Pigott is now a rich

railroad man in Texas. Sanderson is an author of note. Once a year he rakes up old scores by mailing a small bit of brown-inked paper, covered with scroll work, to Pigott, and on the accompanying piece of note paper says: "My dear Pigott: Buy a profit certificate for your

son and let him begin by drawing dividends!"

And Pigott will reply: "My dear Sanderson: How many lots will you take if I'll name the town after you? What are the latest RETURNS?"

Victor Smith.

THE BOOK OF NUMBERS.

A SPRING POEM.

Many a number is noble; and many a number is praised;
Few are the numbers reflecting no glory, deprived of all fame.

Three are the elements; three are the Graces; and three are the Fates.
Four are the seasons; and five are the points of the glittering stars.
Six are the days of creation—and seven the days of the week,
Seven the worthies of legend, and seven the sleepers who slept.
Eight is a double quartet—also eight are the cards of one suit
Used in the games we call euchre, écarté, and Gallic piquet.
Nine are the Muses eternal; and nine are the lives of the cat;
Nine are the souls of the tailors, who make up the soul of a man;
Nine are the boys who play baseball; and nine are points of the law.

Many a number is noble, and many a number is praised:—
Only one number is cherished, and pampered, and flattered, and fed.
This is the greatest of numbers, and yet 'tis the least of them all.
One is this number, the mightiest. Every man thinks of himself.
Selfish we are for the most part, and greedy, and passably vain.

Yet in the spring-time, when birds are beginning to mate and to nest,
One is no longer the number we cherish, and flatter, and praise.
Two is the number then. Two is then company; three is a crowd.
Three though the Graces are, also the elements, three is a crowd.
Seeking for sympathy, two is the number we wish for and want.
One is but loneliness then in a wilderness. One would be two.

Many a number is noble; and many a number is praised;
Few are the numbers reflecting no glory, deprived of all fame.
One is the number we flatter—but two is the number we need.

Arthur Penn.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.*

NO matter what opinion one may entertain concerning Mr. Roosevelt, either as a man or as a statesman, there is no doubt that his personality is extremely interesting to all of us, especially at the present time. The comparison which has been so often made between the American President and the German Kaiser is a very apt one after certain allowances have been made. Both men are impulsive, impatient of restraint, self-conscious, aggressive, and patriotic. Both are egoists in no bad sense of the word. Both are sincere and at the same time intolerant; and because they both have the defects of their qualities, they excite in many minds an indescribable feeling of irritation. The main difference between them is that the German Kaiser is essentially a genius while Mr. Roosevelt is not. Even his personal friend, Mr. Leupp, makes no such claim for him. In the first chapter of this very interesting book occurs the following statement, which is the frank expression of an unusually sane judgment:

President Roosevelt is not a genius. He is a man of no extraordinary natural capacity. As author, lawmaker, administrator, huntsman, athlete, soldier, what you will, his record contains nothing that might not have been accomplished by any man of sound physique and good intelligence. Such prestige as he enjoys above his fellows he has acquired partly by hard work and partly by using his mother-wit in his choice of tasks and his method of tackling them. He has simply taken up and completed what others have dropped in discouragement, sought better ways of doing what others have done before, labored always in the open, and remembered that the world moves.

And in another passage, Mr. Leupp records another opinion which is no less candid:

*The Man Roosevelt. By Francis E. Leupp. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen. By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated, New York: The Outlook Company.

Mr. Roosevelt fairly lives in an atmosphere of superlatives. He will speak of a "perfectly good man with a perfectly honest motive," where all that he intends to say is that the man is well-meaning. He is "delighted" where most of us are pleased. The latest visitor is "just the very man I wanted to see," and "nothing I have heard in a long time has interested me so much" as the passing bit of information.

It is such remarks as these that induce the reader to accept Mr. Leupp's general estimate of the President as being absolutely fair. He does indeed write with rare discretion and discrimination, eschewing all extravagance of eulogy and illustrating all his judgments by the citation of interesting and well-authenticated facts. Few persons have had so good an opportunity of studying Mr. Roosevelt as a public man at such close range; and it is a real tribute to the President that he has inspired in the author of this book so warm and so sincere a friendship. The note of intimacy and the personal touch are everywhere in evidence, and they give to these pages a vitality and a fascination which justify the very wide popularity which the volume has received.

It ought always to be remembered, however, that it is a book by one friend about another, and that there are certain reservations and omissions in it which would not be found in the work of an author who was less hampered by personal considerations. We do not mean by this that Mr. Leupp has intended to mislead his readers; but only that he has desired to present his subject in the most favourable light. For this reason, he has, for example, dealt very charily with Mr. Roosevelt's unprecedented promotion of General Leonard Wood, and has skated rapidly over some very thin ice in his treatment of the President's attitude towards the Addicks scandal in Delaware. His pages on the Booker Washington dinner and the President's negrophilism constitute a piece of special pleading. All the same, the human interest of the whole study is very great;

and if the Republican managers are well advised, they will circulate Mr. Leupp's book as a campaign document in the event of the President's nomination, which may be accepted as a moral certainty. Thousands of readers will be convinced by it of Mr. Roosevelt's ideal fitness for the presidency; for they will accept the picture of him given here as being not only interesting and picturesque but as drawn with an impartial hand.

Turning to the book by Mr. Riis, we find in it almost a justification of the charge that is sometimes made against Americans to the effect that they have no sense of humour. It is absolutely certain that Mr. Riis can have none, or if he has, that he kept it in abeyance while turning out so fatuous a piece of writing. The *Evening Post* of this city has cleverly suggested that the book ought to be entitled *Teddy: by Jake*, and the suggestion does, in fact, serve as a complete commentary and criticism. Mr. Riis's subject is surely not the President of the United States. It is just Teddy, *tout court*—at least wherever it is not Jake. For this reason it would have been sure of a warmer welcome had it appeared about a year and a half ago when strenuous Teddyism was for the moment popular. At the present time it is rather *mal à propos*. The country has become rather weary of Teddyism pure and simple, and is experiencing a reaction in favour of dignity, decorum, and self-control as among the more essential qualities for the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Tree-chopping, bronco-busting, domestic naval reviews for the amusement of the children, unlimited talk about "weaklings" and "my regiment," are just a little out of fashion now. The President and his immediate advisers appear to have recognised this fact, but not so Mr. Riis, who got up steam some time ago and is now tearing along at high pressure, utterly regardless.

The book is a curious *olla* about equally divided in space between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Riis—*seu 'Jake' libentius audit*. In fact, one of the most attractive passages in it refers to a visit which the latter gentleman once made to Chicago where he met one of the local statesmen who wished to do him honour. After "opening wine" for his respected guest, he spoke confidentially in Mr. Riis's ear

as follows—giving him thereby the freedom of the city:

"B'y, the town is yours! Take it in. Go where ye like; do with it what ye like. And if ye run up against trouble—ye know, the b'ys will have their little scrap with the police—come to me for bail—any crime! any crime!"

One mystery has been cleared up by these pages and that is the authorship of the remarkable article on Mr. Roosevelt which appeared in the *Review of Reviews* in October, 1900. That whole article was a gem, a rare and wonderful manifestation of a soul without a spark of humour. Perhaps our readers may recall the climax of that article, since we referred to it at the time. This climax is contained in three sentences which we venture to reprint.

One evening at Philadelphia, in June, 1900, when his rooms were crowded with powerful men discussing whether or not his impending nomination for the Vice-Presidency was wise, and while an immense body of cheering paraders crowded the street below, Theodore Roosevelt sat in an inner room, alone, absorbed in reading Thucydides. He was resting.

We are now able to inform the world on the authority of Mr. Riis that the author of this awesome, hushful, and almost too sacred revelation, is Dr. Albert Shaw. The mention of it has evidently put Mr. Riis to his trumps, for he has himself produced something which we hesitate to rank below that other masterpiece. It relates to the time when Mr. Roosevelt was a Police Commissioner in New York. Listen to the *voix émue* of Mr. Riis:

I remember once when I got excited—over some outrage perpetrated upon American missions or students in Turkey, I think. It was in the old days in Mulberry Street, and I wanted to know if our ships could not run the Dardanelles and beard the Turk in his capital.

"Ah," put in Colonel Grant, who was in the Police Board, "but those forts have guns."

"Guns!" said Roosevelt; nothing more. It is impossible to describe the emphasis he put upon the word. But in it I seemed to hear Decatur at Tripoli, Farragut at Mobile. "Guns!"

We think that any comment of ours would grate upon the reader's feelings. He must be left to enjoy so delicious a morsel as this in reverent silence.

SOME RECENT LANDSCAPES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.

IN TWO PARTS

PART I.

“YOUR picture,” wrote a friend to Constable after visiting an exhibit of contemporary paintings, “is most pleasing when you are directed to look at it; but you must be taken to it. It does not solicit attention; and this I think true of all your pictures, and the real cause of your want of popularity.”

But it was precisely against the taste of his day, for the panoramic, the stupendous, and the spectacular in landscape painting that the influence of Constable was directed. In justifying the quiet appeal of his canvases he was fond of quoting that wonderful bit from the Book of Kings: “And a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire *a still small voice.*”

A glance at the reproductions accompanying this article is sufficient to show that our artists no longer seek for the source of their inspiration in the great and mighty places, in uproar and tempestuousness. Their senses are exquisitely attuned to that which another age passed heedlessly by. No longer do they offer to Nature a distant adoration in her dressy moments only, when she is attired in all the pomp of high peaks, wide vistas, awful ravines, and grim caverns. To-day they take her to their heart with all the *sans-gêne* of a life companion, and with all the intimacy, all the comradeship that follows, there is a fervour, a passion, and a thrill that never was approached in the days of formal homage. What is not so apparent, however, in the translation into the less expressive medium of black and white is that we have gone far beyond the mere copy of Nature; that we have reached the art ideal

of Diderot, who said that “Beautiful landscapes teach us to know Nature, as a clever portraitist teaches us to know the face of a friend.” They do more—to use Constable’s phrase—than “make painful studies of individual articles, leaves, rocks, stones, etc.” They have arrived at “interpreting the look of Nature altogether under its various changes.” They have penetrated even further than that—they paint not only “the look of Nature,” but the appeal of Nature, the lyric touch of her presence on the modern soul. “No longer,” we are told, “is the subject of a picture the mere natural objects portrayed, but the beauty perceived by the artist.” And to reveal this beauty means that our artists must be much more than photographers with the accessory of paint. The mere title of their pictures means less and less. No longer is it a literary handle sending the gallery visitor flying to a dictionary of classical allusion: it but gives the key of the picture as the symphonies of the old masters were given us,—no more. It is not a programme painting, it needs no learning, no reading, unless it be reading in the book of Nature. And it needs perhaps even less than that,—only a temperament that can respond to Nature, awaiting as a silent string the touch to set it into vibration. Some of us are already in tune, at our hearts, just as in the depths of some rare Cremona, lie the harmonies that have thrilled us. Some of us are as Browning put it:

“made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we
have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.”

The fact that these paintings are of things we have all passed a hundred times, is immensely significant. It means that the landscape painters of America are painting American landscapes. It means that they went to the stiff little rows of poplars, to the white-capped

washerwomen on the banks of the Seine, to the sluggish canals and wide-spreading windmills to master their medium, and that the mastery once obtained they were wise enough to turn their tools on the work that lay to hand. The walls of our galleries give us to-day the wide stretches of Catskill tablelands, the quiet of Maine woods, the tangle of Pennsylvania mountain country, the orchards and barns of Connecticut, the rocky coast of Massachusetts, the irregular inlets of Long Island. And how much better can a man paint the Nature that runs in his blood, the scenes that have entered into the very fibres of his being, the love for which has been handed down from generation to generation. We are not half grateful enough to our painters for giving us American landscapes. For no matter how much an art may owe to the tradition and inspiration of another people, it will never reach greatness until it has swung itself free and achieves a national expression.

And these men that are painting our landscape are true lovers of Nature. They have really planted themselves in the soil: Winter only finds them at their studios in the city, for six and eight and in some cases nine months of the year, they live as close as possible to mother earth. They are buying up farms, building cabins in the woods, discovering new charms: pioneers of a new day, they are conquering with palette and brush as those of other days with axe and plough. They are sincere, honest men, who love life in the open. And because they have "their heart's country for a dwelling" gladly they take small material gain, for they have rewards unknown, undreamed of by those who know only the reward that jingles in the pocket.

Emerson, whose message means so much to us because of the quality in it of our native granite, tells us how Nature rewarded him for his faithfulness:

"Because I was content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish
streams,
And found a home in haunts which others
scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state."

And so the *Muse* of American Nature has well repaid the faithfulness of her servants. There can be no doubt of the

gain in vigour, in importance to us, and is there not also a gain felt in the freedom and grace of the American landscape? There is a peculiar virginal quality in it which comes perhaps of its having escaped the attempt of the eighteenth century to "put all Nature into curl-papers." But we must be careful not to confuse this quality of less measured restraint with that of grandeur or wild sublimity; the time has quite gone by when, in order to be countenanced at all, a landscape painting had to be a strange, turgid jumble of Classic and Chaos.

Painting had to live through that phase, and fight for its right to take as its subject a simple bit of rolling grass with the sunlight playing over it, or some tiny pond quietly baring its bosom to the blue, just as poetry had to fight for its right to sing of quiet dells instead of icy crags, of simple yeomen instead of mighty warriors or moody exiles. And together with the intimate note of our landscape art, its nearness to us of America, it possesses an additional significance and power in its direct appeal to an emotion that not only is felt to-day, but felt with an intensity never before approached. This passion for Nature—perhaps born of its very contrast to the lives most of us are leading, born of hurry and noise, and worn nerves and overburdened shoulders and overstrained brains—we touch it on every side. It lies behind the rush from the cities for breathing times; it lies behind country clubs, and the little white balls rolling over red-flagged meadows, behind the outdoor sports, even behind the puffing, ponderous monster, horror of country roads; behind the crowding of the parks by the plain people, no longer waiting for spring and summer, finding a zest for all seasons; behind the study of Nature in the schools, behind the hundreds of Nature books pouring from the presses,—some of them mere catalogues, skeletons of books, others seizing the charm of Nature with the flash of genius. It colours prose and poetry alike, it gives a new importance to everything out of doors, not alone leaf and tree and flower and sky, but it interprets for us the very moods of the beasts of the forest, the insects of the fields, the birds above and the fish below. It is all summed up by William Morris: "All other moods have been exhausted," says

he, "save the new spirit of the new day's delight in the life of the world—the *intense love of the very skin and surface of the earth.*"

Now this new delight of the new day gives a splendid support and promise to the new art of landscape painting—for compared to other forms of painting it is new. It gives to it the power to speak

directly to the people. It makes of it an art which has nothing of the esoteric in it, and also nothing of the artificial stimulation that is certain to come with the resurrection of a dead art-form that meant more to an age that is gone than it possibly can to this. However, it may be that history repeats itself, it is certain that emotion does not. A repeated



PASTURE LAND BY MOONLIGHT.
H. W. Ranger.

emotion runs always the danger of becoming an attenuated one.* For instance, the mandates of a wise and powerful Pope may do much to dignify the choral service of the church; yet does anyone dream that it can mean to this age what it meant to an age that knew no other form of musical expression? A people once lived for whom the Gregorian chant satisfied every aspiration, every passion that sought for expression in music. Its modification, its problems and its beauties were all-sufficient to enthrall two centuries of composers. It means to most of us to-day an escape from the hysteria and over-statement of much of our modern music.

In landscape painting we have an art that has the power to stir our pulses, and,

* That is the source of the modern music lover's dislike of the Da Capos so frequently employed by the composers of a less intense age.

besides this incomparable advantage, it is equipped with an adequate instrument of expression, a technique that is mastered sufficiently not to obtrude itself. Therefore, we of to-day may feel ourselves very fortunate: a perfected technique—even an adequate technique—coupled in one art with a living inspiration, is vouchsafed to any people but seldom: seldom enough to make it when it does come as “a pearl of great price.”

And now to look about us a bit:

Dessar's “Red Oak” is a strong piece of work, full of the character of the tree. The sheep are handled with an exquisite feeling of subordination. They tone in with the picture as do the grey stones that lie about the pasture. They graze quietly, accurately yet loosely painted. It is a picture that grows as one knows it. There is another painting in his studio, not quite finished when I saw it, with the great, patient oxen draw-



DAHLIA, SALVIA, PETUNIA.

By R. W. Vonnoh.



RED OAK.
By L. P. Dessar.



FROSTY DAWN; THE SETTING MOON.
R. W. Vonnoh.

SUMMER MORNING.
Charles H. Davis.



ing the huge tree-laden sled along the woods—a note that one has grown fond of in the work of Dessar almost to the point of looking for it. There is an elemental breadth in this canvas, a large look on labour, the glory of work in the open. Particularly fine is the bit of sky above the woods, the cold, pale gleam of “the frozen twilight.”

In Coffin’s small upright, called “Jenner Hill,” one feels the slow “unflushing of the sky behind us,” while the moon

charm can be felt in the copy of it before us.

His “Pasture Land by Moonlight” is interesting even in the black and white, but loses cruelly its soft, night colour, its moonlight glow, which made it a favourite of all who visited the recent exhibit of his works.

Mr. Vonnoh’s “Dahlia, Salvia, Petunia” escapes from the atmosphere of out-of-door still life which is rightly counted as something different from a



FLYING POINT.
H. W. Ranger.

floats quietly in the grey blue heavens with as yet scarcely more light in it than Sill’s “ghost that last night was the moon.” The ground is rough where the harvesting has taken place and the glow of the west as in Keats’s lines:

“Touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue.”

In “Flying Point,” by Ranger, there is the classical feeling—the dark foreground of trees handled in very much the old English manner, with the open space of light and colour. It is a restful picture, and a great deal of its poetic

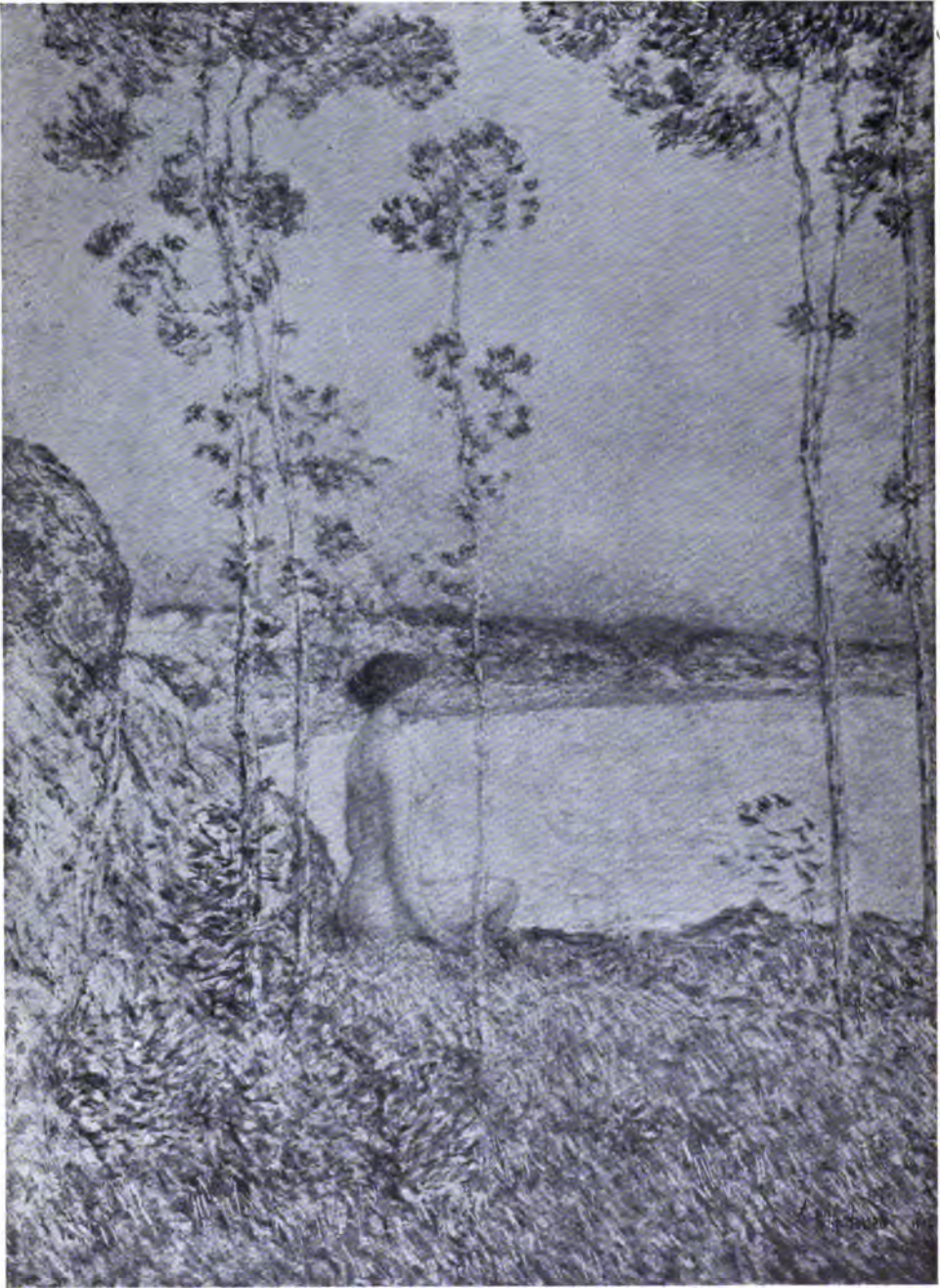
true landscape, by its orchard sloping up to a grey sky. One peeps over the top and imagines all sorts of things just beyond. The detail of the foreground, coupled with the power to carry the eye into and beyond the background makes it an interesting composition. And how John Burroughs would delight to see the diary of the seasons so accurately reported by each flower and leaf! The first touch of autumn is in the reddening sumach beyond the orchard and in the iris leaves bare of blossoms. There is a wonderful harmony notwithstanding



SUMMER BREEZE.
By Charles H. Davis.



THE ROAD TO THE WEST.
By Charles H. Davis.



MOONRISE AT SUNSET.
By Childe Hassam.

all the riot of colour in this old-fashioned flower garden—a garden reminding us of Milton's

"Flowers * * * which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and
plain

* * * * *

for Nature here
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth at will more
sweet,
Wild above rule or art."

His "Frosty Dawn: the Setting Moon"
is full of the sense of Shelley's

"The widening morn."

The moon pale from its night's exertion
sinks softly behind the great chestnut. It
expresses perfectly those lines from
Thomson:

"The cool, the fragrant and the silent hour."

The more exquisite, the more delicate
the colour of a painting the more it seems
to approach positive brutality to attempt
a black and white reproduction. To look
at Hassam's canvas called "Moonrise at
Sunset," is to think of Christina Rossetti's

"The paling roses of a cloud,"

so evanescent seems the rosy light in
which the picture is bathed. One draws
one's breath in fear that the picture will
vanish even as vanished the beauty of the
hour it celebrates. The hour when even-
ing's "misty tide

goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves."

The wild rapture of sunset has passed
and the eastern sky is just infused with
the faintest echo of a rosy glow. The
moon is like a delicate rose petal in the
sky; while the water reflects the lovely
coolness of the zenith. The little figure
seated at the edge of the water is painted
with the landscape feeling,—a lovely
surface to reflect the rosy light. She is
there as a frank pagan, to tell no story,
unless it be that on her spirit

"lies the silence of the earth and sky."

To many men, many charms. The pe-
culiar charm of J. Francis Murphy is

"the touch that bids the sense good bye,
Lifting the spirit at a bound
beyond the frontiers of the eye."

The key of Murphy's canvases is apt
to be a minor one. He is fond of paint-
ing the autumn where

"Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine."

His painting represents* "Indian Sum-
mer," the time of

"sacrament of summer days,"
the "last communion in the haze"—
when "softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf."

His lovely pictures touch our heart
with a touch as delicate, as elusive as the
wonderful blue hazes clinging to the out-
skirts of his woods. No one better than
he knows how to paint

"The frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills."

And yet there is no cynicism in the
sadness, no gloomy brooding; one feels
its finer beauty could be captured thus
only by one who felt the joy of it all as
well as its pain. How far Keats's insight
carried him when he wrote in his "Ode
to Melancholy"

"Though seen of none save him whose strenu-
ous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might."

The copy of Charles H. Davis's "Road
to the West" can only hint of its beauty.
It is considered by the artist his most
mature work. The road itself, with its
homely "thank-ye-marms," may not ap-
peal to everyone, but there can be no
doubt of the charm of the shadowed
trees on the knoll, and all will feel the
beauty of the sky in its last pearly glim-
mer just before "Eve lets down her veil."
Where the road melts into the distance

"the thin blue smoke lifts lingeringly."

I should have preferred to reproduce
the artist's "Spring's Awakening," also
shown in the recent exhibit of his works.
But the more subtle the appeal, the less
it can be caught by anything less than
the hand of the painter. In that picture
the eye and heart are carried far. It
bears "the comfort of wide fields to tired
eyes." The slender tree-tops are touched
with the first tender reddening of the

early spring—an exquisite note less often given us than the fresh green of May. He has caught perfectly the spirit of Clinton Scollard's

"There springeth a fire at the root of
growing things;
There stirreth desire at the heart that
awakes and sings."

His "Summer Breeze" fares well in the black and white; it is full of motion, in the great, grey, rain-bellied clouds that sweep across the sky, and in the fitful shadows thrown on the grass. The great, sturdy tree suffers its leaves to turn pale before the breeze, and the two slender

(*To be Concluded.*)

young ones bow gracefully before it. A large part of his work has the note of joy and accomplishment in it. It is his conviction that the expression of joy is the greatest expression in art, provided that it be not simply an unthinking joy. It must have at its heart knowledge and experience, even sorrow, to reach the perfect joy of understanding. His work may be viewed in this light as the antithesis of that of J. Francis Murphy, who, as I said above, expresses the sorrow of him who has tasted joy. Davis expresses the joy of him who has tasted sorrow.

RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE.*

WE have before us some fifty or sixty volumes of miscellaneous verse, and the very fact that so much verse has lately been written and published is undoubtedly significant. But of just what it is significant we confess that we do not know. Perhaps it proves that Mr. Oscar Lovell Triggs is wrong and that the soul of the people, even in these material days, still turns to the sacred fount of poetry for refreshment and inspiration. Perhaps, on the other hand, it merely proves that many publishers are good-natured and are willing to take a gambler's chance in literary ventures which after all do not involve more than a moderate risk. Whatever be the explanation, the pile of poetry books which confronts us must be accepted as an impressive concrete fact. We should like to be able to review every one of them; but this is

manifestly quite impossible, and therefore we shall select a few as collectively representing all the rest, though we may, in the course of the next few months, find space to speak of others.

The volume by Professor Woodberry contains all the verse that he has ever written, with a single exception, and therefore as he says, "represents the passing of many years." Mr. Woodberry views poetry, as indeed he views every form of literary effort, with a seriousness which is markedly sincere. In his brief preface he speaks of the art of poetry as "the chief grace of the intellectual life," and into his own lines he has infused his deepest feeling and most elevated thought. We need not consider these poems in detail, since to Mr. Woodberry's admirers they are not wholly new. We merely note the appearance of this volume because it contains all the poems which have heretofore been scattered and not easily accessible. They are instinct with the love of nature and also with the love of country and they show at times an exceptional felicity of expression. Our only regret is that in a collection of poems, which is meant to be one for permanent preservation, Mr. Woodberry should have included one or two occasional efforts that are necessarily of limited and ephemeral interest. Even the best occasional poetry, unless it be written in honour of some great national event, is seldom worthy of preservation.

*Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*Poems. By Josephine Daskam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Eastward Road. By Jeannette Bliss Gillespy. New York: James Pott & Co.

*Cosmos. By Ernest McGaffey. Wausau, Wis.: The Philosopher Press.

*April Twilights. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

*Kings and Queens. By Florence Wilkinson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

*Footprints on the Sand of Time. By Mary S. Baker. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Most of it should be allowed to die with the memory of the incident which called it forth. We therefore think it unfortunate that such a poem as "To 1903, Columbia," should have been preserved within these covers. The following stanzas from it we venture to select without making any specific criticism upon them, because that, we think, would be superfluous, and simply as an illustration of how ill-advised a thing it is to perpetuate this sort of verse:

"I taught you the ways of life, as poets teach;
Scott, Shelley, Tennyson you heard me preach;
Yet most through my own heart to your hearts I reach.

I taught you Shakespeare next, the infinite brain,—
Romeo, Hamlet, Lear,—our life of pain;
And by my art I turned this woe to gain.

I taught you Plato in his masterhood,
Who, loving beauty, found thereby the good;
Yet in myself nearer to you I stood;

And more received, giving my brain and heart
From whose exhausted springs new fountains start,
Because you made your lives of mine a part."

"Not unto me be praise; the praise not mine;
Praise ye the poets dead, and power divine
Whence they had strength; pray God their strength be thine!"

And the following stanza descends to the frankly *banal*:

"O, why recall what was to me most dear,
The Crown, where duly, year by shining year,
The best Americans received our cheer?"

It will be noted even in these quotations that Mr. Woodberry shows a fondness for a metrical freedom which leaps over the strict limitation of the conventional prosody of English. One who writes a good deal of lyrical poetry is apt to cultivate this tendency even to the point of making what can only be described as *vers libres*. Tennyson did

this in his later years; yet even in the hands of that great master of rhythm and cadence the irregular line is often disquieting. It gives the reader unnecessary shocks, and sometimes compels him to go back and begin again precisely like one who has miscalculated his distance in a running leap. The *vers libre* in French is pardonable enough; because the conventional French prosody is so rigid as to justify a natural reaction. But not so in English, where there is surely sufficient freedom to allow the expression of every emotion and of the boldest impetuosity without breaking the back of our whole metrical system. Of course, if in English one writes nothing but *vers libres* and boldly flings away all restraint whatever, the thing is quite admissible and may be even very fine; but to interject a lawlessly irregular line in a normal series is almost an impertinence. The best illustration of this may be found by comparing Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, written in perfect accord with the metrical traditions of our poetry, with *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. The first poem is exquisite in every line, perfect in its cadences, and sweeping on with a strength that loses nothing because every golden syllable falls into its perfect place without a single jarring movement. The latter, fine though it be in parts, in other parts jolts and quakes like a tumbril driven over cobblestones.

We have never been able to admire without some reservation Miss Josephine Daskam's prose stories. She is almost always clever, but she is also seldom free from the incompleteness of the literary amateur. One feels that perhaps had she been more severely criticised for her defects and not quite so violently over-praised for her merits, her prose would by this time have come to show the precision and sureness of the practised professional writer. From the very first, however, her poems have, in their own sphere, been above criticism. Their finish, their literary technique, are perfect in their way, and Miss Daskam not only says precisely what she wants to say but she says it as she means to say it, with perfect command over her modes of expression. When she finishes a prose story we can imagine her as being conscious that she might have done much better; but each of her poems must have been sent to the press with a feeling that

it was exactly what she wished to make it. In this little volume are contained all that she has published heretofore—the exquisite poems for children and those other poems which have charmed her readers of every age. The one entitled “Motherhood” stands by right of superiority on the first page of the book, just as it holds, we are sure, the first place in the admiration of Miss Daskam’s readers.

Superior, however, to Miss Daskam is Miss Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, who attempts no sustained flights but whose every poem rings clear as a bell and has a fineness about it which is very rare even in much more pretentious verse. We can best do her justice by a few short quotations from her modest little book which contains only some seventy pages in all. Here is one which is printed without any title but which may be called “Success:”

“O clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?”—

Gravely she answered: “I am called Success.”

The house, the lineage, whence thy beauty came?”—

“Failure my sire; my mother, Weariness.”

And here is another called “Sophistication:”

“I took the fruit that makes me lord
Of good and evil. In a trice,
At gate of every Paradise,
Stands Knowledge with a flaming sword.”

Best of all is the following perfect sonnet:

“Pray that I may not love thee, best-beloved!

Make thou for me the prayer I cannot pray,

That I may go upon my silent way
With heart unshaken and with brow unmoved.

Pray for thyself, that thou mayest not be proved

By pain of love or bend thee to its sway;
Pray that thou love me not, lest thou for aye

Renounce the peace of them that have not loved.

For love is fine and keen and fierce as fire,
Passionate, leaping, beautiful as flame—

A moment’s ecstasy, a lifetime’s scars;

Leave then to me the anguish of desire,

The longing and unrest beyond a name—

Choose thou the splendid glory of the stars!”

There is more true poetic feeling, more *Geist*, revealed in this little book of Miss Gillespy’s than we have found in any other of the volumes which are piled before us.

Mr. Ernest McGaffey’s *Cosmos* recalls in its vigour and manliness some of the best of his earlier verses. The poem is a poetical survey of creation from primeval chaos to the millennial supremacy of Truth and Justice and Love as the guiding influences of human life. Miss Florence Wilkinson, in *Kings and Queens*, gives us some child verses that are very pretty, and others the like of which any rhymster could turn out by the yard while half asleep. To this last category belongs the following stanza. It refers to a certain small black dog:

“He has pop eyes that stick right out

And legs too far apart,

But little ‘Lizabeth M. Penny

Loves him with all her heart.”

Miss Willa Cather writes very well indeed, as may be seen from the following lines, entitled “Prairie Dawn:”

“A crimson fire that vanquishes the stars;
A pungent odor from the dusty sage;
A sudden stirring of the huddled herds;
A breaking of the distant table-lands
Through purple mists ascending, and the flare

Of water ditches silver in the light;

A swift, bright lance hurled low across the world;

A sudden sickness for the hills of home.”

In the next poem, however, she begins with this line:

“Can’st thou conjure a vanished morn of spring.”

It is obvious that Miss Cather has confounded the pronunciation of “conjure” in one sense with the pronunciation which it bears when used in quite another. Also we might suggest that when writing about the mills of Montmartre it is scarcely necessary to give the reader a foot-note explaining about the Moulin Rouge. Presumably Miss Cather is not writing for persons who need that particular sort of information.

There is a friendly, home-like *naïveté* about Mrs. Mary Shaw Baker's *Footprints on the Sands of Time*, which rather appeals to us. Mrs. Baker's footprints are brought to our notice in a preface in which the lady tells us a good deal about herself from the time when she went to boarding school "at extremely early age" down to the day when her neighbour, Mrs. Mary Patterson Smith (to whom by the way the volume is dedicated) urged Mrs. Baker not to hide her poetic light under a bushel. Mrs. Mary Patterson Smith seems to be an energetic lady and she took Mrs. Baker in hand in no hesitating spirit. We cannot forego the pleasure of reprinting for our readers Mrs. Baker's narrative of what Mrs. Smith did for her:

She rebuked me for the time I had lost—the opportunities I had recklessly cast aside. I had been many times upbraided by others on this account, but nothing had thoroughly stirred me until she aroused my full sense of responsibility. Returning to my lodging, heart within me said, "Even at the eleventh hour I will make an effort." Still I had no further idea than to write my best and contribute to newspapers. I had no thought of preparing a volume, but the work, very much to my surprise, grew and accumulated. Whatever good arises from it is largely due to Mrs. Smith. Without her encouragement it would never have been written, although at all times and under all circumstances I have been urged to cultivate my gift. I never before realized its importance and value.

Somehow, after we have read the whole preface and have studied the portrait of Mrs. Baker with her bonnet in the frontispiece, we feel quite at home and as though we knew all the folks, including Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, who was another source of suggestion and inspiration to Mrs. Baker. As to the poems themselves—or the footprints, if Mrs. Baker prefers—they show a wide range, covering such varied topics as Cannons, Ships, Grandma's Carpet, the Florist, Woman, Ireland, and Despots. There is also an apostrophe to Woodville, Mississippi, where Mrs. Baker lives. We omit any quotations from Mrs. Baker's verse, because on the whole we prefer the distinctly human touch that makes her prose such pleasant reading. For our part, we wish that the preface could have been extended throughout the whole book, so that we might learn even more about Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Wm. Hamilton and Mrs. Mary Patterson Smith and Woodville, Mississippi. By the way, the book contains—and very properly so—a portrait of Mrs. Smith, and still another one of Charles Herbert Baker. Charles Herbert is about fourteen months old and seems to be doing well. The only serious omission is found in the lack of a picture of Estelle Anna Metzger, a young lady in whose honour a special footprint has been made by Mrs. Baker.

Rafford Pyke.

THE UNITED STATES IN OUR OWN TIME.*

THIS volume of nearly a thousand pages, having for its subtitle the explanatory line "From Reconstruction to Expansion," is an enlargement of a work by the same author, published in 1896, and covering the period from 1870 to 1895. Its aim is to give a condensed yet graphic account of the political and social development of the American Republic during the past thirty-three years.

**The United States in Our Own Time* (1870-1903). By E. Benjamin Andrews. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The conception of such an undertaking as this is very fascinating and the value of it, if rightly executed, must be very great. Formal history is seldom written until the events described have drifted far into the past. Yet what most intelligent men are anxious to understand is not the record of remote events, but rather the meaning of what is happening about them at the present time—the issues of the day, the questions which distract and alter public opinion, and all the special tendencies of the time. Yet where can one find a rational, well-bal-

anced and dispassionate account of all these things? The truth is that the teaching of history in our schools and colleges begins at the wrong end. Instead of going back to remote antiquity and working down, it would be far better did we begin with our own times and trace the events in which we feel an immediate interest back to their far distant sources. In this way, from the very outset, historical study would have a meaning which to many it does not now possess, and it would, at any rate, give to the present generation a more intelligent understanding of its own concerns. But as things are, we can find hundreds upon hundreds of books that deal with origins for one that even partially explains contemporaneous results. It seems ridiculous that young men and women should spend hours over the career of Attila or the deeds of Friedrich Barbarossa, while they are still quite ignorant of the most significant facts in the recent history of their own country.

Moreover, it is not merely the existing present but the immediate past as to which we need enlightenment. It is odd how soon the events of ten or fifteen years ago become dimmed to the minds even of observant and reflective persons. Only the other day we heard a number of highly educated men asked offhand, by way of a test, a string of questions regarding the occurrences of the last two decades. Not one of these gentlemen could give a connected account, for example, of the charges made against Mr. Blaine, of the so-called Sherman silver legislation, or of our clash with Germany in Samoa; nor could any of them tell even approximately the date of such miscellaneous occurrences as Coxey's march on Washington, President Cleveland's Venezuela message, or the Haymarket affair of the Chicago anarchists. Yet at the time when these things were taking place they had excited a very lively interest in the very persons who were now unable to tell anything definite about them. And the reason is found in the fact that there does not exist an abundance of books containing a continuous and well-balanced narrative of that period of history through which we ourselves have lived. To reconstruct it for our information and for the refreshing of our memories, we are for the most part obliged to resort to year-books,

newspaper files, the back numbers of magazines, and chronological data given in books for ready reference. Few persons, however, can afford to give the time necessary for this sort of thing and so they allow their memory of their own times to become obscured. They can at a moment's notice verify any fact that is fifty years old; but concerning the fact that is five or six years old, they must remain uncertain or trust to the hazy recollection of some equally fallacious friend.

The reason for a dearth of the sort of books that we have mentioned is obvious enough. It is so much easier to write about the men and the measures of the past than about those which come so very near the present. To picture the incidents in which living men and women have figured, to discuss the events and the issues which are still subjects of lively controversy, and to do it with perfect impartiality and freedom from prejudice, is a thing so difficult as to be almost impossible. If Mommsen could not write the history of ancient Rome without infusing into it the partisan passions of his own day, if Lord Rosebery could not tell of Napoleon at St. Helena without half-unconsciously making his historical study an attack upon his own political opponents in England, how is one to describe and discuss with anything like fairness the questions which he himself and his contemporaries have fought over and have made subjects of daily controversy? Hence, though it is possible that there are plenty of writers who are quite willing to essay the task, there are few publishers who would deem it advisable to encourage them. And, as a matter of fact, the qualifications necessary for such an undertaking as this are extremely rare. An ideal history of our own time demands a writer who, in the first place, possesses intellectual detachment, who can assume the dispassionate attitude of a judge, and who will not allow this attitude to be disturbed by the fervour of the special pleader. He must put himself entirely outside the strife and turmoil of prejudice. He must, by an exercise of the imagination, thrust everything back at a distance, and with clear, unclouded vision discern that which actually is, without reference to what others may have declared it to be and also without reference

to what he himself in his ordinary moods may think that it ought to be. In the second place, he must have a perfect sense of proportion so as to see things, not as they appear at the moment when they happen—exaggerated into an undue and often absurd importance—but as they will appear fifty or a hundred years hence in their relation to what went before and to what came after. Viewed in this way, the apparently momentous incident which once made the newspapers of a whole continent burst out into flaring headlines will shrink perhaps entirely out of sight; while the occurrence which attracted little notice when it happened will be recognised instinctively as fraught with a significance which it is almost impossible to exaggerate. Finally, the writer of such a book as this ought not merely to be impartial and discriminating, but he should have also enough of the literary instinct to give his narrative an attractive form, and enough knowledge of human nature to make his portraiture of individuals psychologically correct.

It will be seen, then, that the work of Chancellor Andrews attempts to meet a demand which is widespread and very pressing. It remains for us to consider how far the execution of his project is to be regarded as successful. Has he done for the contemporary history of the United States what Justin McCarthy did with such consummate skill for the history of England in his own time? Has he attained both accuracy and impartiality, a sense of just proportion, together with a literary form that is worthy of the subject of his book?

It may be admitted at the outset that Dr. Andrews in his selection of facts exhibits an admirable comprehensiveness. No significant event from 1870 to 1903 (with two exceptions to be noted later) has been overlooked, and a great many minor incidents have been included because they are characteristic of popular feeling or because they throw a special ray of light upon the things that are of more importance. It is a real pleasure to turn over these handsomely printed pages and to find a satisfactory account not only of occurrences which have left a permanent mark upon American history, but also a fairly full description of such casual happenings as the Custer-Grant controversy, Black Friday, the Indiana

"soap" campaign, the famous Riggs House interview where Garfield sat on the edge of a bed while Conkling stormed at him for two long hours, the career of Denis Kearney, the operations of "Jake" Sharp, the Morey Letter and its fellow, the Murchison Letter, the passing of Debs, the Lexow investigation, and hundreds of other things about which we all remember something, but with regard to which most of us would have trouble in giving a connected and accurate account. A very complete index furnishes a medium of swift reference as well as of interesting suggestion to the reader. The only serious omissions in this book are its failure to mention The Hague Conference of 1899, memorable to Americans because there, in the presence of the world, our representatives affirmed the doctrine of Monroe; and its silence about the Pekin relief expedition in 1901.

From the point of view of accuracy, the book also deserves an almost unqualified commendation. There are few slips and fewer misstatements such as one finds, for instance, on pages 313-314, where Dr. Andrews makes the remark:

"Garfield was accused of disreputable connection with the *Crédit Mobilier* and with the Washington Ring back in the seventies; but nothing worse than indiscretion was proved against him."

This statement is certainly misleading. Garfield, testifying before a Congressional committee, positively denied having received any money whatsoever on account of the Oakes Ames transactions. Soon after, however, a cheque for \$329 bearing his endorsement was produced, showing that as a matter of fact his sworn testimony was inaccurate. Moreover, Garfield was one of the Republican members of the House of Representatives who were censured by a majority vote of their own party associates because of their connection with this affair. Some slips may perhaps be typographical in their nature, as for instance the omission of the accent on *Immortalité* (p. 813), and the apparent transference of it to the name of M. Renan on the same page; besides the misspelling of the Spanish name *Cristina* three times on page 806. But all these matters are very trifling and they recall Martial's epigrammatic saying, *aliter non fit liber*.

It is when we come to test Dr. Andrews's sense of proportion that we are

compelled to criticise him much more seriously. He is often widely astray, and if we judge by the comparative emphasis and space which he has given to the different topics, we must conclude that his sense of historical perspective is utterly askew. Thus Mr. Cleveland's rather unfortunate "Rebel Flag Order" would appear to have been almost as great an event in Dr. Andrews's mind as the same President's Venezuela message of December 17, 1895, to which scarcely a page is given; while Dr. Parkhurst's vice-hunt in New York was apparently four or five times as important. This slurring over of one of the boldest and most striking acts of an American Executive is perhaps the oddest thing in the whole book. The Venezuela message was the most aggressive assertion of the Monroe Doctrine that has ever been made, and it was also the most audacious. When Mr. Seward, in 1866, notified the French Emperor that he must withdraw his troops from Mexico, this action was far less memorable than President Cleveland's. In 1866, the United States had an immense navy and an army of more than half a million veteran troops instantly available, while the enemy, at whom the blow might have to be directed was at our very borders, surrounded by a hostile population and distant by thousands of miles from the source of its supplies. Moreover, the French Emperor had entered Mexico in contempt of the serious warnings of our government, and in so unfriendly a way as to justify to the world the sharpest kind of treatment at our hands. But Mr. Cleveland's thunderbolt came out of a clear sky and was the result of an incident very petty in itself, even though the principle involved was vital. This country was in no condition for war, least of all for a war with England; yet none the less Mr. Cleveland shot his bolt with superb audacity, and the result must always stand as his final justification. The promptness with which the haughtily indifferent Lord Salisbury scrambled down from his pinnacle of disdain was ludicrous and at the same time most refreshing. From that time, and not from the Spanish-American war, English respect for the American Republic is really to be dated. Furthermore, Mr. Cleveland's demand for arbitration in that case did more to make arbitration a permanent possibility than did

even the Conference at The Hague. Yet Dr. Andrews disposes of this remarkable event in a few perfunctory lines, while devoting twice the space to any one of a dozen minor happenings, such as the sending of flour to Russia in 1892, the Foraker-Sherman forgery in 1888, or the splendours of the Midway at the Columbian Exposition. Indeed, if we judge of the workings of the author's mind by the amount of space which he assigns to different subjects, we shall have to assume that he regards the Chicago Fair as the most wonderful, impressive, and profoundly significant event of the past thirty years. Even the Spanish War, whose results have partly revolutionised our theory of government as they have raised the United States to the position of a great world-power with colonies and dependencies beyond the seas, appears to Dr. Andrews far less momentous than the Chicago show in which he fairly revels, describing in detail and with a real gusto, the Cold Storage Building, the Wooded Island, the Libbey Glass Works, Hagenbeck's Animal Show, the Ferris Wheel, Old Vienna, and the "infatuated Kabyle," who tried to steal a bride and found himself in the police station. This chapter, in fact, reads like the breathless effort of an enraptured country journalist who had never before seen anything more glittering and glorious than a travelling circus, a horse-race, or a county fair. We can account for the absurd prominence given to it only on the theory that Dr. Andrews thought this sort of thing likely to be popular with his constituents of the Middle West. But if so, he marred his book and made it somewhat ridiculous by subordinating the most far-reaching political events to the record of an ephemeral show.

One could wish that Dr. Andrews had seen fit to sketch, though never so lightly, the personality of some of the remarkable men of whom he writes. A touch of characterisation, here and there, given with insight and discrimination, would have added immensely to the interest of the book. Yet he has attempted nothing of the sort; and therefore many of his younger readers will fail to appreciate to the full a good many of the events described. Yet what a splendid picture-gallery he might have given us had he, by a few bold impressionistic strokes,

sought to make his characters not merely *nominis umbra*, but living, breathing men! The silent, stubborn Grant, surrounded in his presidency by knaves and fools and flatterers, the brilliant, restless, energetic Blaine, ideal as a partisan leader but lacking moral stamina, the arrogant and impatient Conkling, the genial, able, eloquent yet somewhat sensual Garfield, the stubborn, brusque, and self-reliant Cleveland, the smooth McKinley, and the rampant Roosevelt—what an opportunity has Dr. Andrews lost! But doubtless he had no taste for this particular sort of literary work, and if so, he was wise not to attempt it.

In truth, as a writer his style is undeniably pedestrian. His narrative moves along in a comfortable jog-trot with never a trace of anything like distinction yet with none of that simplicity and ease which in themselves are so effective in long-sustained narration. The author seems at times to be conscious of his own monotony, for here and there with something like an apparent effort, he interjects an anecdote or a remark which is supposed to lighten his pages with a gleam of humour. And again at rarer intervals he tries to work himself up to the level of the vivid and the picturesque. But his humour and his eloquence are equally pathetic, because they are so obviously unnatural and forced. As an example of the first may be cited a sentence or two from the midst of his description of Dewey's victory at Manila:

"The pigmy of our fleet, the saucy and pugnacious *Petrel*, specially impressed the Cavite non-combatants. 'Il picaninny mucha-mucha bom-bom,' they said."

Now to interpolate this fatuous bit in the description of a stirring battle, shows little taste; and in the second place it is quite impossible that a Spanish-speaking Filipino could possibly have said *il picaninny*; so that here we have a sort of mingled crudity and ignorance such as one might look for only in the cheapest work of the newspaper reporter. The reporter's stock vocabulary is also very much in evidence whenever the author tries to be particularly striking. Thus he does not hesitate to use that terribly old *cliché*, "the ocean greyhound"; and when he is describing a conflagration he pictures "the fire demon" as leaving "heaps of débris" "to tell of his orgy."

The book is filled with all sorts of interesting illustrations, portraits, diagrams, plans, maps, and facsimiles to the number, we should judge, of several hundred, and nearly all of them are appropriate, though a few have evidently been introduced simply to round out the list, as for example the bicyclists in Central Park (p. 679) and the "types of Chinese accountants" (p. 363). Take it all together, however, the book is one whose possession will be of real value to every intelligent American.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THREE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

BOSTON.*

MANY compliments have been paid to Boston at one time and another and accepted by Bostonians with a somewhat condescending recognition of their justice; and it may be said without exaggeration that some older cities have filled a far less conspicuous place in history

* *Boston; The Place and the People*. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Illustrated by Louis A. Holman. \$2.50 net. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan and Company, 1903.

and literature. The reasons for this eminence are various, and probably no two persons would agree upon them precisely; for Boston has always been controversial in itself and a cause of controversy in others. There are even those who do not like Boston—*mirabile dictu*—and who scoff at its pretensions to superiority of interest over other American communities; yet these by their very zeal in animosity betray the insecurity of their premise. In fact, Boston, has been as tall a mark to its enemies as to its friends. And the pride of its citizens—which may be called either public spirit or provincialism, according to the point

of view—has no doubt been immensely stimulated by constant inquiry. The Boston man, wherever he goes, will find the opportunity to boast of his native town to congenial admirers or to justify its peculiarities to scornful critics. In his excellent volume on *Boston; The Place and the People*, Mr. De Wolfe Howe quotes the wit who characterized Boston as “a state of mind.” The phrase is happily descriptive; and what this state of mind is at its best may be seen in the pages of Dr. Holmes, who was a true-blue Bostonian, if such ever lived.

Mr. Howe must have found himself embarrassed by the riches at his command. In the first place, his book is the latest in a long series. It has, indeed, merits of its own, and in method it is not altogether lacking in originality. Still at best there was much ground already covered by others to be gone over. The habit of writing about the capital of the Massachusetts colony began early. One of the earliest printed books on this congenial subject was the *Description of New England in General and Boston in Particular* published in London in 1682; and Dunton's *Letters* date from 1686, and Nathaniel Byfield's *Account of the Late Revolution in New England* is a “literary progeny” of the year 1689. Moreover, the earliest newspaper in the New World appeared in Boston in 1690. But there is as much information of current proceedings in the sermons of the time as anywhere. The sensational pulpit is no modern invention. And the preachers had their discourses printed. *Burning Bewailed* (a finely alliterative title which would read well in a newspaper announcement to-day) was the highly moral Mr. Mather's eloquent exposition of the lessons to be drawn from a great fire.

It may have been with some prevision of the future of the city as a literary centre that so many Bostonians of Colonial and Revolutionary times kept diaries. As the struggle with the Crown approaches the materials in this kind become remarkably plentiful. Of the Diary of Samuel Sewall everyone has heard. That eminent judge was a kind of Puritan Pepys; and he would be a more lovable person if more than one passage had been written in cypher. John Rowe, who recorded, with a single important break, the de-

cisive events from 1759 to 1779, was another witness whom we could hardly spare. Deacon Tudor had the diary habit, and so did Deacon Newell. The latter had a militant disposition; having taken in charge the keys of Brattle Square Church he refused to deliver them to the British. It may be noted in passing that this fine old edifice, with the cannon-ball over the door and the marks of British occupation within, was in after days rather ungratefully treated. When the society was forced to give it up there was no effective movement for its preservation, although it was in some respects a more interesting landmark than either the Old South or King's Chapel; and the present outcry over Park Street Church will excite amusement not unmingled with bitterness in some old parishioners of that fine representative of Boston Unitarianism, Dr. Lothrop. But it is a curious fact that the intense local pride with which Boston has been charged has not always sufficed to keep it to its duty as the custodian of historic buildings. Witness the destruction of the Hancock Mansion, years ago, and the more recent demolition of the Old Hancock Tavern. Comparatively few of the structures of even Revolutionary, to say nothing of Colonial, times now remain, as one may see by consulting Mr. Drake. In the due and rapid course of time even the Old Corner Bookstore is to go, too. Meanwhile we have the diaries of the men who are buried in the “Old Granary” and elsewhere, and of some who would find themselves in strange company there. From a military point of view the operations about Boston in 1775 and 1776 did not amount to much. Yet no less than two British officers have left accounts of the matter as they knew of it, and in Surgeon James Cogswell, Private Lyons and other patriotic observers we have many curious details of Lexington, Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights.

Books about Boston, strictly speaking, do not appear, however, until the nineteenth century is well advanced. The first of these that deserves mention is the *History* of Caleb Hopkins Snow, published in 1825. More valuable is Bowen's *Pictures of Boston*—engravings published in 1829, and four years later reissued in conjunction with some *Annals* by Alonzo Lewis. This book about Boston may be read with interest to-day. Mr.

Carver's *History* followed a year later. Perhaps early reminiscence has given still another volume of the ante-bellum period a factitious value in the eyes of the present writer. This is *Boston Notions*, written by Nathaniel Dearborn, and bearing in its title a pleasant suggestion of one of the qualities for which Bostonians have been famous. The idea was carried out further by the sub-title—*Being an Authentic and Concise Account of 'That Village' from 1630 to 1847*. There are those who would say that Boston had not yet outgrown some of the characteristics of a village. Josiah Quincy's *Municipal History* was a more serious affair, but not half so fertile in picturesqueness. Perhaps Loring's *Hundred Boston Orators* (1770-1852) may be regarded as a work of unconscious humour. Was there even in Boston as many "orators" as that in less than a century? They took themselves rather portentously then, as in these later anti-imperialist days.

With all these works, and with dozens of others more or less worthy of a passing reference, Mr. Howe must have made himself familiar in writing his book. But the only historians whom he need consider as rivals are those of a later date. The history of Boston has been summed up, indeed, in one momentous and splendid undertaking—the *Memorial History* in four volumes, of which the late Justin Winsor was the editor. But a work of this sort, however fine, written on the co-operative principle and treating in detail many matters with which the usual reader has only a vague and slight concern, is for library reference rather than for comfortable perusal. And in endeavouring to present a vivid picture of the Boston of yesterday and the Boston of to-day the virtues of omission are quite as important as the virtues of commission. So far as historical narrative goes, there are other books as good as Mr. Howe's. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has written of Boston in the *Historic Towns* series, and written well, since he is a trained historian as well as a practical politician. Mr. Arthur Gilman is the author of *The Story of Boston* in another series. There is even a portentously named *Constitutional History of Boston* by Mr. C. W. Ernst and a *History and Antiquities* by Mr. Samuel Gardner Drake (not to be confounded with Mr. Samuel Adams

Drake)—as if the town of the Puritans were some half-forgotten ancient empire. The component parts of Boston have also had their chroniclers; one may read in detail of Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, and the various eminent citizens of their day. The story of King's Chapel has been told in two stout volumes; the Old South and Brattle Street are similarly recorded; that picturesque organisation, the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, is equal to no less than four volumes; and so each and everything Bostonian is celebrated in dimensions ranging from the thick quarto to the pamphlet.

But Mr. Howe undertakes to describe as well as to narrate; and in this task too, he must have found much more assistance than he needed. "The" book about Boston, in this sense, is Mr. Edwin M. Bacon's "Dictionary." It would be difficult to go to this compact and inclusive volume for information and not find it. Mr. Bacon has his Boston at his fingers' ends, so to say; I think that he could answer the most abstruse question in his sleep. When Mr. Howe tells us that his book has passed under Mr. Bacon's eye we may be satisfied. *Walks and Rides About Boston*, *Boston Illustrated* and *Boston; a Guide Book*, are three other books which bear Mr. Bacon's name; all are of value to the pilgrim or the student. Mr. Samuel Adams Drake wrote a charming account of "The Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," which will have a melancholy interest to the true Bostonian as the former pass away like the latter. Dr. Hale has written much of his native city—more entertainingly than accurately on occasion. There are even books about Boston for children—those by the late Horace E. Scudder and by Miss Peabody are instances in point. Thus our tale of the trumpeters of Boston's fame to all the winds of heaven may fitly end. It indicates but faintly the patriotic pride of Boston's sons.

Yet as long as there are historians there will be histories; and Mr. Howe's book is not to be lightly dismissed as simply one more in a long list. Mr. Howe has certainly managed to give freshness to his narrative and to bring out into stronger relief some episodes that others have passed lightly by. There are two

phases of the history of "that village," indeed, which still need emphasis. One is the fact that in the early days of the Revolution no small proportion of the inhabitants preserved their loyalty to the Crown. The story of the Loyalists has been retold of late with less prejudice than our older historians manifested; and it has become clear that what we should call to-day the best public sentiment was adverse to the "patriots." Boston did not remain a Loyalist centre like New York; many of the Tories escaped to Halifax, and those who remained were either converted to Revolutionary views or remained silent. But it must be borne in mind that when Sam Adams and James Otis began their agitation they were looked upon by respectable citizens as pestilent demagogues. Much ink has been shed over the so-called "Boston Massacre." But when, not many years ago, a monument was set up on Boston Common to Attucks and his fellows it was not difficult to show that the "victims" were simply members of an idle mob who had no business to pick a quarrel in the streets with an orderly company of soldiers. The genuine patriotism of the leading fomenters of revolution need not be questioned; but the fact remains that they were regarded askance at the beginning, and that they resorted to the most tyrannical measures to crush Loyalist sentiment. Upon this aspect of Boston history Mr. Howe might have laid more stress.

He comes nearer to representing fairly the conservative sentiment of the city in the years preceding the Civil War. The popular view of Boston at this period is that of a hotbed of radicals and abolitionists. But public sentiment was for a long time strongly against the proceedings of Garrison and Phillips and Parker. Even at the beginning of the war "Copperhead" feeling was rife. Probably there was no more finely typical citizen of Boston than Robert C. Winthrop. And in his sympathy with the South he had many companions. Dr. Holmes was slowly drawn into the anti-slavery movement through his literary connections; but his professional brethren in medicine, the clergy, the lawyers, the merchants, opposed the Republican policy.

The truth is that Boston has been too often approached via Cambridge. There was a society of the most distinctive sort

that held itself aloof from Emerson and Brook Farm and the "movements" of philanthropists. It may have been a narrow society in a sense, but those who can recall it even faintly know how full of charm it was. There was not a little about it to remind one of an English provincial town of the best type. Many men of letters had a place in it. Ticknor, Prescott, Motley, Edward Everett, belonged to this circle. Mr. Howe does well to emphasise the eminence of Ticknor, although he does not relate how Theodore Parker once asked a visitor to Boston if he had seen the accomplished and courtly historian of Spanish literature and, being answered in the negative, remarked: "You might as well go to Hell and not see the Devil as come to Boston and not see George Ticknor." The anecdote may possibly be apocryphal, but at least it shows what Ticknor's position was.

Mr. Howe has much to tell which is worth hearing, and he is fortunate in Mr. Holman's illustrations and in the portraits and facsimiles with which his pages are sprinkled. *Edward Fuller.*

II.

THE WOODHOUSE CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison" down to "The Visits of Elizabeth," novels in the form of a correspondence have been attempted, but with varying results, as few writers possess the light and sure touch necessary for that form of fiction. Just such skill has been shown in "The Woodhouse Correspondence," whose success in London is likely to be duplicated here. The authors are Mr. G. W. E. Russell, best known here by his "Collections and Recollections," and Miss Edith Sichel, whose work hitherto has been in the line of modern French history and artistic topics.

The majority of the letters are written to Mr. Algernon Woodhouse, a man of fifty, with an estate in the country and a house in London, and in his share of the correspondence he reveals himself, with the perfect naiveté only possible to those whose one thought is of themselves, as a selfish hypochondriac. Most of these letters are written to Mr. Woodhouse with the desire on the part of the writers to

establish relations of one kind or another with him, and his answers are examples of skillful frustration of any such efforts; in fact, it is often necessary, after reading one of Mr. Woodhouse's replies, to turn to the original letter to see where the "touch" comes in, which the reader has overlooked, but which Mr. Woodhouse has scented from afar.

Mrs. George Woodhouse, his sister-in-law, writes from Wales to say that she has decided to give her daughters a season in town and wishes to consult him about it. Mr. Woodhouse, discerning in this letter a thinly veiled hint for money for the use of his town house, and for the loan of his dead wife's diamonds, hastens to reply, throwing cold water on the scheme and letting Mrs. Woodhouse know she need expect nothing from him. His god-daughter, Elaine Thompson, writes to him to tell him of her intention of leaving home for London, where she can develop her soul, and intimating that she would not decline an offer to become his secretary. Mr. Woodhouse answers in hot haste that he cannot possibly receive her in his home; that, although both the Hall and his London house are much larger than he needs, yet he finds the unshared command of large rooms is necessary for his intellectual growth. His nephew, Frank Murray, a cheerful young fellow, who is trying to make a living by literature, writes to ask if he may come down to the Hall for a day or two to consult him about his work, and receives a suspicious answer saying that he may come if he likes, but warning him that the shooting is let. His aunt, Lady Louisa Fitzwigan, writes to ask him what he knows about a new health food, taking occasion at the same time to accuse him of coddling himself, and relating at length the story of her own state of health. This reproach from one hypochondriac to another is maddening, and the correspondence that ensues is the best in the book, for it is devoid of exaggeration and keenly satirical.

In spite of discouragement, Mrs. George Woodhouse goes to London and takes a flat with Elaine Thompson, one of her daughters going as companion to Lady Louisa. While there the girl marries Lady Louisa's physician, a quack who has made a living by trading on her ladyship's peculiarities. Elaine Thompson tries to marry Frank Murray, and,

failing in this, makes affectionate overtures to Mr. Woodhouse, alarming him so that he resorts to a strenuous measure of defence which it would not be fair to the reader to disclose, but which is as characteristic as anything in the book.

The success of a book of this kind depends wholly upon the skill with which the different characters are made to reveal themselves through the medium of their letters. In this respect "The Woodhouse Correspondence" is unusually good. In Mr. Woodhouse's first letter he speaks of the fact that his wife's fatal disease may have been due to the fact that the sun never visited her rooms, and in the next sentence speaks of his own apartments being warm and sunny; and, through the whole correspondence, down to the last letter in which he declares that domestic life is entirely incompatible with that care of his health which is his first duty, he writes himself down as a selfish, cold-hearted egoist, and a study in egoism second only to that made by George Meredith in the novel which taught the world the meaning of the word.

Elaine Thompson's letters are the most broadly amusing, filled as they are with the jargon of the æsthetic type of sham culture, and containing much of her poetry, so strongly reminiscent of Keats and Shelley as to seem like parodies. Mr. Woodhouse having escaped from her importunities, she addresses to him the following lines, which are a study in banality:

TO ONE WHO FLEES FROM ME.

Dost thou flee, my dearest—
Run from me?
Yet this Love thou fearest
(Whereso'er thou steerest),
Is to be.

Vain the Space thou clearest;
Soul is free.
Farthest, I am nearest;
When thou disappearest—
After thee!

The whole book is a trenchant satire on certain phases of English life, and particularly upon that type of person, the well-born, well-connected parasite, who is not ashamed to stoop to the most ignoble shifts to obtain the advantages for which he is too proud or too indolent to work.

Mary K. Ford.

III.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS'S "THE VINEYARD."*

THE talented woman who writes under the name of John Oliver Hobbes has devoted the greater part of her literary career to the blowing of bubbles out of champagne froth. They were very pretty bubbles, and they sparkled until it fairly made one's eyes ache, but when their airy iridescence vanished there was nothing left for the imagination to feed upon. With this latest book, however, the author comes down to things material, and takes a slice out of warm, human life, just ordinary life of people who do not talk and live in epigrams.

It is the old, old story of the pretty but poor girl, the less attractive but wealthy maiden, and the handsome youth whose talent for money making was too slight to allow him to follow the inclination of his heart. The story might fall in line with some other of the recent books and be classified as being another "tragedy of the man who is too good-looking." The banality of the plot is relieved by the eccentricity of the wealthy maiden, a queer sort of decadent person, who lives in an atmosphere of her own dreams, has nerves, is a mass of egoism, and carries about with her a suggestion of subtle corruption. This last is hardly astonishing, considering that in her dreams she occupied herself with the carrying on of love affairs in company with the heroes of Maupassant, Maeterlinck and others of the type. She comes out of her imaginings when she falls in love with the handsome Gerald Federan, and wins him through her money from the pretty, penniless daughter of a baronet. Gerald really loves Jennie Sussex, but Rachel Tredegart appeals to the lower side of his nature and her money helps him out of a bad scrape which his own business laxness had brought him into, so he marries Rachel. Another of Jennie's lovers quarrels with her and leaves her, and the reader begins to be agreeably surprised at finding a novelist, and a woman novelist at that, willing, apparently, to let her pretty heroine go unmarried, when, alas, the rescuer

turns up in the person of a painter with talent and the artistic temperament in a distressing degree, and the book closes as his arms close around the pretty Jennie's much admired figure.

This conventional love story plays itself out against a background of beautiful English landscape and of narrow, straightlaced, gossipy English provincial society. The portrayal of this society is the best thing in the book and reminds us most nearly that the title-page bears the signature of John Oliver Hobbs. There is depth and feeling in the description of Jennie's growing love, and the vacillation of the handsome Gerald is well motivated and comprehensively human. Apropos of Gerald, the same thing happens to his creator as happened to Mrs. Humphry Ward with her Captain Harry Warkworth, who won Julie Le Breton's love. And both cases go to show how a fallacy of generations can blind the eyes of women otherwise capable of thinking for themselves and thinking well. Both men are in some ways sadly lacking in the moral strength and manly decency that are required of the highest type of man, and, while both women balk at nothing in the telling of this lack, both lift their hands in astonishment that these were the men who are "brave soldiers decorated by their country," etc., and so forth. It is strange that two such clever women should be blind to the fact that just the very qualities that make a so-called "good soldier" are apt to make a man a brute in private life, and that military honor and military ethics have nothing whatever to do with the ethics of honor and decency as laid down for ordinary mortals in everyday modern life. They paint most correctly a self-evident fact and in face of the evidence they themselves have collected, they are astonished at it.

In her dialogue in this book, Mrs. Craigie has held herself in a tight rein and has most carefully abstained from epigrams. It must have been a sacrifice and the reader is heartily sorry. For the absence of them reveals something they covered very successfully before, the fact, namely, that Mrs. Craigie does not possess in any very high degree the talent for writing characteristic natural dialogue. The conversation here is monotonous, dry and trivial at times, and fails to reveal the character of any of the

**The Vineyard*. By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton and Company: New York.

people who use it. The provincial society types, who have only a sentence or two to say, are better treated in this respect, the principals fare badly. There is but one sentence in the entire book which exhaustively depicts the character of the person uttering it, but that sentence is so excellently typical of the mental attitude of a straightlaced provincial English old maid, that one can forgive any lack for its sake. The Misses Leddles, Gerald Federan's maiden aunts, are discussing Miss Tredegar, whom Gerald has not yet met, and speak of her nerves and her melancholy. Gerald remarks: "Perhaps she has been crossed in love."

"The sisters thought this suggestion scarcely respectful; it conveyed a slur, in their opinion, on Miss Tredegar's moral character. They dared not look at each other and Miss Daisy flushed deeply.

"You forget you are speaking of a lady," said Miss Leddles, in a severe tone."

There is a masculine touch about the telling of this slight story which gives it strength in spite of its weakness. The description of John Harlowe's finding a wife, after Jennie had finally turned him off, is a bit of cynical truth which few women could or would depict. Another little touch of the masculine point of view is the way in which Mrs. Craigie describes the clothes her women wear. She sees clothes in the outline and the effect, as a man does, not in the detail that usually strikes a woman's eyes. With all its faults, the book is the work of one who knows how to write, who knows how to write so well that we are justified in feeling just a little disappointment at this latest effort and in wishing it might have been better.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

HERE AND THERE.

I.

The late Senator Hanna was one of those unusual men who are in some peculiar way destined to exercise an immense influence upon the course of political events without themselves attaining to supreme political distinction. Mr. Hanna attached himself very early to the fortunes of Mr. McKinley at a time when the latter was only an obscure Congressman, and he stood by him as his most trusted friend and adviser down to the day of the tragedy at Buffalo. Because of Mr. Hanna's promptings, Congressman McKinley did his part in raising the tariff rates up to a point beyond that to which even the exigencies of a great war had screwed them, and thereby became known all over the civilised world. Urged on by this same influence, while Governor of Ohio, Mr. McKinley favoured corporate interests and became the defender of consolidated capital. He likewise, after much temporising and painful hesitation, gave up the silver heresy and the dubious formulas of "bi-metallism" which had so strongly attracted him, and with many quaverings

and searchings of heart came out as an advocate of the gold standard. In all this, the strong, masterful, sagacious mind of Hanna can be seen guiding a somewhat irresolute politician toward the goal of a magnificent success. Hanna was always a tower of strength to him, a big, courageous, capable, untroubled counsellor, whose physical bulk and hearty laugh, even, were reassuring and full of cheer. When McKinley became involved in debts, Hanna paid them. When McKinley fell into a mire of complications with conflicting party leaders, Hanna put his strong shoulder to the wheel and by his tremendous uplift, made the running easy for his friend. He gave McKinley the presidency as he had given him the governorship, and he gave them both freely and gladly in his own large-hearted, liberal way.

Mr. Hanna was not a political idealist. He represented the forces of materialism very frankly. He believed not only in the power of money but in the prerogatives of money; and the men of money all stood by him as the champion of their order. He wielded a tremendous influence, an influence that grew with every year of his later life. His power gave

Mr. Roosevelt many an anxious moment, for had he lived the President could have won a nomination only by concessions to Mr. Hanna which it would have gone terribly against the grain to make. There was something about the massive, humourous, imperturbable Ohioan which made mere strenuousness seem rather ineffectual and uncomfortably helpless. But Mr. Hanna died, died at the psychological moment just as President McKinley died, and the powerful forces that were solidly behind him are left without a leader.

Probably no American of our time has been so bitterly attacked as was Senator Hanna. He was held up in a thousand newspapers as the incarnation of all the malignant influences of commercialism in public life. He was singled out as typifying the Trusts and whatever the Trusts are thought to mean. The caricaturists found in him a tempting target, drawing him with dollar-marks all over his person, with a bag of money for a brain, and as laying a huge destructive paw upon the prosperity of the private citizen. But in one respect all this abuse, pictorial or otherwise, wholly failed. The American people never could be made to feel a personal dislike for Mr. Hanna. Populist or Democrat, Labor agitator or Socialist, all felt, even in their own despite, a liking for the man who was, indeed, in all his personal and private relations, generous, frank, big-hearted, just, and thoroughly sincere. And this fact is a remarkable testimony to the power the genuinely human elements in personality. Mr. Hanna never gave spectacular sums to build unnecessary libraries. He never dumped ill-gotten millions into stock-yard universities. He was a good friend to his friends and he bore no malice toward his enemies, and so it is that millions of Americans have mourned for him because he was a Man.

II.

The Senate of the United States is taking testimony to see whether it can unseat Mr. Smoot, the

The Case of Mormon Senator from Utah. So far there has been produced no evidence that the Senator ever violated any law. He is a *monogamist* in practice

and has always been so. Being a Mormon, he believes polygamy to be permissible, just as Milton did. But you can not expel a man from an office to which he has been legally elected, just because his mind and conscience accept what the minds and consciences of others utterly reject. Consequently, the committee of the Senate has been trying to show by the testimony of sundry Mormons that any Senator who is a Mormon is bound to act according to the dictates of the hierarchy of his church. If this can be established, it is held by some that Mr. Smoot should be unseated. The Senate will do well not to accept such dangerous doctrine. Mr. Smoot's constituency elected him, knowing perfectly his beliefs, his religious affiliations, and the significance of these, and there is no doubt that he represents the voters who sent him to Washington. Blind allegiance to a church council may be a bad thing, as bad as blind allegiance to a caucus; but what are you to do? In this case the church council and the caucus happen to be identical. Mr. Gladstone once wrote a vehement pamphlet to show that a good Catholic could not at the same time be a loyal Englishman, because his first duty must be given to a "foreign sovereign," that is, the Pope. Of course the whole history of England gave the lie to such a wild assertion; yet no doubt thousands of middle-class dissenters swallowed it like spring water. But even Mr. Gladstone did not propose to disfranchise Catholics, or indeed to do anything whatever. It was merely the outburst of a sophisticated rhetorician who had turned for a moment to theology. He afterward remarked that he hoped that English Catholics "would upon occasion, whether with logical warrant or not, adhere under all circumstances to their civil loyalty and duty." Let us all be sensible enough to entertain the same hope about the Mormons who, in the main, are honest, hard-working, commonplace citizens, and of whom few are rich enough to indulge in plural households. Before many years the rising tide of the Gentile population will swamp Mormonism and leave its followers in a helpless minority. Meanwhile, let the Senate forego its inquisition into the religious obligation of its members. If it begins with Mormons it will soon be busied with Theosophists

or Dowieites or Christian Scientists, or any one of a dozen new sects which may spring up at any moment.

The subject raises, however, an interesting constitutional question. Many Territories have been admitted to Statehood with conditions precedent, as lawyers say; but Utah is the sole instance of a Territory whose constitution contains a condition subsequent. Conditions precedent are, of course, fulfilled before the Territory becomes a State. But the provision against polygamy in the Utah constitution is one which requires to be perpetually maintained as a condition upon which Statehood was originally granted. Now what would happen should Utah repeal that article of its constitution and openly permit polygamy? Can a State once admitted to the Union be deprived of its rights as a State without its own consent because of anything which has occurred subsequent to its admission? This question has never yet arisen, and it probably never will arise. Assuming, however, that it might, we are of the opinion that the principle laid down by Senator Edmunds many years ago in a very masterly argument would be carried into effect, because in the last analysis it is based upon common sense. The Constitution gives to Congress the right to make new States. Now if the State-making power admits a Territory as a State upon a specific condition, the act is in the nature of a contract. If the condition specified be formally repudiated, then the contract is annulled, Statehood is forfeited, the State loses its title to existence, and lapses again into the status of a Territory.

III.

We can not think of any more amusing reading than would be a collection of editorial articles from **The Mayor of New York** papers of some six months ago. They were trying at that time to curdle their readers' blood over the prophecies of what

would happen if Mr. McClellan were to be elected Mayor of New York. At once, Richard Croker would return from Wantage to bleed every industry in the city to death through blackmail and extortion. Riot and debauch would reign unchecked. Criminals would be turned loose upon the town. Red lights would blaze on every street. The sanctity of the home would be invaded, and no woman or child would be safe. Gamblers, dive-keepers, panders, thugs, "cadets," and heelers would swarm. The Tiger would cross the Bridge and blast the happy homes of Brooklyn. We are not caricaturing the sentences which those New York editors wrote down each day. We are instead refraining from exact quotation, because of our regard for decency.

Well, Mr. McClellan was elected by some 60,000 majority, in spite of all this editorial fulmination, and what has happened? Nothing at all, only that the laws are more strictly enforced than ever, the great city is even less open to reproach, and it has a clean, vigorous, efficient administration. Mr. Croker is still in Wantage. Mr. McClellan is his own master, and the head of his own official house. A quiet, modest, courteous gentleman, with the cultivation of a scholar, the bearing of a man of the world, and the force of a natural leader of men, he governs without effort and without gush. When he has to represent the city at any function he does so in a manner to win the respect of every one. He is a tactful, interesting speaker, with a quiet vein of humour and an utter absence of platitude. He says just the right thing in just the right way, and you are delighted by the impression that has been made upon you. What the future may have in store for him no one can see; but he has only to continue as he has begun and that future will surely be a brilliant one. And the moral of it all is that when the people of New York refused to take the yelling editors seriously, they were justifying their own subliminal common sense. *H. T. P.*

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX.

ACCORDING to the calendar, spring is already here, and ere many weeks it will be here in reality. Then we shall have to go off into the country to watch things grow and to re-read Conan Doyle. Meanwhile, we intend to be particularly industrious in answering the letters which are sent to us.

I.

A correspondent in Wheeling, W. Va., sends us the following letter with an enclosure:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

The March BOOKMAN regrets that New York newspapers nowadays do not say violently all that they really think about one another. The deadly dullness of your journalistic surroundings stirs the pity of people out here, who are *Montani semper liberi*, particularly the mountain press. Witness the "personal diatribe" which is enclosed. I send it partly in order to stay your craving for combat, and partly because it supplies words which may serve to describe fitly though faintly your falsehood, forgery, and folly in having the leaves of THE BOOKMAN trimmed. Can't you at least send untrimmed copies to your untrimmed subscribers hereabouts?

A. W. V.

The enclosure which this gentleman sends us is a clipping from the editorial page of *The State Journal*, a newspaper published on Juliana Street in Parkersburg, W. Va. The editor is evidently displeased with one of his contemporaries and is putting his displeasure into language. He has a good deal of language,—in fact, a masterly command of the vocabulary of invective—and we should like to print the article in full. It is, however, too long for the space at our disposal and we shall therefore quote only the first sentence and the last:

The babyish sheet, published up in the coffin-house, adjoining the city lockup, into which its proprietors find some trouble in not falling most of the time for a variety of reasons, indulges in a hypocritical whine this morning, which is a cross between the song of a jackass and the wail of a crocodile.
We acknowledge to a fierce delight in getting

down in the mud, and getting our thumbs in the other fellows' eyes and our teeth in his ears, and just wallowing around and having fun with the other hog until he squeals for mercy.

After reading this and weighing the internal evidence afforded by its style, we have a shrewd suspicion that *The State Journal* has the good fortune to number among its occasional contributors the Hon. Henry Watterson.

II.

Inasmuch as the gentleman from Wheeling has rebuked us for having the leaves of THE BOOKMAN trimmed, we venture to print two other letters as an antidote. The first is from a physician of this town:

DEAR SIR:

Allow me to congratulate and thank you for the copy of THE BOOKMAN with *cut leaves*. It is indeed a pleasure. Keep up the good work.

Very truly,
H. H. R.

The second letter is from a lawyer in Buffalo.

GENTLEMEN:

My copy of THE BOOKMAN for February has just reached me, and I note with pleasure that the edges of the magazine are cut—"opened" I believe is the correct term. Permit a "constant reader" to thank "whatever gods may be" for the change. Deckle edges have their uses, I imagine, but not for magazines.

Yours very truly,
L. W. S.

III.

A reader in Rochester, N. Y., is in search of bibliographical information.

Can you recommend to me any one recent critical work on Count Tolstoy? I should prefer something in English.

Read Merejkowski's *Tolstoy as Man and Artist* (English translation, New York, 1902). It is published by the Messrs. Putnam.

IV.

Here is a letter from an Englishman whom Prof. Brander Matthews has filled with a sacred rage. We wonder why he didn't send his letter to Professor Matthews direct; but as the latter gentleman reads *THE BOOKMAN* assiduously it will reach him in these columns.

SIR:

Mr. Brander Matthews, with the usual mantle of sickening Yankee brag upon him, ventures to assert that "America will be the future literary centre of the English language"! Preposterous!

Mr. Matthews may be assured it will be many years, and many centuries, before the cultured harmony of the English language, as spoken in the British isles, will give way to the hideous barbarism of the Yankee speech.

We have not yet got to advertisement, financier, inquiry, and the delectable and all-pervading barbarism of "gotten" and a thousand other similar vandalisms.

T. E. H.—B. A. CANTAB.

V.

A letter from Tallapoosa, Ga.:

Editor of the *LETTER BOX*:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," likewise ignorant readers crave information that more fortunate ones do not need. Therefore, I am asking, solely for enlightenment, if it is no longer correct to spell such words as "analyze" and "realize" with a "z"? In the current issues of *THE BOOKMAN* I observe that the letter "s" is used entirely in those words and their derivatives. Now please do not open, for my benefit, the vials of your sarcasm, however good natured it may be, for I am entirely sincere in my display of ignorance.

I thoroughly enjoy *THE BOOKMAN*. It is my favourite among a half dozen other periodicals that I receive regularly.

Yours sincerely,

M. S. B.

The answer is that, in general, we prefer the mode of spelling which prevails in England. Sometimes the compositors run a little ahead of us and insert an "s" where even the English use a "z"; but we don't mind that. It is an error on the right side, and offsets the excesses of Fonetik Refawrmers.

VI.

A gentleman in this city asks us a grammatical question which he himself

argues at some length. He quotes the following sentence as having been used by a lady:

"Calling upon Mrs. Smith to-day she told me about the festival."

Our correspondent thinks that this sentence is misleading and ought to have been expressed in a different way, as for example:

"When I called upon Mrs. Smith she told me about the festival."

In the first sentence the participle "calling" agrees with the pronoun "me," whereas our correspondent thinks that in this form of sentence it ought logically to agree with "she," the subject of the verb. We answer that the participle can just as well agree with one as with the other, though more usually it agrees with the subject rather than with the object of the succeeding verb. But the context and circumstances always make the meaning perfectly plain; and we think that inasmuch as there is no real ambiguity, there is no occasion to be hypercritical concerning the form of the sentence.

VII.

A reader in Cincinnati doesn't like our serials, and says so at considerable length. Here is the letter:

To the Editors of *THE BOOKMAN*:

I think you enjoy more those letters which find fault with your methods or your madnenses, than those which are simply appreciative or laudatory; and so I want to ask you why—oh! why!—you will persist in serving up to us who are at your mercy such lush-gush, such tommy-rot, such all-fired mamby, as you do give us in the way of serial fiction?

Last year—no, the year before—the year when I wasn't living—you forced us to swallow—oh!—what was it?—something about *fire* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. At any rate, it was the veriest trumpery, you know it was, and it would never have been introduced to *your* public if the writer had not made a name for herself—which that particular bit of writing did not enhance. This year Mary Sanborn gets a boost with her stupid and mushy *Revelation*, which my niece thinks is "lovely!" (She is just seventeen.) But oh! horrors upon horrors! How could you permit "Tony" to appear at an afternoon function at "Aunt Letitia's" in evening dress? I am shocked at your ignorance, or your laxity—which?

Please don't set this down as an ebullition of bad temper,—but

"I've got the grip and an old felt hat
And I wish I was down home where my beau
lives at."

IN CINCINNATI.

We are always grateful for additions to our vocabulary. "Mamby" is quite new to us.

VIII.

A reader in Easton, Pa., asks the following question:

In your opinion are Generals Grant and Lee to be reckoned in the first rank of the world's great soldiers?

As a civilian, we feel a certain reluctance to express any opinion upon this subject. So far, however, as our own studies have instructed us and so far also as the views of impartial military critics abroad may be regarded as valuable, we are inclined to think that it is quite certain that General Grant has no claim to be classed among the world's great generals. For doggedness, courage, tenacity, and an utter disregard of difficulties, he was the equal of any soldier who ever lived; but in the higher intellectual qualities which enable a commander by skillful combinations and brilliant strategy to accomplish great results and at the same time spare his men, he was lamentably deficient. His own soldiers used to call him "The Butcher," and this nickname very well expresses the manner of his campaigning. As a strategist, in fact, he was inferior to Sherman, whose march to the sea, cutting loose from his base in defiance of the formulas of military text-books, was the one really magnificent exhibition of genius on the Union side throughout the war. It caused the collapse of the Confederacy, and by taking Lee in the rear it compelled his surrender for which Grant has received all the popular credit. As for General Lee, if not among the world's very greatest commanders, he certainly comes near the line which separates them from generals of the second class. The skill with which he outmanœuvred and outfought armies that were double his own and that were perfectly equipped while his men lacked nearly everything, must give him an enduring fame. Possibly the greatest mili-

tary genius who appeared during the whole war was "Stonewall" Jackson, though he fell too soon for any one to form a sound comparative judgment of him; and the same thing may be said of Albert Sidney Johnston. Impartial students of military history can scarcely refuse, we think, to admit that in military genius the South outmatched the North.

IX.

Our feelings were so much ruffled last month by the lady in Hatboro, Pa., that we desire to express our thanks to the numerous other readers of THE BOOKMAN who have written to assure us that they are not in sympathy with her rather acrid criticism. We shall print some of these letters, not because they commend the little story about Hilda, but because they justify our editorial instinct which told us that it was entirely proper for us to publish something for children at Christmas time, and that such a story would reach the children for whom it was intended. The first letter comes to us from a reader in Marquette, Mich.

To the Senior Editor:

I have said that nothing should lure me to within forty miles of the LETTER BOX, for I don't consider it safe; but 'twas ever my way to champion the oppressed—though it goes somewhat against me to rescue a down-trodden "Gent." Let me assure you for your comfort, that three little girl neighbours of mine were so mightily pleased with "Hilda" that for three weeks they came near to making life a burden to me with their daily inquiries for the slow-coming January number.

As for my grown-up self, far from resenting Hilda's small presence in my beloved BOOKMAN, I read her adventures with genuine pleasure, in spite of the spider. I'm going to admit that I quailed before that demolished insect. You see, I don't like *any* bug, smashed or unsmashed, that sports more than six legs; but if I *must* have spiders, I certainly prefer mine intact. Now if Hilda had chloroformed that unpleasant entomological specimen he would have died a much tidier, if less plausible death—or she might have inveigled him into a bottle of alcohol or drowned him in a convenient brook. But to smash him—oh!

Your nice, bloodthirsty little-girl-readers, however, were perfectly satisfied with your method of slaying the enemy (one, indeed, confessed to a hope that the doctor would come to a similar fate) so why should any grown-up fairy-tale-reader cavil?

Another letter is written by a subscriber in Wilmington, N. C.

To the Senior Editor:

My little boy has begged me repeatedly to let you know that he thinks *Hilda and the Wishes* is one of the finest of stories. He is a Kipling and Water Baby boy. But I hardly felt justified in boring you even to give him a pleasure.

Now that the lady from Hatboro has so severely denounced you and the story, I feel it my *duty* as a sunshiner to send a cheering word of praise.

A third letter written on exquisite stationery comes from Brooklyn Heights:

DEAR SIRs:

I wish your correspondent from the classic shades of Hatboro, Pa., would confine her pleas and protests to her own class; for it does not seem to have occurred to her that some of the "grown-up people" she so strenuously fights for, might not care to be included in her bursts of indignation. I, for one, say, let the children have their Christmas story and all the "rodentiferous verse" they can chant. If the offending statement—"The rat takes the cheese"—does not contain sufficient food for thought to satisfy the Hatboro Minerva, I can suggest another, which is that

"THE BOOKMAN takes the cake!"

But now my letter is beginning to read like a *menu*, and I must close with the hope that the majority of your readers will prove to be for, and not against, the children and your kind thought of them. L. M.

In all this correspondence the thing which has perhaps appealed to us most, occurred in the midst of a letter written

to us on an entirely different subject by a lady who all of a sudden with a delicious irrelevance slid into the lightning-like parenthetical exclamation: "How I *hate* that woman down in Hatboro!"

X.

While we are exhibiting the various bouquets that have been thrown to us, we might as well put the following one on view. We do so the more readily because the last paragraph will soothe the feelings of the Junior Editor who is still a little sore over the outcome of the Beauty Contest.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I remember William Dean Howells told us once in a talk that authors are never bored with letters of appreciation, no matter how many are received. I presume editors of magazines come under the same category, and so I am taking the liberty of telling the Senior and Junior Editors of THE BOOKMAN what I like about their magazine. It is the personality that they give the magazine in their humorous references to their own and each other's preferences and fads of different kinds. Our present-day journals affect such a stolid air of anonymousness that half the vital interest is lost. In making us feel the men who *are* the magazine, you succeed in arousing a sense of kinship between the editors and the readers which is refreshing.

The publication of the pictures, a month or so ago, of the ideal types of feminine beauty admired by both editors interested me. I could hardly make a choice between them, for both were expressive of the "eternal womanly." Allow me to say that they reflect great honour upon the characters of the choosers.

A. A. H.





READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Appleton:

William Penn. By Augustus C. Buell.

An illustrated biography of William Penn, the founder of two commonwealths, by the author of *Sir William Johnson*, and Paul Jones.

James Oglethorpe. By Harriet C. Cooper.

A new volume in Appleton's Series of Historic Lives. James Oglethorpe was the founder of Georgia, and the book is dedicated to the children of that State.

The Man Roosevelt. By Francis E. Leupp.

Mr. Leupp wishes his work to be looked upon as "an unpretentious portrait sketch," and not in the light of a biography. In his preface he goes on to say that no one but himself is responsible for this volume, and that not a line in it has been submitted to Mr. Roosevelt. He wishes also to absolve the *New York Evening Post*, whose Washington correspondent he is, from any accountability in the treatment of Mr. Roosevelt, his ideas, and his methods.

The Imperialist. By Mrs. Everard Cotes.

A novel of Canadian social and political life, by the author of "*An American Girl in London*" and "*Those Delightful Americans*."

The Modern Bank. By Amos K. Fiske.

Mr. Fiske, being associate editor of the "*Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin*," is thoroughly equipped to give an account of the functions and methods of the development and present system of banking.

The Grave. By Robert Blair.

A new edition of Robert Blair's poem, illustrated by twelve etchings, executed by L. Schiavonetti, from the original intentions of William Blake.

Barnes and Company:

A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America. By Daniel Williams Harmon.

These travels extend from Montreal nearly to the Pacific, in which the author gives an account of the principal occurrences during a nineteen years' residence in different parts of the country.

Napoleon. By R. M. Johnston.

A concise biography of Napoleon's career, and in addition serves as an excellent guide to the best books which have been written on the various phases of Napoleon's life. The author is lecturer in Italian history at Harvard University.

The Citizen. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

The aim of this book is to place before the reader the relation which the individual bears to the Government which controls his conduct as a citizen. Professor Shaler occupies the chair of Geology in Harvard University and is also Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School.

Cap'n Eri. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Cap'n Eri is a type well known on the New England coast, and the story which Mr. Lincoln weaves about this quaint and humorous character is worth the telling. Mr. Lincoln has contributed a number of short stories to the "*Saturday Evening Post*" and other periodicals.

Century Company:

A Watcher in the Woods. By Dallas Lore Sharp.

This is by the author of "*Wild Life Near Home*," and it contains several selected chapters from that book. These books are intended primarily for school use, and of them Mr. John Burroughs has been heard to say that "of all the nature books of recent years, I look upon Mr. Sharp's as the best."

Famous Legends. By Emeline G. Crommelin.

These legends have been selected and adapted for the use of school children. The author is a teacher of Elementary English in the Collegiate School, this city.

The Wonder-Book of Horses. By James Baldwin.

The eighteen stories in this volume have been chosen with the thought of their educative value. The first four introduce the sun myths and the season myths of the Greeks and of our Norse ancestors. Young people should find instruction as well as entertainment in these biographies of the war horses of ancient history.

Tillie a Mennonite Maid. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin.

A modern romance of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Tillie is the daughter of an ignorant farmer, and she boasts of two lovers, a pertinacious Dutchman, and a school master, graduated from Harvard. The story is written to amuse. The illustrations are by Florence Scovel Shinn.

Dillingham:

Left in Charge. By Clara Morris.

A story of the sons and daughters of hardy pioneers who settled down in Illinois, near Quincy, in the days when that river-city was young.

The Universe a Vast Electric Organism. By George W. Warder.

"Electricity, next to Deity," says Mr. Warder, "is the most remarkable entity in the universe." He goes on to elucidate his own theories of electrical creation, and brings forward the most recent scientific facts and discoveries tending to show that the universe is a vast electric machine.

I Need the Money. By Hugh McHugh.

A new "John Henry Book," with illustrations of the various types who appear in its pages.

The Yellow Holly. By Fergus Hume.

A story of crime by the popular Australian novelist, who is the author of a long list of books.

The Corner in Coffee. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

An up-to-date comedy of New York, in which Mr. Elijah D. Tillott, son of an unconventional Western Railroad engineer, figures in society and on Wall Street.

Eppy Grams. By Dinkelspiel. Per George V. Hobart:

A little volume of ninety pages con-

taining the essence of Mr. Hobart's humour of the last few years. There is genuine humour in Dinkelspiel, even if it is of the kind which Weber and Fields have made popular on the stage.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Story of Susan. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

A new book by the author of "The Maternity of Harriet Wicken" and "Folly Corner" is always welcome, and in this story of a lady's maid Mrs. Dudeney's undeniable strength and her subtle humour are admirably blended.

The Dayspring. By Dr. William Barry.

Henry Guiron, the hero, is an exile from Ireland, and made bitter by his experiences allies himself with the socialistic movement which resulted in the Paris Commune. The situation grows complicated through his love for a widow of aristocratic birth.

The Woodhouse Correspondence. By George W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel.

A volume of letters which the authors term "studies in idiosyncrasy," and which the publishers recommend as an excellent remedy for the blues. It is reviewed in this number.

All's Fair in Love. By Josephine Caroline Sawyer.

This is Miss Sawyer's first novel since "Every Inch a King," published several years ago. The scenes of the present story are laid in the Scottish border in the warlike days of old.

The Influence of Pasteur on Medical Science. By Christian Archibald Herter, M.D.

A small book containing an address which Dr. Herter delivered before the Medical School of Johns Hopkins University.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Fugitive. By Ezra S. Brudno.

A narrative-romance, which the publishers call the epic of the Jew. The story begins in the heart of Lithuania, Russia, and ends in New York. The author pictures the relation of the Jew and the Gentile where love is the leveller of creeds. A review appeared in THE BOOK-MAN for March.

The Issues of Life. By Mrs. John Van Vorst.

A novel of the "American woman of today," the so-called "new woman" who substitutes clubs and personal freedom

for the home. It is a book that will probably arouse discussion, as did "The Woman Who Toils," which Mrs. Van Vorst wrote in collaboration with her sister-in-law, Miss Marie Van Vorst.

Grafton Press:

The Poems of John Cleveland. Annotated and correctly printed for the first time with Biographical and Historical Introductions by John M. Berdan, Ph.D.

This edition, which has been revised and rewritten, was originally undertaken as a thesis for the doctorate degree at Yale University.

In Passion's Dragnet. By Hattie Horner Louthan.

A novel with "a new thrill," which treats pretty boldly of the emotions, and which is not in any way true to life as it really is.

Harper:

The Stone of Destiny. By Katherine Mackay.

This is the title of Mrs. Clarence Mackay's new novel. It has already received considerable favourable notice, and the fact that the author is a well-known society woman is a much advertised feature.

Yarborough the Premier. By Agnes Russell Weekes.

The story of an English politician, who gains his power through unscrupulous means. Yarborough's son, the soul of honour, helps to bring about an interesting climax to the story. A review appears elsewhere in this number.

The Jewel of Seven Stars. By Bram Stoker.

A story of Egyptian mystery that hangs over the tomb of a queen of ancient Egypt. An Egyptologist and his daughter are the experimentalists of the mystery. Reviewed in this number.

Business Education and Accountancy. By Charles Waldo Haskins. Edited by Frederick A. Cleveland.

Mr. Haskins makes a plea for the recognition of business training as a liberal profession, and he points out that schools and colleges of the present day are lacking in their teaching of finance and business administration. A history of the accounts of ancient peoples is included.

In Famine Land. By Rev. J. E. Scott.

An illustrated volume giving an account of famine-stricken India during the distress of 1899-1900. The author is chairman of the M. E. Mission Relief Committee.

Breaking Into Society. By George Ade.

A collection of new "fables" in Mr. Ade's usual popular vein.

The Standard of Pronunciation in English. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.L.D., L.H.D.

The author, professor of English literature at Yale University, argues in this volume that there never has been and never can be an undisputed standard of pronunciation for the English language.

Hinds and Noble:

The Man Who Pleases and the Woman Who Charms. By John A. Cone.

A collection of quotations gathered from various sources. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Art of Conversation," "The Voice," "Good Manners," "Personal Peculiarities," in addition to the subjects which give the title to the book.

Higgins and Company:

The Ethics of the Greek Philosophers. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. By Professor James H. Hyslop.

The lecture published here is one of a course on the "Evolution of Ethics" delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association in the years 1896 and 1897, by the Professor of Logic and Ethics at Columbia University. The work is supplemented with portraits of the philosophers, and a sketch of Socrates.

Holt and Company:

The Parsifal of Richard Wagner. Translated from the French of Maurice Kufferath by Louise M. Henermann.

Mr. Krehbiel has written an introduction to this volume in which he says: "For its purposes, the book has no adequate fellow in the literatures of England, France, or Germany." It contains accounts of the Perceval of Chrétien de Troies and the Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and reproduces leading motifs in musical notation and illustrations of the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Home Publishing Company:

Phil Conway. By Archibald Clavering Gunter.

Phil Conway is an enormous speculator in Wall Street and a man who has encountered the dangers and hardships of travel in unexplored territories. The story tells of some exciting episodes of his career, and is written in Mr. Gunter's usual vein.

Lane:

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

This is the thirteenth volume in the New Pocket Library, printed upon thin paper and bound in cloth.

Macmillan:

A Modern School. By Paul H. Hanus.

Professor Hanus sets forth the scope and aims of a modern school, more particularly of a secondary school, and the conditions essential to its efficiency. The author is Professor of the History and Art of Teaching in Harvard University.

Merely Mary Ann. By I. Zangwill.

A new, paper-covered edition of Mr. Zangwill's story, a dramatised version of which is now enjoying a successful run in New York. The edition contains illustrations from the play, with Eleanor Robson and Edwin Arden in the principal rôles.

Representative Modern Preachers. By Lewis O. Barstow, D.D.

A series of biographical and critical essays on prominent preachers, representing the different schools of preaching during the last century. Dr. Barstow is a Professor of Practical Theology in Yale University.

The Mediaeval Town Series. Siena. By Edmund G. Gardner.

The volumes in this series are of convenient size for the library table or the tourist's handbag each volume containing about forty line drawings and a photogravure frontispiece.

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. By the Author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden.

The sprightly narrative of Elizabeth's adventures in the island of Rügen and its odd German watering places. Everybody remembers that "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" was the first of a vast number of "garden books" of recent years.

The Day Before Yesterday. By Sara Andrew Shafer.

The story of a circle of persons living their quiet, kindly lives in a small village of the Middle West. The publishers say that it suggests "lavender and old roses," and this expression immediately calls to mind Mrs. Banks's Oldfield, the "Kentucky Cranford."

A Little Traitor to the South. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A new book by Mr. Brady is not a particularly startling event, as he is noted for the rapidity with which he turns out novels and stories. The present volume is "a war-time comedy with a tragic interlude," in which two Confederate officers seek the hand of the heroine, who, judging by the frontispiece, is not a very fetching person.

North Carolina. By Charles Lee Raper, Ph.D.

A study in English Colonial Government which, so far as the author is aware, is "the first study from the original sources of the provincial government of North Carolina, embracing the whole period, and from the point of view of England as well as that of the colony."

The Duke of Cameron Avenue. By Henry Kitchell Webster.

The latest volume in the series of "Little Novels by Favourite Authors." The hero of Mr. Webster's story is a vigorous figure in settlement life in Chicago.

The Price of Youth. By Margery Williams.

A new novel by the author of "The Late Returning." Miss Williams pictures life in a typical New Jersey village in which the characters are the kind of people one meets every day.

The Opening of the Mississippi. By F. A. Ogg.

A sub-title describes this work as "A Struggle for Supremacy in the American Interior." It is a history of the discovery, exploration, and contested rights of navigation of the Mississippi before the War of 1812.

Outlook Company:

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. By Jacob A. Riis.

Mr. Riis's life of the President has been running serially in the "Outlook." Mr. George T. Tobin has made an excellent drawing of Mr. Roosevelt, which is used as a frontispiece. The other illustrations are also unusually attractive.

Tolstoy the Man. By Edward A. Steiner.

The author of this new life of Tolstoy occupies the professorship of Applied Christianity in Iowa College. He spent a number of months in Russia at the request of the Outlook Company for the purpose of obtaining the material for this book. The book is illustrated in colors.

A Preacher's Story of His Work. By W. S. Rainsford.

Dr. Rainsford, the vigorous and popular rector of St. George's Church, New York, told this story to friends who gathered about him in his study at St. George's Rectory. "The only changes," to quote his publishers, "which have been made, in translating this story from oral to printed form, have been those transpositions and excisions necessary for coherence, which in spoken words is supplied by gesture in the speaker, and inquiries or responses by the hearers."

Pott and Company:

In Shakspear's England. By Mrs. Frederick Boas.

An illustrated volume by the author of "English History for Children." "The England of Shakspear was the England of Elizabeth," says Mrs. Boas, and it is round the figure of that Queen that she has written this history.

Old-Time Travel. By Alexander Innes Shand.

These are personal reminiscences of the continent forty years ago which the author compares to the experiences of the present time. The illustrations are by A. H. Hallam Murray. Mr. Shand has depended upon his memory for these recollections, as he has never kept a diary.

Bygone London Life. By G. L. Apperson, I. S. O.

In a sub-title, the author calls this quaint and interesting book "pictures from a vanished past." These pen pictures are divided into five parts: Old-Time Restaurants, The Coffee-Houses, Some Old London Swells, Old London Museums, and Old London Characters.

Putnam's Sons:

Liberty and a Living. By Philip G. Hubert.

Mr. Hubert first published this book about fifteen years ago. In his preface to the second edition he says: "It is possible to make a small income go much further in the purchase of peace, culture, sunshine, and happiness than is commonly thought possible. But I must repeat that the scheme of life outlined in 'Liberty and Living' is not for every one; it presupposes an uncommon capacity for enjoyment in nature, books, and very simple living." Mr. Hubert's autobiography has charm, and it should appeal to those select few who desire at all times to live a free and yet a simple life.

English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century. By Leslie Stephen. Ford Lectures, 1903.

Mr. Stephen, whose death occurred last month, prepared these lectures, but ill health prevented him from delivering them in person. Mr. Herbert Fisher read the lectures at Oxford on behalf of the author.

Evidence of a Future Life. ("L'Aime est Immortelle"). By Gabriel Delanne. Translated and Edited by H. A. Dallas.

A psychological study of the spirit, divided into three parts: Observation, Experience, Spiritism and Science.

Matthew Arnold. By William Harbutt Dawson.

A critical study of Matthew Arnold and of his relation to the thought of our time. Mr. Dawson is an Englishman and an intimate friend of the Arnold family.

Revell Company:

The Vanguard. By James S. Gale.

The romantic tale of a young American who goes as a missionary to Korea. The fact that the scene of the story is "where West meets East" is sufficient to make it among the advertised books relating to the places and the people connected with the present war.

Round Table Press:

The Complete Anas of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by Franklin B. Sawvel, Ph.D.

By the courtesy of the Department of State, the editor was granted access to the Jefferson manuscripts in the archives of the Department, and he has brought out together in a single volume Jefferson's private notes, opinions, and conjectures.

Scribner's Sons:

On the Eve. Father and Children. By Iván Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood.

Volumes V. and VI. in the very attractive illustrated edition of the Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff.

Introduction to Classical Latin Literature. By William Cranston Lawton.

This "Introduction" has been prepared by the Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Adelphi College. The subjects are divided under the following headings: The Republican Age, The Ciceronian Age, The Augustinian Age, and the Age of Silver Latin.

Taylor and Company:

Manual of Forensic Quotations. By Leon Mead and F. Newell Gilbert. Introduction by John W. Griggs.

An anthology of quotations from some of the noted speeches of the great men of the bar. Among the men quoted are: Curra, Lord Erskine, Lord Chatham, Burke, Sir James Mackintosh, Van Arman, Judge Black, Lothrop, Conkling, Benjamin Harrison, Webster, Choate, and others equally well known. The book is illustrated with photographs.

Boston.

Ditson Company:

Twenty Piano Transcriptions. Franz Liszt.

Forty Songs. Johannes Brahms. For Low Voice.

Two new volumes in the "Musicians Library," each containing a biographical sketch, with a frontispiece portrait of Liszt and Brahms.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Violet. By Baroness von Hutten.

Violet is a boy with a poetic temperament and a genius for music. The story opens in a lighthouse on the English Channel, and then the scene shifts to London's Bohemian circles. Reviewed in this number.

Henderson. By Rose E. Young.

A story of the West, by a young Missourian. Miss Young is the author of "Sally of Missouri," and of a number of short stories, the best of which have been gathered about Henderson, the hero of her present book. The publishers liken the book to "The Gentleman from Indiana." A photograph of Miss Young appears in the Chronicle and Comment of this number.

The Oligraphy of Venice. By George B. McClellan.

An essay on Venice, written from the political point of view. The book has grown out of studies carried on in Venice by Mr. McClellan, the Mayor of New York.

A Country Interlude. By Hildegard Hawthorne.

A love story of summer days written in the form of letters. Miss Hawthorne lives in Yonkers, and the letters are written from one of the beautiful places which border the Hudson.

Joan of the Alley. By Frederick Orin Bartlett.

Mr. Bartlett is a young newspaper man of Boston, and this is his first novel. It gives a picture of tenement life in one of the big American cities. A short time ago Mr. Bartlett won a prize of one hundred dollars offered by the "Ladies Home Journal" for the best short love story.

With the Birds in Maine. By Olive Thorne Miller.

An affectionate study of birds common to the Eastern and Middle States. The author has been collecting this material during the last ten summers.

Lee and Shepard:

Facts About Peat. By T. H. Leavitt.

A monograph on the use of peat fuel and peat coke and how to make it. Years ago Mr. Leavitt operated peat works at Lexington, Massachusetts, and at that time he brought out a book on the subject, the plates of which were subsequently destroyed by fire. The present volume is, in a way, a substitute of the earlier work.

Little, Brown and Company:

Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent. By Fannie Merritt Farmer.

Miss Farmer has been a teacher of cookery for over thirteen years, and she has written a number of cook books. The present volume has been prepared to meet the demands which trained nurses have made upon her. It is also intended as a help to any one who is in charge of the sick.

The Queen of Quelparte. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

A new edition of a novel which is of timely interest. The story deals with Russian intrigue in the Far East shortly after the war between China and Japan. The scenes are laid in an island province of Korea and St. Petersburg.

Page and Company:

An Evans of Suffolk. By Anna Farquhar.

A story of modern life, in which a worldly woman marries into a conservative Boston family without explaining her somewhat shady antecedents. "Her Boston Experience" and "The Devil's Plough" are by the same author.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

The New Modern Webster Dictionary of the English Language for Grammar and High Schools and General Use. By E. T. Roe, LL.B.

A new edition of a compact and convenient pocket dictionary, containing 60,000 words and definitions.

Rescued from Fiery Death. By W. A. Stanger.

The Iroquois Theatre disaster at Chicago is here used for the purposes of fiction and Mr. Stanger spares not the reader in picturing that horror in all its enormity. The hero rescues the heroine from the flames as she occupies one of the boxes. Not satisfied with this, they go to Baltimore on their wedding tour, reaching there in time to take part in the recent big fire.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Confessions of Marguerite.

A book which is published anonymously and which purports to be the true story of a girl's heart.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

A Chronology and Practical Bibliography of Modern German Literature. Compiled by Scholte Nollen.

The Chronology and Bibliography here given were at first intended to supplement an outline of the history of German literature written for the texts of the "Lake German Series," but the work grew so rapidly that the compiler decided to make a book of it.

United Prohibition Press:

American Prohibition Year Book for 1904. Compiled by Alonzo E. Wilson.

This Year Book aims to furnish as much information as possible in regard to the evils of drink. The facts and figures are brought down to date.

Cincinnati

Clarke Company:

The Graal Problem. By J. S. Tunison.

The present enthusiastic interest in Wagner's Parsifal has led Mr. Tunison to discuss briefly the entire Graal motive in fiction, mediæval and modern, from his own point of view.

Cleveland.

Imperial Press:

Printing in Relation to Graphic Art. By George French.

It is the author's purpose to show that the principles of art may be applied to printing, and when these principles are carried out that they lead to improvement

in printing. The book itself is well printed on French hand-made paper.

Columbus, Ohio.

Miller:

A Book of Cartoons. By Harry J. Westerman.

These cartoons have appeared in the "Ohio State Journal." Mr. Samuel G. McClure has written an introduction on the subject of caricature and its influence.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Her Infinite Variety. By Brand Whitlock.

A new story by the author of the political novel, "The 13th District." Politics are also a feature of the new book, which is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Reviewed in this number.

The Yoke. By Elizabeth Miller.

A romantic novel of the days of the exodus of the children of Israel from the bondage of Egypt.

Hollenbeck Press:

The Third Power. Farmers to the Front. By J. A. Everitt.

In a preface, the author says: "The farmers own the earth," and he goes on to say that he hopes "that the soil owners and workers will be aroused to a sense of the true condition of their industry; that agriculture in America and throughout the world will soon occupy the high position to which it is entitled, when it will stand first of all in importance and power."

Milwaukee.

Young Churchman Company:

Lenten Soliloquies. By William Edward McLaren, D.D., LL.D.

A collection of Lenten "readings" by the bishop of Chicago, for every day of the Lenten season, suitable for private or public use.

The Litany and the Life. By Rev. John Newton McCormick, B.A., D.D.

A series of studies of the litany especially suitable for Lenten reading. The author is rector of St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The Passion of the King. By Shirley C. Hughson, O.H.C.

A small volume containing short daily meditations for the Lenten season.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between February and March, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. A Little Garrison. Biltse. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Violet. Von Hutten. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Little Shepheid of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) \$2.00 net.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.00.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Art of Cross Examination. Wellman. (Macmillan.) \$2.50 net.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
6. Letters of a Chinese Official. (McClure-Phillips.) 50c. net.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
6. Korea. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$4.00 net.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Lux Crucis. Gardenshire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Son to His Self-Made Father. Merriman. (Robinson-Luce.) \$1.25.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50.
2. Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward. Beekman. (Brentano.) \$1.25.
3. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentano.) \$1.25.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Fugitive. Brudno. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

5. Letters of a Son to His Self-Made Father. Merriman. (Robinson-Luce.) \$1.25.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. Handbook of Modern Japan. Clements. (McClurg.) \$1.40 net.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$3.00.
5. Korea and Her Neighbors. Bishop. (Revell.) \$2.00.
6. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$3.00.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.

2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Sally of Missouri. Young. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
5. The Land of Little Rain. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$2.00 net.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Close of the Day. Spearman. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
4. Ben Hur. Wallace. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. I Need the Money. McHugh. (Dillingham.) 75c.
6. Denis Dent. Hornung. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

New Haven, Conn.

1. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. *Rebecca*. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *The Heart of Hyacinth*. Watanna. (Harper.) \$2.00.
6. *The Lightning Conductor*. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. *Her Infinite Variety*. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. *Rebecca*. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. *Uther and Igraine*. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
6. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. *The Fortunes of Fifi*. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. *Red Keggars*. Thwing. (Book Lovers' Press.) \$1.50.
4. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
5. *The Grey Cloak*. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. *Darrell*. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. *Lux Crucis*. Gardenshire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. *The Russian Advance*. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
5. *Japanese Physical Training*. Hancock. (Putnam.) \$1.25 net.
6. *American Revolution*, vol. 3. Trevelyan. (Longmans.) \$2.50 net.

Portland, Me.

1. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. *Rebecca*. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

5. *Wings of the Morning*. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

6. *Hesper*. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. *The Call of the Wild*. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. *Denis Dent*. Hornung. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. *Her Infinite Variety*. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. *Rebecca*. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. *The American Prisoner*. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *Uther and Igraine*. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
6. *The Proud Prince*. McCarthy. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. *Rebecca*. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. *The Lightning Conductor*. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. *Cherry*. Tarkington. (Harper.) \$1.25.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. *Lions of the Lord*. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
3. *My Friend Prospero*. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
5. *Gordon Keith*. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. *Rebecca*. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. *The Deliverance*. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. *The Russian Advance*. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
3. *Bridge Whist*. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25 net.

4. Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Woods.) \$1.25 net.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Lux Crucis. Gardenshire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) \$1.50.

Toronto, Can.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
3. The Duke Decides. Hill. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Wm. Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
6. Dr. Xavier. Pemberton. (Copp, Clark & Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentano.) \$1.25.
2. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Man Roosevelt. Leupp. (Appleton.) \$1.25 net.
6. Korea. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$4.00 net.

Worcester, Mass.

1. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Law of Life. Sholl. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon. (Scribner.) \$3.00.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

		POINTS.	
A book standing	1st on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	8
"	"	3d	7
"	"	4th	6
"	"	5th	5
"	"	6th	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS.
1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.....		260
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.....		207
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50....		166
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.....		116
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....		70
6. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.....		60

Vol. XIX

MAY, 1904

No. 1

PRICE TWENTY FIVE CENTS • TWO DOLLARS *per* YEAR

THE BOOKMAN

... MAY NUMBER



PALES

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
... NEW YORK ...

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PORES !

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? The pores are the safety valves of the body. If they be kept in perfect order by constant and intelligent bathing, a very general source of danger from disease is avoided. HAND SAPOLIO is unequaled as a gentle, efficacious pore-opener. It does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly, by a method of its own.

AFTER A REFRESHING BATH with HAND SAPOLIO, every one of the 2,381,248 healthily-opened pores of your skin will shout as through a trumpet, "For this relief, much thanks." Five minutes with HAND SAPOLIO equals hours of so-called Health Exercises.

Don't argue, Don't infer, Try it !

Its use is a fine habit.

Its cost a trifle.

May, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN."
Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost. ୧ ୧

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Miss Miriam Michelson, whose fascinating novel, *In the Bishop's Carriage*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is a Californian by birth, and still makes her home in San Francisco. In that city she began to write on special assignments for the newspapers and later as a dramatic critic. Afterward, she spent two years in Philadelphia, where she was a member of the staff of the *North American*, finding time also to write for the magazines. Her short stories have been invariably successful and have attracted much attention; so that, two years ago, she dropped newspaper writing altogether and gave her whole time to purely literary work. *In the Bishop's Carriage* is her first novel, and it shows in every page and every line a natural gift cultivated and trained by intelligent effort. The *Century* has already accepted the manuscript of a second book, which is, we believe, to appear first in serial form. Miss Michelson is an accomplished linguist and has travelled much, both of which facts serve partly to explain alike the attractiveness of her style and the breadth and sympathy of her understanding. It is a long time since we came upon the work of a new writer of so much promise.

❖

Mr. Stewart Edward White has just gone over to the ranks of the benedicts, and there are now comparatively few American authors of national reputation who are still bachelors, even among the younger men. A few years ago it

**Literary
Bachelors and
Benedicts**



MIRIAM MICHELSON.

was different, but one by one the writers have been drifting away from Bohemia—if one may use that word merely as a figure of speech—and single blessedness, and now you must go up and down the list of those whose novels are to be found among the “best sellers” with a very careful scrutiny before you can find the names of the two or three men who have not yet taken unto themselves spouses. And the contagion seems also to be rapidly spreading to the women who write.

✻

As to Mr. White. Years ago, when he was in college, his athletic education was under the supervision of a trainer who has since turned his talents to a variety of occupations and has finally become a bookmaker at one of the race-tracks not far from New York City. The other day on the street he met Mr. T. Gilbert White, the brother of the author, and they began to talk of old times.

“And what is Stewart doing now?” asked the man of sporting proclivities.

“Oh,” replied Mr. Gilbert White, “Stewart has taken to making books.”

The other’s face spread in a smile of perfect sympathy and understanding.

“That so? Say, that’s fine. And what circuit is he on?”



GILBERT WHITE.



STEWART EDWARD WHITE
Quelling a Riot.

Mr. Gilbert White has had a success as a portrait painter which falls but little short of that won by his brother in literature. He has been represented by a number of pictures at the Paris Salon, where a portrait painter must be very good to get any chance at all, as everything else takes precedence of portraits. Nevertheless for one person who knows anything about his work there are a hundred who are familiar with the work of his elder brother, and in consequence Gilbert’s personality is overshadowed in a manner that is at times a little trying to fraternal affection. The other evening he was at a little reception, and, as “Mr. White,” attracted no particular attention. Quite casually some one happened to mention his relationship to the author of *The Blazed Trail*, and in an instant he found himself surrounded by a bevy of excited and enthusiastic women.

“So you are Stewart Edward White’s brother?” they gushed.

“I am not,” he retorted defiantly.

“But we were told you were.”

“It is not so. The fact is, Stewart Edward White is *my* brother.”

Mr. Melvin L. Severy, the author of *The Darrow Enigma*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this number, claims attention not merely because he has written a detective story

**The Author
of The Darrow
Enigma**

which is very much out of the ordinary, but because he confesses to a variety of interests and occupations which is absolutely unprecedented in our experience. We are printing his own account of his career just as he put it down, because to expand or alter it in any way would be to paint the lily. "I was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, August 5th,

1863," he writes, "and resided in that town until my sixth year, when I went to Walpole, Massachusetts, where I lived until I was fourteen, since which time I have lived in Boston and suburbs. I began the study of law, but discontinued it on account of my health. Gave three years to the study of art and subsequently taught and lectured upon its various subjects. Followed the stage, off and on, for a matter of ten years, doing stenographic and literary work between seasons. Have written about a dozen plays, published a collection of short stories, a scientific work, edited a Boston paper for



MELVIN L. SEVERY.



FAMILIAR GLIMPSES OF CHARLES WAGNER.
I. In His Workshop. II. Out for a Walk. III. In His Workshop.



FAMILIAR GLIMPSES OF CHARLES WAGNER.

I. His Children. II. Maison, femme et enfants. III. En route. IV. Father and Daughter.



GERTRUDE **ATHERTON.**



MRS. MACKAY.

a time, also a monthly magazine, and did more or less special work on a Boston daily. Have written a considerable number of sociological articles for a Chicago weekly, besides odd articles for them and the general press. Have from boyhood been a student of science and an inventor. Have taken out between one and two hundred American and foreign patents upon a variety of inventions. In 1898, delivered two addresses before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, and

demonstrated a new process of printing invented by me, and for which I was awarded the John Scott Medal given by the city of Philadelphia upon the recommendation of the Franklin Institute. I am now, with the assistance of my associates, engaged in perfecting an invention destined, we believe, to revolutionise tone production. This is known as the 'Choralcello.' For the past two years painting has been my chief source of recreation."



MARGERY WILLIAMS.

When the readers of *The Price of Youth* discovered that its author was a young English girl, they could scarcely believe the assertion. That book is so intimately and locally American in its scenes, its people, and its New Jersey dialect, as to make such an authorship appear impossible. Nevertheless, this is the case, and it justifies us in regarding the novel as a *tour de force* equal to that of Kipling in *Captains Courageous*. Indeed, Miss Williams's Jerseymen and Jerseywomen are actually truer to the life than were Kipling's Cape Ann fishermen; for dwellers upon Cape Ann have always declared that there are flaws in the dialect of *Captains Courageous*. Miss Williams is twenty-two years of age, and has spent several of those years in this country; yet no casual residence here could enable her to reproduce so perfectly not only American provincial types but American provincial atmosphere, were she not a sensitive artist *jusqu'au bout des ongles*. We are glad to be able to gratify our readers and hers with her portrait.



Sir Edwin Arnold's death has naturally led the critics to write new appreciations of the one poem by which he secured a transient and yet brilliant popularity just twenty-five years ago. A rather clever snap judgment has been passed upon the book in styling it "journalism in verse"; but this is somewhat more witty than fair. Sir Edwin was, after all, by training and also by virtue of hard study, a scholar. He had acquired a sense of form from the Greek which he had read at Oxford. He had saturated himself with Orientalism during his life in India, where for six years he was principal of the Government College at Poona. He had a really unusual knowledge of Buddhism and of the sacred texts, and something in his nature made the native side of Indian life appeal very strongly to him. In a less degree he was an English Oriental, just as Edward Henry Palmer was an English Oriental—not by birth and race, but by sympathy and instinct. This is what made *The Light of Asia* something more than "journalism

in verse." Those who read it were able to enter, if ever so little, into the spirit of that philosophy which belongs so peculiarly to the East and which nevertheless has a subtle fascination for many of us Westerners who are wearied and repelled by the clash and whirl and fruitless turmoil of our modern life. Sir Edwin, in fact, wrote at precisely the psychological moment when a great surge of intellectual curiosity was setting towards the East. This curiosity was gratified while at the same time the imagination was touched by what Sir Edwin wrote, and his subject had the freshness and charm of novelty. The freshness and the novelty have now worn off; and when we go back to-day and read *The Light of Asia* we fail to feel that which its early readers felt. The poem, so far as concerns its style and manner, is much too fluent; indeed, at times it is more than fluent, it is fluid. Its author wrote too easily. One who composes as Arnold did, in a railway train while going back and forth each day between his office and his home, cannot expect to leave behind him lines that will live in the memory or thoughts so perfectly expressed as to be admitted into the world's anthology of what is really best. Perhaps much of the effectiveness of the poem came from the unconscious incorporation into it of what other men had written many years before. Thus such a line as

"Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain"

is an undoubted reminiscence of Macaulay's ballad; while such phrases as "exceedingly sorrowful" possess great dignity and impressiveness,—only they are not Sir Edwin Arnold's, but belong rather to the translators of the King James Bible. Perhaps the truest poetry that Arnold ever wrote is to be found, not in *The Light of Asia*, but in the string of richly Oriental compositions which make up his *Pearls of the Faith*.



The Russo-Japanese war has so far proved very trying to the nerves of journalists all over the world. Immense sums have been spent in cablegrams, while the amount of actual news obtained has been of microscopic proportions.

The War
and the
Newspapers

Even now, nobody really knows what has actually happened in the East, except in the most sketchy sort of a way; and yet the amount of cabling already done has probably been as expensive as that which told the story of the Franco-Prussian war from its beginning to its end. It was very clever of the Japanese to welcome all the war correspondents to Tokio with a bland pretense of sending them directly to the front, and then to box them all up safely where they could not possibly find out anything at all. The number of coolies, interpreters, guides, pack-animals, and ponies that have been eating their heads off at the expense of English and American newspapers must be enormous. So far as we have observed, the *New York Times* has easily scored on all its rivals by going in with its London namesake and sharing the expense of a special dispatch-boat and a wireless telegraphic plant. This combination has resulted in the most coherent series of dispatches that have so far come from the Far East. The newspaper artists, on the other hand, have drawn freely on their imaginations. The public has been treated to a most wonderful group of marine pictures in which Russian and Japanese battleships are shown pouring broadsides into each other at the very moderate distance of ten yards or thereabouts. When we consider that most of this fighting was really done at a range of several miles, these pictures pass into the category of the comic. An accurate illustration of a modern naval battle would represent a vast expanse of sea with a few very small smudges scattered about in the horizon. *Collier's Weekly* has been the only publication to secure photographic illustrations that show things as they actually looked.

It seems to be an established fact that the American national air *par excellence* is henceforth to be the

Our National Airs *Star Spangled Banner*.

The Army regulations have for some time recognised this as the air to be played by regimental bands at the lowering and raising of the national colours; and now Secretary Moody has established the same rule in the Navy. This is quite *it should be, since* the *Star Spangled*

Banner is the most spirited and stirring of all the patriotic airs which are known to all Americans. It matters not that the music is of English origin. As President Lincoln said of *Dixie*, we have fairly captured it and may consider it our own by right of conquest. Whenever it is played in any part of the world, those who hear it and are thrilled by it think of just one thing, and that is of the flag—the symbol of all that is sacred and inspiring to a true American. There is no reason for complaining, as some have done, that *Hail Columbia* and *Yankee Doodle* have now been thrust aside. A country may have many national airs while recognising only one of them as being preëminently the national air. *Hail Columbia*, *Yankee Doodle*, *The Red, White and Blue*, *Dixie*, *Rally Round the Flag*, *John Brown's Body*, and *Marching Through Georgia* will always be immensely popular at patriotic gatherings; but it is only when we hear the strains of the *Star Spangled Banner* that we shall bare our heads and stand while it is being played, as the English do when they listen to *God Save the King*, and as they never do for their other patriotic songs, such as *Rule Britannia*, *The British Grenadiers*, and *Soldiers of the King*.

Mr. Louis C. Elson, in his lately published *History of American Music*, has something to say about **John Brown's** *John Brown's Body* which is quite new to us.

According to Mr. Elson, this immensely popular song, which has a swing to it that makes you think at once of a regiment on the march, did not originally refer to old John Brown of Ossawatimie. This history of the song is bound up in that of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment, known as "the Tigers," and originally commanded by Col. Fletcher Webster, a son of the great Daniel. Mr. Elson takes up the story as follows:

One day, while the regiment was still at Fort Warren, Captain Halgreen heard two new recruits from Maine, in the throes of homesickness, most mournfully singing the hymn, "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?" He was struck by the melody, and taught it to some of "the Tigers." It spread like wildfire, and at once became a camp-tune. As there was no rhyme or complex construction to the words,

the men soon found that they could add their own improvisations to the tune, a fact which made it all the more popular. Meanwhile Gilmore, who frequently came to the fort with his band, caused his men to "vamp" the tune (that is, to improvise harmonies to it), and often accompanied the singing of it. The words grew chiefly about a good-natured Scot named John Brown, who had enlisted in the regiment; and all the allusions to "John Brown" are merely rough fun made out of the similarity of names, and are not tributes to the celebrated hero of Ossawatimie and Harper's Ferry. They often sang the musical jests standing around their companion, who took all their fun good-naturedly. This John Brown afterwards lost his life trying to swim a river during a retreat of the Union forces. . . . And now came the moment when the camp-song was to become national property. Fletcher Webster's regiment was called to the front. As the men crossed Boston Common on their way to the old Providence depot, they sang their camp-song, one thousand strong, with a band supporting the harmony. Boston went wild over it that day. The next morning in New York, the regiment was halted on Broadway, and there again they sang their song amid the wildest frenzy of the public. It mattered little that the people could not fully comprehend the words, the tune was one of the "swingiest" of marches, the whole affair was redolent of the camp, and "Glory Hallelujah" was sung by the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment from city to city, from camp to camp, until it became national.

In this issue of **THE BOOKMAN** we are printing "The European Correspondent,"

The American Newspaper Series

the third in the series of papers on "The American Newspaper." The article is from the pen of Mr. Edward A. Dithmar, the well-known critic and journalist, who is now the editor of the *New York Times Saturday Review*. Mr. Dithmar undertook a few years ago the task of thoroughly reorganising the news service of the *New York Times* in various European capitals, and was for some time himself engaged in the work of a European correspondent. The fourth paper in the series, to be published in the June number, will deal with the New Journalism, or as a great many prefer to call it, the Yellow Journalism. This is a subject which just now is of paramount interest and importance, and in the pages of **THE BOOKMAN** it will be analysed and discussed by its most brilliant living exponent, Mr. Arthur Brisbane. The fifth paper, appearing in our magazine for July, between the two great national conventions, will very fittingly

deal with "The Newspaper and Politics." The author of this article is Mr. Edward Riggs, of the *New York Sun*, the president of the "Amen Corner," and probably the most widely known writer on politics in this country. This paper will tell of national conventions, of presidential inaugurations, and will be filled with anecdotes of famous politicians and statesmen and bits of the secret history of our political life during the last twenty years. The paper for August will treat of "The Reporter." It will be written by Mr. Edward W. Townsend, who had a singularly eventful journalistic career in San Francisco and in New York before he became widely known through his creation of Chimmie Fadden. An idea of the scope and interest of this series is suggested by Mr. Anderson's article on "The War Correspondent," and Mr. Lefèvre's article on "The Newspaper and Wall Street," which appeared respectively in the March and April numbers.

About a year ago we noted the interesting fact that the name of W. M.

Softly Come and Softly Go

Laffan had quietly appeared at the head of the *New York Sun's* editorial columns. We likewise remarked that the circumstance had not received a single line of comment in any *New York* newspaper. Now we observe that the name of W. M. Laffan has been silently eliminated, and that the *Sun's* contemporaries maintain this same mysterious silence. Of a verity, the occult processes of *New York* journalism are tortuous and inscrutable.

There is something unutterably pathetic about a book like Mark Twain's

Mark Twain at Ebb Tide *Extracts from Adam's Diary*. It shows just how far a man who was once a great humourist can fall.

We thought when we read *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story* that Mark Twain could do no worse. But we were wrong. The other book may have been more ridiculous; but this one is more pitiable. We glance at the paper wrapper; we see the advertisement of the "Complete Works of Mark Twain"; we read the titles: *The Adventures of*

Huckleberry Finn, The Jumping Frog of Calaveras, Life on the Mississippi, The Gilded Age, The Innocents Abroad, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, and we remember a man who through the sheer strength and originality of his genius won the world's laughter. Then we read *Extracts from Adam's Diary*. Had these Extracts been written by a man without a great name, no amount of "pull" or adroit argument would have enabled him to palm them off on a first-class metropolitan daily as "Sunday Special" matter.

Books like Sir Frank Burnand's recently published *Records and Reminiscences* have the effect of hardening the literary conscience. The fact that

Burnand and
Bosh

probably in not one line of the volume has the editor of *Punch* departed one iota from the actual facts, leads us to regard truth and accuracy with less respect. The book is honest, but it is so unutterably priggish and dull that we find ourselves thinking with great kindness of the gorgeous "whoppers" with which the elder Dumas used to fill his volumes of travel, and the filched anecdotes which the late Albert Vandam crammed into that amusing fake *An Englishman in Paris*. At least they succeeded in entertaining us; whereas Sir Frank Burnand has proved himself only a bore. Here is a man who for years has sat at the *Punch* table, who has rubbed elbows with every one worth while in literary, musical and artistic England, and yet can find nothing more interesting to write about than himself. With perfect gravity he fills page after page with unimportant details of his boyhood, and the record of his own personal sayings and thoughts. If he takes you to the Garrick Club or the Cider Cellar and falls in with Thackeray, he never lets you forget that it is with Sir Frank Burnand with whom the book has to do.

After an absence of a year or two Mr. Oliver Herford came back from England recently, his head filled with innumerable ideas for the dissemination of American humour in particular and the elevation of American literature in general. Among other

Mr. Herford
and
The "Cycle"

things, he concluded that it would be an excellent idea to publish a magazine of his own and straightway enthusiastically set to work mapping out the plan and purpose of such a periodical. By the time that he had decided what the contents of the magazine should be the idea had assumed such tangible form that it dawned upon him that it would be an excellent thing to have some advertising. That would help in carrying along the first two numbers until the day when the world awoke to a proper appreciation of the magnitude of its new blessing. So he straightway rushed off to the offices of a reputable and conservative magazine—let us call it *The Cycle*—to which he had been a frequent contributor, and assembling the editors in solemn conclave pointed out to them the inestimable benefits they would derive from advertising in the new publication. Now, the editors in question are gentlemen of the utmost courtesy and tact. They pointed out diplomatically that the future of such a magazine would be, to say the least, exceedingly hazardous. They hemmed and hawed, endeavouring to dissuade him. But he was not to be dissuaded. Finally they resorted to the *argumentum ad hominem*. "In addition," they urged, "there are temperamental difficulties. Undoubtedly you are enthusiastic now, but it seems to us that two weeks or three weeks, or four weeks hence you probably will have tired of the idea and then, of course, there will be no magazine." "Gentlemen," retorted Mr. Herford with the utmost suavity, "that does not follow in the least. Years ago I became tired of *The Cycle*. Yet, gentlemen, *The Cycle* still exists."

Probably not one in ten of the readers of the tales dealing with the experiences and philosophy of Chimmie Fadden have paused to realise that underlying the droll utterances and phraseology there is a story, or, in fact, several stories of human interest. It is in this respect that Chimmie differs radically from his Chicago rival, Mr. Martin Dooley. Once upon a time Mr. Dooley came over from Ireland and set up his saloon in the Archey Road. Since then he has had his friends and cronies. He has mixed in ward politics, and taken a

Chimmie
Fadden
Returns

keen interest in those immediately about him as well as in the broader questions of war and peace and the Philippines and the Census and Race Suicide, but about himself he has no story to tell. Chimmie, on the other hand, not only has views on life to express, but he himself has lived as well. He has been a philosopher, but he has been a lover, a husband, and a father as well, and these rôles have played as much a part in his existence as has the task of opening "small bots" for Mr. Paul or escorting His Whiskers and friend from Boston to the masquerade ball of the Roseleaf Outing and Life Saving Association.

Five or six of these books have appeared since Chimmie made his first bow to the public in the columns of the *New York Sun*, and in the course of these volumes a great deal has happened to people of higher social standing than Chimmie and the Duchess. When the late Charles A. Dana asked for an explanation of the extraordinary popularity of a series of sketches which he had regarded, in spite of its merit, as being merely fugitive, Mr. Townsend ascribed it to the unspoken love of Chimmie Fadden and of Mr. Paul for Miss Fannie. That this argument was sound was very quickly shown by the number of protests which came to the author for marrying his heroine to the unsympathetic Burton instead of to Chimmie's amiable and thirsty counsellor and friend. In the course of subsequent volumes, Mr. Townsend remedied all that. Burton was conveniently disposed of, and after a brief period of widowhood Miss Fannie took unto herself a second spouse, this time the right one. Here and there in some of the later volumes there has been lacking something of the spontaneity and humour of the first. That, however, cannot be said of the little book which came from the press a few weeks ago. *Sure* is not only as good a Chimmie Fadden book as any which has preceded it—in some respects it is a great deal better, and makes one rather skeptical over Mr. Townsend's avowed intention that it shall be the last. We recall no papers dealing with the little Bowery boy that have been more brimful of genuine humour than "It is to Laugh" and "The Ambitions of Kiddie Fadden," the

two with which the present volume closes. They go far to confirm our opinion of the high place which Chimmie Fadden as well as Mr. Martin Dooley holds in modern American humour.

Lovers and students of French literature will be pleased to hear that M. Brunetière has at last begun the publication of his long announced exhaustive history of French literature. The work will consist of five volumes, dealing not with the whole literary productions of the French, but only with the period from 1515 to 1830. The author thus leaves out the mediæval period, which every one knows he is not fully competent to treat, and the more recent period, which is not sufficiently remote to admit of a thoroughly historical handling. His subject, moreover, presents itself to his mind as constituting, as it were, a complete literary drama or episode, the divisions of which might be called the formation, the triumph, and the disruption of the classical ideal. The title of the work is *Histoire de la Littérature Française Classique*, and the installment already published consists of the first third (240 pages) of the first volume, dealing with *Le Mouvement de la Renaissance*. The authors studied in it are Clément Marot, Rabelais and Calerie. In his preface M. Brunetière almost promises that the whole volume will be complete by February, 1905. The publisher is Charles Delagrave.

Speaking of M. Brunetière, it is said that he just failed to be recommended by the professors in the Collège de France for the chair left vacant by the death of Emile Deschanel. The learned assemblage failed to agree upon any candidate, the chief competitor of M. Brunetière being Prof. Abel Lefranc, who is known by a number of publications on sixteenth century literature. M. Brunetière's failure is ascribed mostly to the opposition and influence of Paul Deschanel, the academician and ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies, who has not forgiven the learned critic's severe handling of his father's entertaining, but somewhat shallow, books on seventeenth century authors.

Our remarks in the last issue with regard to anachronisms and other slips in the works of contemporaneous novelists have stirred up one or two authors from whom we have received protesting letters. Thus Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., says that the fashionable New York lady described by him in *The One Woman* as having had "supper" or "tea" at seven P.M. was not really "fashionable" at the time when she chose this hour for a light meal. She had been fashionable before that and had plunged madly into the social whirl, but had presently discovered the hollowness of such frivolity and had therefore given it up. Presumably at the same time she changed her dinner hour. We accept Mr. Dixon's explanation and would print his letter in full were it not a little too long for our purpose.

We were delighted the other evening, in reading one of Mr. Francis E. Leupp's Washington letters, to come upon the following adorable bit of *naïveté*:

Wordsworth,
Roosevelt,
and Leupp

Wordsworth, like the President, was a writer.

We feel irresistibly impelled to compose a suitable parallel:

Shakespeare, like Mr. F. E. Leupp, was a writer.

We have also received a letter from Mr. Irving Bacheller which it gives us great pleasure to publish herewith:

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN:

Gentlemen—In your article on the inaccuracy of authors you say:

And we all remember how Mr. Irving Bacheller in *Darrel* made his schoolmaster quote Maeterlinck before that gentleman was born and hang up "chromos" fifty years before they were invented.

You are in error as to the facts and your love of accuracy will make you quick to correct them as follows:

1. No character in *Darrel* "quoted" Maeterlinck.

2. The schoolmaster did not hang up the "chromos."

3. Chromos were *not* invented fifty years *for* *Darrel* hung them as you seem to think.

If you had said fifty years *before* Darrel you would have been nearly right, as the art of chromo lithography was invented in 1796. In 1825 chromos were in great demand in America, Pendleton of Boston being then a very large dealer. Of this, Weitenkampf's article on Painter Lithography in *Scribner's Magazine* of the spring of 1903 (was it April?) will give you, I think, all the confirmation you desire.

Kindly make the correction.

Yours cordially,

Irving Bacheller.

With regard to this matter we have merely to say that perhaps we should have used the word "paraphrase" instead of "quote." At any rate, the schoolmaster (in *Darrel of the Blessed Isles*) came so near to quoting Maeterlinck that Mr. Bacheller felt it necessary to insert a foot-note to the effect that the passage was drawn from Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*. As to "chromos," Mr. Bacheller confounds the old chromo-lithographs—always called "lithographs"—with the real chromos, which were first made by photographic process, about 1868-70.

The famous tiara of Saitaphernes over which the Parisians were laughing so loudly a year ago and out of which came a new and picturesque addition to the argot of the Ville Lumière was a no more successful hoax than the one to which *Le Matin* fell a victim a few weeks ago. The hoax is the more telling because *Le Matin* is one of the shrewdest, most progressive, and yet conservative of Parisian newspapers. The joke refers to the Marchand Mission and has to do with a tent. Some time ago a vast amount of government rubbish was put up for sale, among it being two camp-stools, marked "Mission Marchand," and a tent. The newspaper bought that tent and camp-stools. It paid something over one hundred francs for them and got several thousand francs of advertising out of the bargain by setting up the tent and camp-stools in the office and inviting all Paris to come and look at them and cry: "Vive Marchand and *Le Matin*!" Unfortunately, it soon became known that the tent was quite as unauthentic as the tiara of laughable memory, and that only the camp-stools were the genuine articles. The tent was one that had been used

in a French expedition to French and Portuguese Guinea, and the thousands of people who had kow-towed to it felt much aggrieved at having been put off with a mere Guinea tent instead of the one wherein Major Marchand and Lord Kitchener sipped champagne in Fashoda.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Sketch* relates an amusing anecdote of M. Maurice Donnay, the well-known French dramatist. Donnay is as inveterate a maker of *mots* as was Aurelien Scholl himself, and much sought after by those foolish folk who keep an album for the autographs and sayings of distinguished people. Dining with Dr. Cristal, a well-known Marseilles physician, the other evening, Donnay was asked for an impromptu quatrain. "Delighted," he said, and, under his host's eye, he wrote—

Depuis que le Docteur Cristal
Soigne des familles entières,
On a démoli l'hôpital.

"Really," said the doctor, "you are too flattering. I——" "Let me finish," said Donnay; and he continued—

On a démoli l'hôpital,
Et l'on a fait deux cimetières.

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's *The Day of the Dog* is in one respect unique.

It is the only dog story that we can recall in which the reader's sympathies are not with the dog. True, the dog is responsible for the whole story. Had it not been for his unamiable attitude Mrs. Delancey probably would never have escaped from the clutches of the rascally Mr. Austin or taken that wild ride across country that led right up to the altar for a second matrimonial venture. Nevertheless, even that fails to condone the objectionable actions of the dog. The working out of this story, we understand, caused Mr. McCutcheon a good deal of trouble. It was a matter of comparative ease to get his hero and heroine perched side by

side on a beam in the top of a coach house, while at the foot of the ladder a vicious bull-dog growled ominously and waited gloatingly for his prey. The trouble came when the author tried to look about for a means by which he could logically dispose of the presence of the dog and enable the young lawyer and the fascinating widow to descend in safety.

The hero of the story, Crosby, a young lawyer, makes a visit to a small town in Illinois for the purpose of seeing a client of his firm and securing her signature to some legal papers. Reaching the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Austin, the lawyer finds no one at home, and the course of his investigations leads him to a coach house where he is confronted by a savage bull-dog, which finally forces him to make a dash up a ladder and seek safety on a beam. Two small boys attracted to the scene by the growling of the dog view his discomfiture with huge amusement. Finally, the wicked Austin himself appears. To him the lawyer tells his name and states the nature of his business. Now there are manifold reasons why Mr. Austin does not wish Mrs. Delancey and the lawyer to come together. He himself, by specious falsehoods, has persuaded his sister-in-law to accept a compromise by which she will receive one hundred thousand dollars instead of the half million to which she is really entitled. So he refuses to call off the bull-dog and is about to leave the lawyer imprisoned on the beam until he can put the lady on a train that will carry her far away from legal advice when she herself appears. Then the complications begin. Mrs. Delancey has a mind of her own, and perhaps a latent distrust of her brother-in-law, and she consents to listen while the lawyer, perched on the beam above, tells her of the real condition of her financial affairs despite the vigorous protests of Mr. Austin. In fact, she goes so far as to climb the ladder and sit on the beam beside him, whereat the rascally brother-in-law in high dudgeon goes away leaving them to the tender mercies of the dog.

Here you have the situation which confronted Mr. McCutcheon at one period of the story and kept him thinking hard for some weeks. Finally, he hit upon a means of getting the dog out of the way without having to make use of the desperate plan which Crosby so heroically suggested. But even when they are able to descend the ladder and escape from the coach house their troubles are by no means at an end. There are the excitements of a pursuit, of a flood, of a wild ride across country, of a desperate encounter with the sheriff, whom Crosby finally holds up with a nickel-plated menthol inhaler, before we take leave of them comfortably seated in swinging chairs in a Pullman car, building bright dreams of early wedding bells and a rose-tinted future.

In the preface to *Life and Death and Other Stories and Legends*, by Henry L. Sienkiewicz, Mr. The New Jeremiah Curtin, the Sienkiewicz translator, writes of the Book genesis of some of these slight sketches. Of "Is He the Dearest One?" he says: "About fourteen years ago there was a famine, or at least hunger, in Silesia. Though that land is a German possession at present, it was once a part of the Polish Commonwealth, and there are many un-Germanised Poles in it yet. The mother in this sketch is Poland. Yasko, the most unfortunate of her sons, is Silesia. Poor, ill-fated, he neglects his own language, forgets his mother; but she does not forget him, as was shown on the occasion of that hunger in Silesia. The Poles of Russian Poland collected one million marks and sent them to Yasko."

The ship "Purple" in "A Legend of the Sea," represents Poland and its career, and is a very brief summary of the essence and meaning of Polish history. Like some of the author's most beautiful short productions, it was written for a benevolent object, all the money obtained for it being devoted to that object. All persons who have read "Charcoal Sketches" in Sienkiewicz's *Hania* will be interested to learn the origin of that production. It was written mainly finished in Los Angeles, California, and was begun in Anaheim Landing, as

is described in the sketch, "The Cranes," which is included in this volume. Besides being begun in Anaheim Landing, the whole plan of "Charcoal Sketches" was worked out there. "The Cranes" appeared in Lemberg, a few years ago, in a paper which was published for one day only, and was made up of contributions from Polish authors, who gave these contributions for a benevolent purpose. By the way, we are glad to see that *With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael* are now being announced as "The Zagloba Romances." This is as it should be.

The question which naturally arises in reading this skit from the London *Outlook*, is whether, after all, it is really parody. The Later Style of Of course it was meant H— J— as such, but a good many of us in thinking over the books of the distinguished author's "later style" will fail to find the exaggeration on which parody is based.

THE FOUNTAIN PEN.

By H * * * Y J * * * s.

(Author of "The Sacred Fount," etc.)
(270 pages omitted.)
And still the indefinitely vital conclusion, the more tense inward essence, eluded me.
And still I kept it up:
"It was my sacred fount—"
"Don't you see that's just where it is?"
She out-distanced my thought.
"It was my sac—"
"For your sake," she charmingly said. "The question is what wouldn't I do?"
This, in its futile subtlety, left us where we were. She was wonderful. To see how she delicately failed to evade the obvious.
"The point of it is," I began.
"It's gold, I know," she splendidly said.
"Do you miss it still? And I who see it—oh, but with a clearness!"
"I wish I could grasp it," I frankly admitted.
She exquisitely sat down. She was prodigious.
"Why," she said, and her smile was ethereally a paradox, "there it is." She roundly faced me. "It's as plain," she wonderfully said, "as the nose on my face."
I took her.
"If it's no plainer than that, dear Lady!"
* * * * *
400 more pages.
* * * * *
"You're of an astuteness," and I fairly, with the word, scratched my head.
"I do see effects," she triumphantly set forth.
"But the nothing of everything does so desperately bedazzle us. Yet it's of a simplicity!

It's simply sticking out of you!"

Moved at last, intrinsically, to the depths of my slower nature, I leaned forward.

She was, as always, purely perfectly right. The lost Fountain Pen *was* sticking out of me, and, as I inclined towards her in that moment of predestined indirectness, it fell from my breast pocket and lay, almost unanswerably, on the floor between us.

"This"—I had to say it—"is too grossly simple."

"You shouldn't let it drop," she inimitably said; "one so naturally keeps it up!"

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl's sudden death last month cut short a career which had just begun to attract serious attention.

**Guy Wetmore
Carryl**

Mr. Carryl was in the thirty-first year of his age and had already had a good deal of

literary experience, both editorially and as an author; but it was not until he published his charming collection of Parisian stories, entitled *Zut*, that he gave evidence of anything beyond mere cleverness. His verses were ingenious in the unexpectedness of their rhymes, yet they often seemed laboured and were not particularly easy to read. The stories of *Zut*, however, were little gems, as neat, as pointed, and almost as truly Parisian as though they had been written in French by a native of Lutetia. Mr. Carryl, in fact, had just found himself at the time his life was cut short; and not merely his personal friends alone but all his readers are right in thinking that American literature is probably the poorer for his death.

SHOULD HE COME BACK.

(Translation from Materlinck.)

"Should he come back this way
To seek your gate?"
"Tell him how each long day
I did but wait."

"And should he question still,
Knowing me not?"
"Pity, as sisters will,
His grievous lot."

"And if he ask your place?
How speak the thing?"
"Give him (and turn your face)
My golden ring."

"And if he quest the damp,
Dull dwelling o'er?"
"Show him the lightless lamp,
The open door."

"And if his heart ask wild
How fell your sleep?"
"Then tell him that I smiled,
Lest he should weep."

BOHEMIA.

(A DIALOGUE.)

Scene: A 35-cent table d'hôte. Pierre and Achille vis-a-vis over a dappled table-cloth.

Pierre

Yes, I have read your verse, Achille.
You show not thought alone—you feel.
Such symbolism, and again
A spice of—I might say Verlaine;
But with new spirit and new tone—
A style and manner all your own.
Where did you sell it? Has it been
Yet published in a magazine?

Achille

A magazine! What can it do?
Discerning editors are few.
I hate the hypocritic smirk
With which they all reject my work.
I write no longer for the press—

Pierre

Ah, editorial sightlessness!
The merest trash would serve their ends—
They buy the poems of their friends.
There's a small matter which—

Achille (feverishly)

Ahem,—
Your paintings, let us talk of them.
They're marvels.

Pierre

Here's a thing of mine
Which I regard as rather fine.

Achille

Such atmosphere! such breadth of line!
Such daring treatment! (Pass the wine)
Force with imagination blent.
Let's see—what does it represent?

Pierre

Why do you hold it upside down?

Achille

Ah, pardon!—thus. Such blue, such brown!
You've sold it?

Pierre

Thousand thunders, no!
See how the Shylock dealers grow
To riches while the buyers cease
To recognise the masterpiece.

Achille

Quite so. Their fat wits all demand
Cheap art that they can understand.

Pierre (suggestively)

Real Art must starve.

Achille (nervously)

Too true, Pierre.

Pierre

Speaking of starving, that affair—
That loan—I need it very much.

Achille (aside as he rises to go)
I though he'd try to make a touch.

(aloud)

Yes, yes—I know. But fates are such—
(reaches for hat)

Pierre

Why haste, companion? Must you go?

Achille

Even a genius works at times.
I have a stirring mood for rhymes.
Good-night, dear friend. (Exit)

Pierre

Alas, good-night!
(finishing the claret which Achille has left)
My dearest curse be on his pate—
I'll drink his wine at any rate.

Wallace Irwin.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

III.

THE EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

By Edward A. Dithmar.

THE American journalist sent to a European capital to collect news for his paper at home is soon made painfully aware of the lack of certain important sources of information, of which he has been accustomed to make free use, without in the least appreciating his advantages. For the first time he begins to understand clearly the large value of the service to the American press of the always accessible police station "blotter," the communicative sergeant behind the tall desk; the open register of guests' names in every American hotel office, and the much-abused hotel clerk who tells all he knows, freely, and is always ready to put a newspaper man in the way of getting information. There comes to the newly exiled American reporter, no matter how well he may be placed in London or Paris, comparatively speaking, a belated appreciation of the usefulness to the newsgetter of publicly filed papers in the law courts, and the general willingness of court clerks and officers to help him in his calling.

The easy accessibility of the American public officers, Federal, State and municipal, now seems to him as a lost boon, a priceless gift with which he trifled while it was in his possession and always undervalued. He misses the privilege of being able to present his visiting card, with the title of his newspaper engraved or written in a corner, to any prominent financier or merchant almost any hour of the day or evening, at his office, his club, or his home, with a certainty in, say, seven cases out of ten (not to flatter unduly the amiability of the American magnate), of being politely, even sympathetically, received. Speaking broadly, not only every public officer, great or small, in this country, but every American citizen, helps the newspaper man because of admiration for and belief in his daily

newspaper; although he may occasionally permit himself to express his dissatisfaction with the workings of the universe by uttering some common cant about the methods of the press. There are exceptions, of course, sometimes in the highest places; but these are always so few as merely to lend a piquant zest to the reporter's daily routine.

In England and on the European Continent the ubiquitous, interrogating reporter, even if he bear the best credentials, is invariably regarded with suspicion. The correspondent of an American paper must adopt entirely new tactics, and adapt himself to a strange set of traditions. He may, after a time, be privileged to talk with a Cabinet officer, or an important under secretary, a foreign diplomatist, a great banker (other than Mr. Alfred Rothschild) if he can obtain a letter of introduction from the right person, and can spare the time to wait two or three days for an appointment. He may thus get the information he desires, or he may not; but he soon learns that a wide circle of influential acquaintances, including men and women in many walks of life, is a prime essential to success in his new field of endeavour. This is as true of Paris, Berlin, Rome, and St. Petersburg as it is of London, which by all the foreign correspondents I have met is held to be the hardest city in the world in which to get news, harder than Lhasa would be, I fancy, if one could only get to Lhasa. But while there may be less difficulty in making people talk in Berlin, for example, there is one great advantage over his fellows in other capitals that a London correspondent enjoys. Very few Englishmen care a rap what is printed about their country or its institutions in any American newspaper. If he manage to escape libel suits, the correspondent may rest assured that the folks he meets (excepting

a few of his compatriots) neither know nor care what he writes or whether he can write at all. He is well-treated or the reverse, accordingly as he is socially endowed. If he have the power to make himself agreeable, to give entertainment in return for entertainment, he soon finds himself in circles where things worth knowing are known and freely talked about. The rest depends upon his comprehension, energy, and tact. Only a fool betrays confidences. Only a knave intentionally circulates untruths. Fools and knaves never thrive as foreign correspondents of American newspapers.

In Paris the conditions are much the same as in London, with a more genial and communicative spirit prevailing in hotels and other public places; but in Berlin and St. Petersburg all officialdom is keenly sensitive to adverse criticism, and everything the correspondent writes, even if it escape the censor before it reaches the ocean cable or the mail-bag, counts either for or against his reputation, and a too frank utterance of opinion or the indiscreet publication of a fact may bring immediate disgrace to an American journalist and thus hopelessly destroy his usefulness at that post.

I have spoken, thus far, of the American correspondent abroad as a reporter, or newsgatherer, and have purposely dwelt upon the lack in all Europe of those common news-getting facilities which are known to the youngest and least experienced reporters in the United States. For I firmly believe that without the news-getting skill of the good reporter, the patience and tact which can be acquired only by a reporter's experience, no journalist, however accomplished he may otherwise be, can long succeed as a correspondent of an American daily abroad. Once in a while a valuable piece of news may hit a man who is not looking for it, but a correspondent whose acquisitive faculty is not ever on the alert, would, as likely as not, fail to recognise a piece of news when he met it accidentally. All the great correspondents, including Mr. Smalley, have had, largely developed, the traditional "nose for news." Some of them, perhaps, would never have personally consulted a police "blotter" or asked questions of a hotel clerk, if visible "blotters" and intelligent, responsive hotel clerks existed in Europe. An ad-

mirable plan, often put into practice, is for a correspondent who is in the "social swim," and in touch with eminent personages, to employ one or two assistants, who are quite unknown, to "work up" the news from his "tips." This is expensive, of course, but special cable correspondence from Europe is never cheap stuff with which to fill a newspaper. The press rate of ten cents a word is high, while the most careful correspondent's expenses for travelling and assistance are necessarily heavy. Then, too, in London or any other large city a correspondent, to keep in close communication with the world, must have an "address," away from his business office if he have one, which is not always necessary. He must not dwell, for instance, in Camberwell or Islington. He must have "W." or "S.W." on his letter-heads or people will neither call upon him nor answer his letters. Rents and the other expenses of living in the centre of things in London are high. A salary that might seem reasonable at home for a capable editorial writer or an expert reviewer would be entirely too small for a first-rate London or Paris correspondent.

One of the important news centres of London is the inner lobby of the House of Commons. No newspaper man has access to that place unless he is entitled to a seat in the press gallery—a rare privilege. Not all London journals have representatives in the reporters' gallery, by any means. Alfred Harmsworth had to buy a Scotch newspaper with a time-honoured title to a gallery seat to get a representative of his widely circulated *Daily Mail* in the gallery and inner lobby. No American correspondent enjoys this privilege of button-holing a member of Parliament in his lair except Mr. James Tuohy, of the *New York World*, who is also the London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin, and in that capacity is admitted to the House. Mr. Tuohy is an Irishman, of course, genial, energetic, and well-informed, and, although I believe he has never visited the United States, yet he manages to send to his newspaper just what it wants. Mr. Tuohy is gifted with that birthright of most Irishmen, adaptiveness. A true-born British journalist, no matter how zealous and industrious he may be, rarely catches exactly the spirit of American

newspaper work. Indeed, most American journalists stationed in London believe that a long residence there deranges one's point of view and that a correspondent should return home for a short stay every third year or so to recover his American bearings and clear his system of the London atmosphere.

The narrow streets and alleys in the City of London near the Bank of England are always full of news if one knows how to get hold of it. A wise correspondent soon establishes trustworthy connections in that neighbourhood. It is not easy to establish them, but it can be done. The heads of the great houses, even of those having American relations, are generally quite inaccessible. The Governor and Board of Directors of the Bank of England are, traditionally, as far beyond the reach of an "interviewer" as the King himself. Yet James Creelman, as a reporter of the *New York Herald*, at the time of the Baring collapse, did actually interview a Governor of the Bank of England, the late William Lidderdale. A daily edition of the *Herald* was then published in London, under the supervision of the late Louis J. Jennings, editor of the *New York Times* in the era of the Tweed Ring exposures, who had as his chief assistant Ralph D. Blumenfeld, long associated with the *Herald*, at home and abroad, but now the editor of the *Daily Express* of London. Mr. Creelman sauntered into the office and informed them that he intended to see the Governor of the Bank. In spite of their remonstrances (for no Governor of that august institution had ever talked with a journalist, and what is the use of wasting valuable time?) Creelman went to the bank, forced his card to the chief's room through the obstacles set up by intervening functionaries, and caught Mr. Lidderdale at the "psychological moment." To the uniformed lackey at the outer portal, and the secretary who admitted the reporter to the financier's presence, it must have seemed as if the English Constitution was tottering in sympathy with the great house of Baring Brothers. Mr. Creelman had a notable dispatch in the *New York Herald* the next morning which was cabled back to the London evening papers.

The occasional performance of such seemingly impossible feats greatly increases the repute of the American correspondent abroad and helps to make his generally irritating life, with its manifold disappointments, worth living. David Graham Phillips, while he represented the *New York World* in London, sent the first news of the sinking of the *Royal Victoria* by the *Camperdown* to his paper. While the late Ballard Smith was in charge of the foreign service of the *World* he frequently sent important English and Continental news, political and social, to New York before the European newspapers got wind of it. The best of this sort of thing the correspondent can do, however, rarely equals the expectations of the managing editors and news editors at home. Their ideas of the capacity, endurance, and influence of "our man" in Paris, Rome, or London seem to be out of all proportion to the knowledge, sharply brought home to each of them every morning, of the limitations of the most expensive news service in a nation which gives the newspaper man every possible advantage. "Interview the Pope," "See Salisbury," "Get the Queen's private opinion of the Boer War," "Have a talk with the Kaiser and send 2,000 words rush." These are the kind of peremptory orders the European specials of a certain sort of American newspaper frequently receive from their home offices. The result, when the correspondent is new to the job, and feels that he must at least seem to obey orders from home, is often both startling and amusing. Many people refuse to believe that some of the stuff printed as the result of such wild orders is really cabled; but it is all actually sent by ocean telegraph and paid for. This sort of correspondence, however, counts for nothing, except to the discredit of the correspondent, and is confined to the purely "sensational" press.

When George W. Smalley was stationed in London as representative of the *New York Tribune*, he was easily the most distinguished member of the then small body of special correspondents. For a long term of years he kept many thousands of American readers well-informed of the drift of foreign affairs. Mr. Smalley is now the principal correspondent in the United States of the

London Times. The late Harold Frederic, London correspondent of the *New York Times* from 1883 until 1897, achieved his greatest triumphs in that capacity during the Irish Home Rule agitation under Gladstone and Charles S. Parnell. Mr. Frederic's headquarters in those days were at the National Liberal Club in Whitehall Court. The Irish Member and the radical are seen in all their glory in the ample lounge of that big club in the small hours, when the House has risen, and the potash bubbles as it mingles with the usquebaugh. Mr. Frederic was deeply in sympathy with the Home Rule cause, and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, and other Liberal and Irish leaders. He was on the watch nearly every hour in the twenty-four, and he had early news of every incident of that memorable contest. The National Liberal Club is a centre for political information to this day for any correspondent who cares to hunt for it there. An annual subscription of six guineas entitles an outsider, who is properly sponsored, to the privileges of the club. Only subjects of King Edward and members of the Liberal Party are eligible for membership. Americans, however, can secure full membership in many of the London clubs. There are none in the Carlton and Junior Carlton, to be sure, but there are at least two in the equally famous and exclusive Athenæum, and more than that number in the Garrick. There must be a dozen Americans in the membership of the Savage Club, so pleasantly situated on Adelphi Terrace overlooking the Embankment gardens and the Thames. There are Americans, I know, in the Devonshire, White's, the National in Whitehall Gardens, and the Royal Societies. London clubs, however, are not news exchanges. It is a mistaken idea that journalists pick up good stories for the paper at their clubs. But every newspaper correspondent in London needs at least one good club.

In the eighties and early nineties the smoke-room of the Victoria Hotel, on Northumberland Avenue, was the evening rendezvous of many wideawake Americans, theatrical, "sporting," and commercial, and it was consequently a good place to pick up "pointers" for news. When Frank Marshall White, in 1889, succeeded Arthur Brisbane, now

the right-hand man of W. R. Hearst, and the most formidable living enemy of strong drink, as London correspondent of the *New York Sun*, he found many a good story for his Sunday cable letter in Northumberland Avenue. Probably the spacious courtyard and terrace of the Hotel Cecil on summer afternoons is the place where one may meet most of the prominent Americans in London nowadays. They are all there, frequently, whether or not they lodge at the Cecil. At night the magnificent palm-room of the Carlton Hotel on Pall Mall is the liveliest spot in the British capital, even out of the season, for the Carlton is never empty, and Americans are always there. In this, and the other hotels controlled by that sagacious Frenchman, M. Ritz, there is a disposition to be obliging to the American journalist, wherein the management of M. Ritz's hotels differs from that of others. Lists of guests of a few prominent London hotels are now obtainable, but not those of the popular Cecil or the so-called Gordon syndicate's houses. The clerks and other officers, however, will tell nothing and generally know nothing. The carefully guarded registers of guests are ill-kept, and the names in them frequently misspelled. For ten successive weeks I received a list of "prominent Americans" stopping in one hotel which was headed each time by the name of a well-known English gentleman (perfectly familiar to everybody in London except the hotel clerk), who has never crossed the Atlantic in his life.

A popular idea is that the embassies are the most favoured resorts of correspondents in search of news. I believe a little information may sometimes be obtained by the right man at the Russian Embassy in London. Perhaps some of the Continental correspondents find communicative members of the legations of their own countries. Gen. Horace Porter, our Ambassador in Paris, is an approachable gentleman, and Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, when he was at Madrid, showed that he knew exactly how to get along with newspaper men. They tell a story of a certain American Ambassador in London who, in a great crisis, took the representatives of our newspapers into his confidence. He received them daily at the embassy and told them all he knew (or a good equiva-

lent for it) without reservation. He also impressed upon them that a violation of his confidence would surely lead to trouble, perhaps to graver international complications than then existed. He at least let the correspondents know what not to say. In the favoured location of this hour he "put them wise," and helped them to a clear understanding of the situation. His confidence was never violated. Ambassador Choate, as a prominent practising attorney in New York, counsel for great private and business interests, was always known to the reporters as the most inaccessible of public men. As United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's his attitude toward the mere newshunter could scarcely be expected to change. Correspondents rarely look to Mr. Choate for information. He is always courtesy's self to any American visiting London, and the newspaper correspondent is entitled to precisely the same privileges at the office of the embassy in Victoria Street as any of his fellow-countrymen. I suppose any American newspaper writer now stationed in London would gladly join me in testifying to the unfailing generosity and thoughtfulness of Mr. Henry White, the First Secretary of Legation, in his occasional dealings with journalists.

News is generally as scarce at the British Foreign Office as at the American Embassy. But Sir Thomas Sanderson, the permanent secretary, can always spare a quarter of an hour for a correspondent with whom he is personally acquainted. It is an established fact that members of the British Ministry are never "interviewed" for the press, but it is a feather in one's cap for the news correspondent to have some acquaintance with a Cabinet officer or two. Letters of introduction from the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, for instance, carry much weight, and he has been known to write them. Col. Sir Edward Bradford, the head of the London police system, is a man of vast powers and large influence, and a correspondent may derive much assistance from an acquaintance with him. A member of the present government who really cares what is printed about English affairs in the newspapers of the United States, and to whom some correspondents have been indebted for many courtesies, is Arthur Hamilton Lee, M.P. The advice of Sir Charles Dilke,

in former years, was much sought, and I have no doubt that his views of the political situation are still frequently reflected in the cable dispatches.

To see a Member of Parliament when the House is in session one must wait in the outer lobby while his card is sent in. Sometimes the Member responds quickly, but if he is not in the chamber of the Commons he may be in one of the many committee rooms, in the smoke-room or library, on the terrace taking tea with a party of ladies, in the gallery of the House of Lords. The time consumed by the slow-moving British messenger to seek the Member through all the vast halls and corridors of St. Stephens's is precisely forty minutes. It is worth while to wait if the Member knows what you want to know and is habitually communicative.

In recent years one has been compelled to go to the Ambassador to secure certain privileges on special occasions. The demands of American writers, commissioned by many newspapers and periodicals, for places in the triforium of Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of King Edward VII., caused the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, to refer all the applications to Mr. Choate, who presently found plenty of trouble on his hands. The actual endorsement of majesty on one application for a place, the favour of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the positively autocratic Colonel Bradford were unavailing with the Duke until the application was approved by the Ambassador. Seats were found in the Abbey for only the representatives of a few leading journals and the New York Associated Press. There was room in the chapel royal at Windsor at the funeral of Queen Victoria for only one representative of American newspapers, so, of course, the Associated Press man was the privileged person. The special correspondent of any one journal has not only to contend with the favour naturally and rightly shown to the representative of an association of many hundreds of American newspapers on such unusual occasions as this. He also is always keenly aware of the fact that if his own news is not of a very unusual character, and of special interest to the particular clientèle of his own paper, his dispatches will likely be duplicated by the Associated Press.



THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, 4 CARLTON SQUARE, PALL MALL.



WALTER NEEF,
Correspondent of the Associated Press.

The foreign service of that admirably organised institution is at present the best the world of newspaperdom has ever known. Melville E. Stone, the general manager, visits the principal cities of Europe every year, sometimes twice in a year, and gives personal attention to the improvement of the methods of news collection and distribution. Walter Neef, the alert London manager, sitting in his well-appointed office in the Reuter Building, Old Jewry, E.C., is constantly in touch with all Europe. His chief assistant, William M. Goode, is a most skillful "interviewer" of personages who fancy they do not care to be "interviewed," and a descriptive writer of unusual ability. Besides the invaluable coöperation of the Reuter Company, which has agents of its own in all the news centres of the world, the Associated Press has competent specials in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, St. Petersburg, Rome, Madrid, and elsewhere on the Continent, as well as in Asia and Africa.

A sprightly rival of the Associated Press is the Laffan News Bureau, founded by William Mackay Laffan of the *New York Sun*. The chief of its foreign service is Henry R. Chamberlain,



THE HOME OF "THE THUNDERER."



J. M. TUOHY,
Correspondent of the New York "World."



ROWLAND STRONG,
Paris Correspondent of the New York "Times."



I. N. FORD,
Correspondent of the New York "Tribune."



H. R. CHAMBERLAIN,
Head of the Laffan Service in Europe, and London Correspondent of the New York "Sun."



THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.



COURT YARD OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE.



THE SAVAGE CLUB, 6 AND 7 ADELPHI TERRACE.

who is also the London correspondent of the *Sun*. Mr. Chamberlain travels all over the Continent yearly, from Christiania to Naples, from Paris to Moscow. In his absence Fred C. Grundy takes charge of the London end of the work. Frank B. Grundy and M. F. Laffan are also associated with the London office. The Laffan dispatches have the vivacity which pertains to the *Sun*. The bureau sells American and Continental news in Great Britain, English and American news on the Continent, news of the whole world in the United States. Victor Col-

lins is its Paris man. The Scripps-McCrae League and Publishers' News Association have an efficient foreign service, managed from the London headquarters by Frank Van der Cook. Curtis Brown, the correspondent of the New York *Press*, also has a news syndicate which is found useful in various cities throughout the United States.

Isaac N. Ford, a journalist of large experience, has been the chief foreign correspondent of the New York *Tribune* for nine or ten years. Mr. Ford has many influential connections in London



ARTHUR BRISBANE,

Former European Correspondent of the "Sun."

Mr. Brisbane will contribute the fourth paper in this series of articles. In the June issue of THE BOOKMAN he will write of the "New or Yellow Journalism."



VICTOR COLLINS,
Paris Correspondent of the "Sun."

and on the Continent. He travels a great deal. His news dispatches reflecting the feeling in Europe during the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, and the Boxer troubles in China were highly praised. Edwin F. Flynn, the representative of the New York *American and Journal*, has the help of the Central News Association in collecting special information. The correspondents of that paper on the Continent work under his direction.

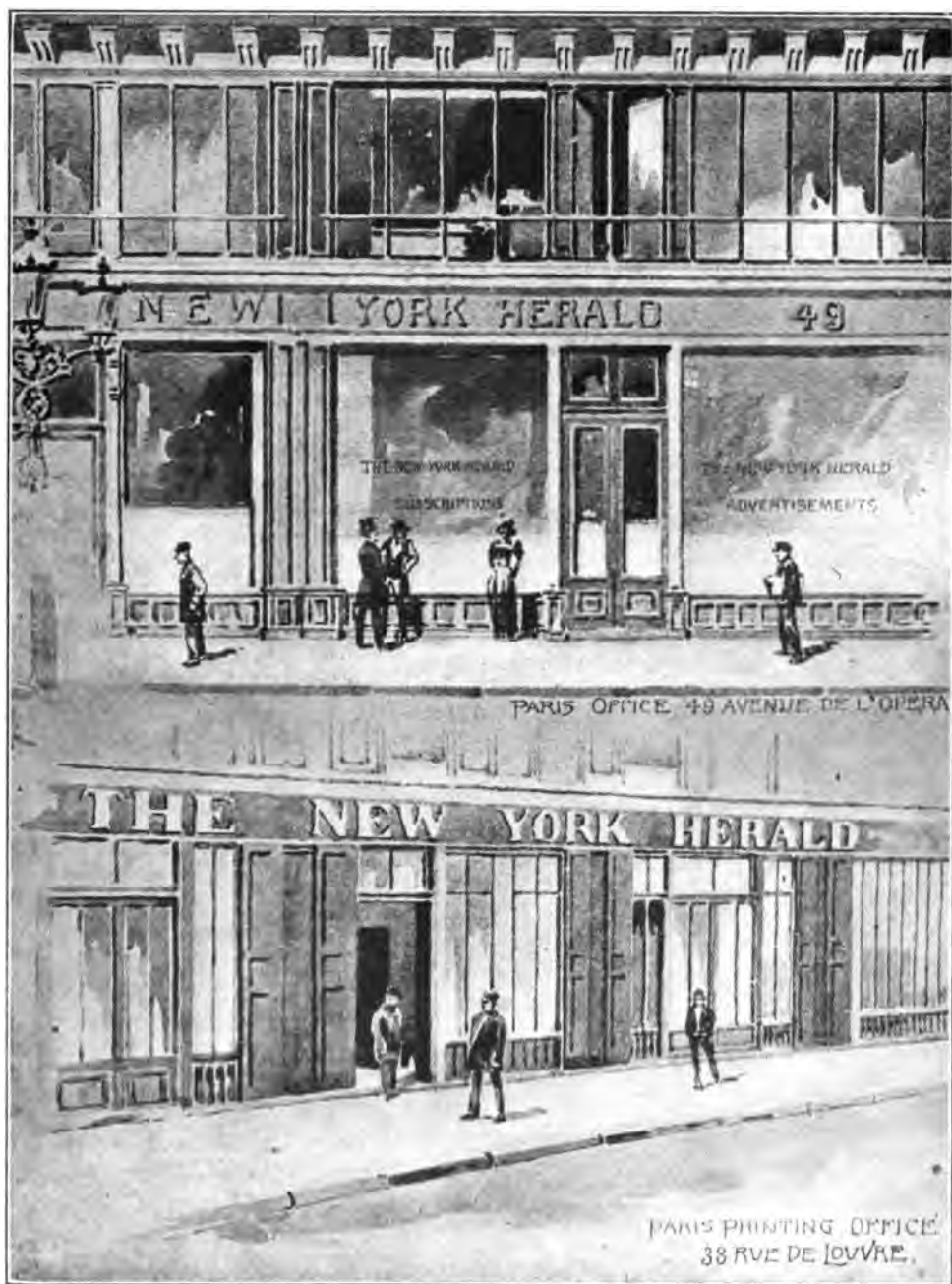
The New York *Times*, since 1901, has had an office in the building of the London *Times* on Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and its correspondents have had the advantage of a service of early proofs of the Thunderer's matchless foreign dispatches, which have been particularly valuable to American readers since the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. The *Times* is not obtainable in London until much later in the morning than most of the other papers, so that its dispatches do not reach other correspondents early enough to be of much service to them. As a general thing proofs of the London dailies are not very useful to American correspondents. You can buy copies of most of the morning papers at 3 A.M.—10 P.M. in New York. The *Daily Mail* and the *Express* can be got as early as 1.30 A.M. This alliance with the London *Times* is valuable in many other ways to the New York *Times*, the present representative of which in Queen Victoria Street is Robert W. Welch, who has been connected with the newspaper in various responsible positions for many years. Ernest Brain and Walter S. Scott, both members of the staff of the London *Times*, and Andrew J. Wilson, financial writer of the London *Chronicle*, have also done good work in London for the New York *Times* in recent years. Row-

land Strong is the Paris correspondent, while Edward T. Heyn sends dispatches from Berlin, and B. C. de Wolf from Brussels. In 1900 an edition of the New York *Times* was published in Paris, at the Exposition, every day. A force of operators, machinists, and pressmen, with the linotype machines and presses, had been sent from New York. A page or more of fresh New York news daily, attractively presented, was greatly appreciated by the many thousands of Americans who went abroad that year.

All the foreign correspondence for which the New York *Herald* is famous now comes to it through the office of its Paris namesake, established by James Gordon Bennett in October, 1887. *Galigani's Messenger*, a sort of newspaper, published in English, had then existed in Paris many years. The only other American newspaper published in Paris before that time had been the short-lived *Morning News*, conducted by Samuel S. Chamberlain and A. C. Ives, on the basis of which the successful French newspaper, *Le Matin*, was founded. Mr. Bennett's idea was to establish a daily journal sure of circulation among permanent residents all over the Continent. A *Herald* man said the other day: "The European edition of the New York *Herald* is not strictly a newspaper for Americans. Its aim is to give the great news of the world with the preference, when possible, to American affairs; but it is also a daily 'society



James Gordon Bennett's Editorial Offices in
Paris, Avenue des Champs Elysées.



OFFICES OF THE PARIS "HERALD," 49 AVENUE DE L'OPERA AND 38 RUE DE LOUVRE.

paper.' It is read by the society people of every capital in Europe and is known in every Court. Mr. Bennett believes that such people are just as much interested in what their friends in other places are doing as they are in the actual news of the world." The *Paris Herald* also gives much attention to fashionable sports, especially to automobiling, which has been developed largely through Mr. Bennett's influence. Mr. Bennett dwells in Paris, at 104 Avenue des Champs Elysées, and from there directly controls his two newspapers. They have offices at 120 Champs Elysées, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra, and 38 Rue du Louvre. The *Paris Herald* has a regular staff, made up of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans. Mr. Bennett's principal lieutenants on the other side of the Atlantic are Charles Christianson and Percy Mitchell, but he has also a Paris editor, Robert J. Carter, formerly of the *Baltimore Herald*; an assistant editor, Elmer Stephenson; a titled society editor, Prince della Rocca; a business manager, and a full force of reporters, clerks, machinists, and printers. The *Herald* has an accredited correspondent in every large city of the world. Ernest Marshall is now at the head of the London office. The *Paris Herald* has a system of news exchange with certain French dailies, which for matters of great importance in America rely largely on the *Herald's* cables. It also exchanges proofs with the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail* of London.

Thus ends the story I have to tell of the European correspondents. In spite of all these great preparations for emergency, which are doubled and redoubled if necessary for a great happening, like the trial of a Dreyfus, the death of a Queen, the coronation of a King, the obsequies of a Pope; in spite of all this array of experienced skill and energy patiently waiting on events, the art of newsgetting in foreign countries is still far from perfection. In reporting great events abroad our newspapers may now excel those of Europe, but in the ordinary day by day record our chroniclers still have to sift fact and opinion, baseless rumour, idle conjecture, half truths, and whole falsehoods, and the wheat is

often hopelessly mixed with chaff. The whole governmental system of Europe is frequently opposed to the dissemination of the news. First and last the American journalist abroad must rely a great deal on the foreign newspapers. In England a correspondent is wise who takes in the great provincial dailies as well as those of London. The *Glasgow Herald*, *Edinburgh Scotsman*, and *Manchester Guardian* are often fairer and newsier than the papers of the capital. There are correspondents of the London press in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, the Near East, and the Far East, whose mission is not merely to hunt for facts and set them forth without adornment. The influence of these men and others like them is constantly exerted upon the American journalist abroad. But you may rest assured that there is rarely an American correspondent in a European capital (there may be one or two in Washington), who is ever looking for anything but the plain truth, about what has happened, or what is very likely to happen. Sometimes one of them finds something else and is temporarily deceived.

England's half-century old jealousy of Russia is nothing to us, yet we unwittingly find ourselves seeming to share it, and wonder why? It has come to us, year by year, as a sort of flavouring in our foreign news, which we get so largely from the English press. The reactionary obstructionists and atavists who sneer at and condemn the enforcement by the Combes administration in France of laws passed at the command of a majority of the French people, are nothing to us. Yet they are permitted to influence our opinions. The lesson is that we need to view all Europe, its chancelleries, its policies, its encrusted traditions, its journalism, from the most independent American point of view. There are always a lot of things about which we all want to know the exact truth. We have open minds for all facts, and we need more independent, clear-minded Americans in Europe to hunt out the simple facts for us. It seems to me there is a splendid era dawning for the zealous, well-equipped American newsman abroad.

THE SCAR.

I saw a hoard of weary travelers
Pour forth to face life's battles at the dawn.
Each wrapped him in his cloak that fell away
From aching shoulder or from tired limb
As if by chance, it seemed to me who tried
To hide upon my breast a burning scar,
Living and hungry, that appeared to be
Existent, showing forth with all my care
Through heavy folds of cloth I clothed it in:—
A burning scar, whose memory made dark
The sun that shone for others and for me.

I paused and let them pass me as I stood
Sad and disheartened, questioning why each man
Held close his robe about him in one place
And only one. Then on an impulse sprang
Across the path of him who closest came,
Tore loose the robe he held about his throat
And there—red-lipped and crouching like a beast
Lay a huge scar I had not seen before.

Ah, then I understood! And as they passed,
Grasping their garments close lest I should see
What they would from me hide in their despair,
Each searched my face; but oh, I did not see,
But stood with bended head as if to add
A benediction to their suffering:
And thought how blind, how blind our eyes can be,
When one swift glance of introspection hides
The sorrow of the world, the cark and care;
How each heart hides its anguish and its woe,
How each man drapes his cloak to hide his scar.

Ruth Sterry.

EN ROUTE.

THE girl's voice drifted across the vacant sections of the Pullman Limited. The coach was scantily filled. Only some half-dozen travellers were making the Eastern from San Francisco. Of these, two were the girl and the woman who accompanied her. Two more were an old man and his wife, quiet old people who were dozing comfortably. The other two were the men to whom the girl was talk-

"both of you know old Fran?" she was saying delightedly. "Isn't it a glorious place?"

Morton glanced at Ainsworth. After all it was distinctly up to him. That young gentlemen refused to leap, however, so Morton answered.

"That and more. Queer what an atmosphere there is about the little town, 'where the cars go up and down, that is builded on innumerable hills.'" He quoted Gelett Burgess, laughing. "It's a heady little place; fires you like wine, and too much of it—also like wine—intoxicates."

He glanced again indifferently at the girl. All the morning—they were now some twelve or fifteen hours out from

San Francisco—there had been invitation from that section below where now the pale travelling companion of the girl lay back asleep. Yet opportunity had lagged, until that curve, still winding snake-like behind them, had come to pass, and the girl's really unpremeditated, because too awkward, fall near them had been achieved. Before that, they had talked, he and Ainsworth, about the possible connection between the girl and woman, if indeed there were any beyond the mere travellers' bond. Neither of them were precisely rare types, but their juxtaposition had a savor of oddity. His eyes rested in frank speculation on the girl's lips, garishly red; on her carmined cheeks; on her eyes, great fawn-coloured things, smutted under and over, actually smutted. It might almost seem, he reflected, that the thing was too badly done to be bad. He listened idly as she chattered.

"We had a great old spree night before last," she was saying. "Did you ever meet Jim Lorraine there? Too bad! He was great, old Jim was, taught me lots!" She laughed, and Ainsworth laughed with her. His laugh and Morton's slight smile seemed to satisfy her as to which of the two men was the better worth cultivating, and she devoted herself thenceforth to the younger one, though Morton got every now and then a defiantly annoyed and would-be seductive glance from the charcoaled eyes.

"We went down to a chop suey house, not one of the ordinary ones, but a place Jim didn't know any more about than I did. He didn't want to take me at first, was scared. Men are so absurd, won't take a girl places they never think twice about. Who did you know there? O!" as Ainsworth ran over names. "No, I don't know any of them. Did you know a Mrs. Haversam?" rather timidly. "She was my great friend there, the one I stayed with."

Morton made a telegram, which was handed to him at this point, the good excuse for escape, and spent the rest of the morning in the smoker. From the speculation resting actively in the girl's eyes he had foreseen some such outcome, and since Ainsworth seemed a lamb willing for slaughter, well and good! He had known many women who rouged or pencilled—though none with such untamed frankness. But they had been dis-

tinctly women of the world or of the half world. This girl he was not ready to place—she was so evidently of neither sphere. The only thing about the situation in fact that in any way appealed to him was the woman's relation to the girl. For the woman was of another world. Ladyhood born and bred was in every feature, every tone. Her forehead, her mouth, her hand with its long, slender fingers which betrayed no vagrant drop of blood—all was beyond reproach.

As he came back he passed Ainsworth and the girl on an outer platform, with their heads thrust from the doorway, daringly puffing cigarette smoke at the scenery. The girl at least supplied the daring. Morton recognised the cigarettes as Ainsworth's own. As he neared them the girl looked at him with the same defiant annoyance. She took her cigarette uncertainly from her lips, and held it for a moment. But as he passed she tossed her head and thrust the lighted wisp back again.

Morton was nearing the girl's pale travelling companion, when she suddenly roused and looked about her. Then she looked up at him and spoke directly and delicately and with perfect poise.

"Have you chanced to see my daughter anywhere recently?"

Mentally Morton staggered. So Ainsworth had been right in his random guess. It had been the boy's first wild solution, a solution which Morton had scorned as too melodramatic for life. Mother and daughter! He glanced keenly at the delicate features, that pale, blue-veined skin and the spiritual eyes, as he answered her. Then he went back after the daughter.

The girl threw back her head a little as he came up to her again. Her very pretty smile set from possible into emphatic artificiality.

"O!" she said when he had performed his mission. "I forgot. Mamma has to have her medicine. I'm much obliged, Mr. Morton. I know your name, you see," she added with a telling glance toward young Ainsworth.

"Then I'll demand yours," smiled Morton as he pushed open a door.

"He knows it," she said with a gesture toward young Dickie Ainsworth patting gaily along behind them. "Beatrice Merriman—till they call me Trick-sie. Everybody does, after they've known

me two hours! He's begun it already. That's my name in old Fran."

After that matters speedily adjusted themselves. Morton and Mrs. Merriman soon discovered friendships in common, and settled into the semi-intimate association a long journey invites. Away from them, or across from them, Dickie Ainsworth and the girl chattered through the hours. Ainsworth was not interested in technical situations. He was merely highly entertained. He was quite blind to the outward signs of an inward yeastiness, for he disdained subtleties as "rot," and psychological problems as attenuated refinements unworthy of his sex.

"We missed it in not moving in Mrs. Haversam's set, Phil," he said that evening, as he and Morton sat together over their cigars. "She's a goer. Tricksie's been with her for two years, rebelled at a little town, couldn't and wouldn't nurse, and when she met Madam, five years older and already ten years married, and luck had it up her sleeve to make Madam like her—then ho for 'old Fran'!" The boy mimicked admirably.

"And O Lord, the life!" he continued. "What with learning to drink beer and like it, and learning not to drink too much wine, and being scared stiff for fear she'd never learn to breathe in smoke—O, it was a monkey of a time!" And the boy laughed and went to join the girl, whose evening furbishings were startling for a whizzing Limited Express.

Meantime Morton sat beside the mother, and listened to her quiet talk, every now and then catching in her eyes a gleam of something worse than fear when by chance her daughter's voice rose in speech or laughter above the quiet conversation elsewhere in progress. It was only by incidental reference that Mrs. Merriman ever mentioned her daughter's name and when she did there was such utter lack of the personal note as to make the mention a strange thing. There was no air of disapproval, of dissension; no revealing of any hidden thing. Yet neither then nor later did Morton see her with the girl that he did not catch the tragic note.

He learned by degrees that this trip was being taken at least partly for Mrs. Merriman's benefit, that she might profit by treatment from a foreign specialist then in New York. He learned that her

daughter had also wished to come East—on the whole he was left in doubt as to whether Beatrice was accompanying her mother or Mrs. Merriman was chaperoning Beatrice. All his conclusions, then and later, were intensely favourable to the Merriman character and ideals; a fact that rendered the girl only more inexplicable. There was no strain of Bohemian blood, real or would be, in Mrs. Merriman. Her husband—he had been dead three years—had been a professor of philosophy in a small Western college. That too hardly savoured of Bohemia or of its vulgar borderlands.

Morton made no attempt toward a better acquaintance with the girl, though he no longer felt bored with her crudities nor repelled by her gaucheries. For her mother made her interesting. But the memory of the glances, uncertain, anxious, humiliated, from that soft-eyed woman, shot toward him as he talked now and then with the daughter, held him back from more than mere dutiful attention. The girl herself was far from her ease with him. She felt feebly about for talk, and she resented the impotency of resource which he made her feel. But when she did talk to him it was with utter self-centredness, wholly of personal experiences for whose relating she had a mild mania, and she seemed quite content that he should sit and listen in silence to the whole cheap little store of living that she held up for his delection.

And so matters went on up to the afternoon of the day before they reached New York. That afternoon Morton had joined Mrs. Merriman as she sat alone, and later Beatrice and Ainsworth wandered up from one of their incessant strolls over the train. Beatrice sat down on the arm of her mother's seat with her usual air of a bird of passage, ready poised for the next flight that fancy dictated, and Ainsworth stood in readiness to swoop after her. The trip had been a joy to him! She listened pertly to some conversation about some friends Mrs. Merriman and Morton had in common, and she varied the monotony of the too staid conversation by a series of daring *moues* directed at Ainsworth.

"So the Danwells went last year to New York," Morton concluded. "In fact, I heard much of them recently from a chum of mine. Helmer told me a good

deal of the older boy—I have his letter here—here. He says—”

Morton stopped. His eyes happened to rest on the girl. A sudden light had sprung into her eyes; a warm flush stained her cheeks. Against the soft color the carmine paint looked crude and gaudy.

“Why!” she cried shrilly, “that’s Dick’s handwriting.” Her curious eyes scanned the loose pages. “Do you know Dick, too! Dick Helmer?”

Morton’s gaze shifted to Mrs. Merri-man. A sudden paralyzing fear born of the latter half of Helmer’s letter that did not treat of the Danwells, leaped, at the sight of that mother’s strained eyes, to full growth. It was a little melodramatic situation such as only real life can hold. He turned back to the girl.

“I have known Dick Helmer for many years,” he said briefly. His eyes were fastened sombrely on her, and her reply died on her lips.

She slipped hurriedly to her feet, and stood in uneasy defiance before him. His eyes made her resentfully ashamed. They seemed to go to the root of things, to pierce shams. Unconsciously and hurriedly she touched her cheeks with her handkerchief, stealthily, and surveyed its unflecked whiteness with relief. She fingered her belt buckle nervously. By the next morning she would certainly have that loosened part fastened on with something more than a skillfully bent pin. Yet it was quite firm. She wondered what he was thinking, wished restively he might say something—anything—Yet he never did. He never would.

“Then if—you know—Dick—you must know—” she began. But her cheeks flushed warmer and her bold eyes fell. And then her mother’s hand reached lightly out and caught her wrist. The girl’s eyes grew stormy. She laughed and tossed her head. She turned away and then she turned back.

“I want you to take me to the observation car, Mr. Morton,” she said with stormy defiance in her voice. “Mamma will excuse you.” She turned commanding eyes on her mother’s white face. Then, as Morton got slowly and with intense reluctance to his feet, she led the way.

At the reading alcove she stopped, however, and sat quickly down.

“How did you know?” she demanded.

Her eyes fell on the letter he still mechanically held. “He told you—in here,” she said. She caught a corner of it. Her mood changed. Her great vanity once more protected her. She laughed a little. Whatever she might resent in this man’s point of view regarding her she was at least secure in Helmer’s.

“What does he say about me?” she asked. “O, please. Some of it, anyway.” She held childishly to the sheet, yet through the scene a strain of artificiality ran like a scarlet thread. Half deliberately, without caring either way, Morton let the letter slip from his fingers. He was wondering almost cruelly if it could resurrect dead perceptions.

Beatrice took the letter with a laugh, and drew it quickly out. She made a running commentary as she read:

“Have something to tell you at last—wish you might be here—Vancouver too far—wedding the 24th—” She glanced at him with a curious mingling of shyness and boldness. “Dear me!” she cried later, “—a little French beauty—with pale, satiny skin—blue-veined and just flushed with color—slender pencilled eyebrows over two eyes—” She stopped again and frowned a little. The frown grew and deepened on to the end. She handed the letter back almost sullenly.

“Of course you wouldn’t know,” she said at last. “Dick was so busy describing me he forgot to tell my name. Nobody knew anything till just recently. I was only twenty and it was three years ago. Dick had to get started, and we went out to California, and with him in New York—well, I didn’t care to spread it. It makes a difference in your fun to be an engaged girl.” She laughed again, but in embarrassment; to hide a deeper emotion, the sudden culmination of all the discomfort and unrest that this man had produced within her, a feeling that was almost hate for him. But back of it lay an all-consuming fear.

Suddenly she threw back her shoulders. The dying sun shot its red fire across her face, lighting up her carmined cheeks and lips, and making all the darker her shadowed eyes. There was a boldness about her, a hardened curve to the mouth, that made Morton for a second lose his cool, impersonal attitude. In that moment the girl looked almost bad. He shuddered. Had Dick gone mad! Phrases from that letter rushed to his

mind. "The dear soul behind those eyes—"; "a rare and wonderful conscience—." If it were change how in heaven's name had it been wrought!

"You don't like me," she said in crisp defiance. "You never have. You are sick over this. You like Mamma, but you've never liked me. You can see back of her steel riveted calm how she disproves. I don't care. She kept me ignorant so long. I never had any real fun. Dick was my first lover. Every one at home thought I was bread and butter, and I was then, to be sure. But after we got out West, and I met Mrs. Haversam, and saw what she got out of life, and how she laughed at me, I simply went in for it. I love Dick. I love him yet. You needn't be afraid I don't. But I wanted a good time, some experience, some life, new sensations. I've had it, a lot. I've seen life. If that isn't a good thing for a girl I don't know what is. I've done a good many things that Mamma knows of, and doesn't like. A good many more—nobody knows. And it has improved me. You needn't say it hasn't. I was goody before—goody and narrow."

She stopped short. There was about her whole attitude a waiting for assent, approval. Only silence met her, and as it deepened her eyes grew angry. But back of the anger lurked that all consuming fear.

"Tell that man to leave those lights turned low," she said sharply as a porter approached the alcove. "I—want to talk."

Morton reluctantly motioned the man away.

"You don't like me," the girl repeated. "In one sense I don't give a rap. Only I—like to be liked. I know who you are now—that Harvard friend of Dick's. You're his friend. You know what he likes—I'm not the same girl I was—he adores Mamma—he told you about her in that letter, near the close—said she was the one woman a man would choose to bring up the girl he was to marry—I'm not like her—I'm changed in every fibre. I thought I was improved. I hated myself as I was. Do you think that he—I wish you'd tell me exactly what you think."

Morton spoke sharply. "You are taking things for granted in an absurd way," he said. "You are demanding absurdi-

ties. This is between him and you alone."

The girl stirred restlessly. "I wish I were a good Catholic, and you a priest," she said at last. "Then you would have to listen and tell me things. That always seemed so simple—to sin and confess and pray and be forgiven, and go away and sin again if you wanted to."

Again silence fell. Suddenly her laugh rang out, harsh and unnatural. "You'd have been a good Inquisitor!" she cried. "You'd have loved that torture where slow drops of water fall—hour after hour—"

Morton turned on her almost angrily. "You shall not insist," he said, "in putting me in judgment over you. I can't aspire to the place. But granting for argument's sake that our feeling toward each other is what you say it is—"

"But that's just it," cried the girl. "I can like you, like you immensely. So it's not mutual antipathy at all. Now, what is it?"

"Then I cannot explain it," said Morton doggedly.

The girl sighed wearily. After another long silence she spoke. "I put on rouge and I darken my eyes. Mrs. Haversam did. Did you know I did?"

Morton smiled slightly. "I had inferred as much," he said.

"I have to," she said quickly. "I haven't a bit of color. I want Dick to think I'm as lovely now as when—"

Morton laughed a little. "Dick seems to feel you need no change. Then Dick—he does not care for purely fleshly things."

She colored. "He cares though. All men care. They can't help it."

Morton merely shrugged his shoulders and made no defense of his sex, and she went on with growing slowness, yet as if she were irresistibly driven toward some appointed end.

"All of Mrs. Haversam's friends did it; laughed at me because I'd never done it. Everybody rouges in cities, they said. —I suppose I've done reckless things. At first I started to write Dick all about it, and then he didn't like one letter and I stopped.—I never told him about Jim Lorraine, not even his name. I never told him about—lots of things. I was meeting lots of men, different sorts—I always loved Dick, always, but I was seeing other sorts—I've been drunk. No-

body knew that before. Nobody but Mrs. Haversam and the crowd. Drunk twice. They dared me to keep on, and I did. I didn't know how much I could take. That was the reason. They thought it was a great joke. They didn't think any less of me. They're not narrow. They all did it.—One night they dared me, and I dressed up in men's clothes and ragged. They fairly howled, they liked it.—Another night I put on tights. They liked that, too.—At first when I went there things were strange and I was green. I got over it.—I didn't mind putting on the tights.—I smoke cigars and cigarettes. I don't like them much, but you have to be sociable. I wanted some fun. No man but Dick—I never had but one sweetheart—till I got to be different. That's what men like better—Mrs. Haversam says so, and the crowds of men she has!—Mamma thinks it's terrible, that I'd better be dead, and she doesn't know a tenth—Dick doesn't know anything.—Mrs. Haversam said life was worth living or ending, and I wasn't going to be prudish. It's been a long time since any of Dick's sort—you and Mr. Ainsworth—and when I saw you didn't like me, that started me off.—But that letter of Dick's—he thinks I'm still the same—my conscience!—I wonder if I've got one now. Nothing seems wrong. There's not a fibre of me the same. I, myself, I love him as much as ever, more—but not a bit the same way—Tell me what he'll think of me? Tell me?"

It had grown quite dark. Above them the lamps flickered dimly. Even in their waverings the girl seemed motionless, save for a little shiver that now and then passed through her. Morton glanced at her once and was chilled. Her skin was bluish white, her eyes were haggard, and against the pallor her lips and cheeks showed purplish red.

"What can I say!" Morton said at length. It is a matter that is so utterly between you two—this is impotent answering, but—" He stopped with absolute finality.

The girl's lips curved into a smile twisted and distorted. "Never mind," she said briefly. "You've served your good purpose. I had to talk it out. It's too much to ask you to say anything. It's all happened queerly, though, your being on this train, and making me feel

from the first—without ever trying to—that I wasn't improved, that I was some cheap, paper-bound thing. And you've been trying to find the relation to that lovely book back yonder." She nodded toward her mother's place with a dull, brooding look in her eyes. "And your being Dick's friend, and his having just written that letter to you about me—me three years back—No, don't talk. I'm just saying things. Do you mind taking Mamma out to dinner to-night? I want to stay here a little while longer. O, please don't talk. O, please go!"

She sat there for many minutes longer, staring steadily into the deep darkness without. Her lip was caught firmly between her teeth, and when it began to bleed slightly she did not notice it. After a time the porter came through and turned up the neglected lamps. She let him go almost beyond hearing before she called him, sharply. As he answered her question she looked at her watch. The man went out, and as he left she pulled a book across to her which was lying on a table and jerked from it a jagged fly-leaf. She began to write quickly:

"I can't face him. I'll get off at the next station, in ten minutes. The west-bound train goes through in half an hour. Don't let Mamma be scared. I'm not going to do anything reckless. When she's able to come home I'll be there to meet her. It isn't cowardice. It's simply so futile a thing to go on with the meeting through to the inevitable end. It's no use. Tell him what you please. When the continent's between us once again I'll write him, once more—"

She broke off abruptly. Already the train was slowing up. She folded the leaf into a shabby note, and, going quickly back to her seat, she caught up her handbag. As she reached the platform she pressed the paper into the porter's hand.

"For Mr. Morton," she said briefly.

She stepped swiftly from the train to the platform. Another moment, and she stood watching the long, brown, snake-like thing slip smoothly away on its gleaming path. She turned toward the waiting-room, but its smallness and its dreariness repelled her. She stopped. Only half an hour. Then the west-bound train was due. She began to walk slowly up and down the wooden platform.

SOME RECENT LANDSCAPES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.

PART II.

NOTHING could better show the delightful way in which American landscape can be treated than J. Alden Weir's "Windham, Connecticut." Here is just a simple little New England town, and it is as picturesque as any Norman village or English hamlet. It is early spring and the leaves of the trees have the light-hearted fresh green that give the May world so holiday an air. The little square is a delightful revelation of the charm in a scene most of us would pass indifferently by. His "Day in June" has a hot, blue sky, with globular clouds passing over it. No subtle, hazy effects aimed for here, just a frank blue sky, the kind into which Jefferies used to love to gaze while flat on his back on the greensward. At first you do not notice the white horse with the boy on it, returning from leading the cows to pasture, they are treated in so perfect a landscape feeling, yet approach and you will see the strong bare-backed horse, the lad astride him in his plain blue shirt, suspenders, round shoulders and all. Looking at it one feels certain that the old way of having the landscape painted by one hand and the figure by another would not do here at all. Boy and horse and clouds and hot sky and cool grass—all is conceived with one mind, painted with one hand.

"On the James River," by F. W. Kost, is a picture with great individual charm. In fact, any student of Kost's paintings must feel that he has always something to say. Perhaps the most beautiful note in this picture of Virginia country is the warm, mellow claret of the sun-touched clouds. Soon these clouds will swallow up the last twilight gold, lingering above the roofs of the simple farm buildings. Beyond the turn in the river, lies the faint haze of low rolling hills.

"Off Galilee" gives us a bit of the fishermen's settlement near Seabright, N. J., which was swept away by fire

some years ago. The monochrome effect of pale clouded sky, pale ice-houses, and pale sand, lends a certain weird fascination to the picture perfectly in keeping with the character of the sand dune country.

There is a delightful and characteristic painting, "The Brush Burner," at Mr. Kost's studio, a picture full of attraction for the lover of the woods. The stooping form of the brush burner has life and action, the fire has a real crackle, the blue smoke sweeps briskly across the picture and finally ascends into the blue-grey sky of a cool autumn day.

Sartain's "Hackensack Meadows" is an exquisite rendering of a scene familiar to the average Jersey commuter who scarcely glances at it from the car window as he is whirled by. The low lying, widespread marshes are yellow-green in the afternoon sun. The foreground is in the shadow of the clouds—great yellow-grey clouds, very beautiful, very soft, very cloudlike. How much lies in the handling of a cloud! There are clouds that lie flat on the canvas as sticky white circles, there are clouds that look nearer to us than the trees, and there are clouds as these of Sartain's that lift us off into the ether, off out of and beyond the picture before us.

Ochtman's "Autumn Sunrise" received the Webb prize at this season's exhibit of the Society of American artists, and was purchased by Mr. Carnegie. This is no prismatic sunrise, but just a quiet, soft sunrise on a cloudy day. There is an intimate charm in the picture, in the distant hills, tenderly treated, in the unpretentious home, so perfectly a part of the landscape, in the touch of the early sunlight on the slanting roof.

Another of Ochtman's recent paintings, still in his studio, is "Early Evening," very lovely, bathed in its soft, purplish pink glow. The rising moon lights up the bit of river, but is not directly reflected in it.



OCHTMAN'S AUTUMN SUNRISE.

This painting received the Webb Prize at this season's exhibition of the Society of American Artists.



HACKENSACK MEADOWS.

Foster's "Murky Evening," also shown at the Society Exhibit, is full of suggestion. The sheep driven home by the country lad are dimly seen in the gathering dusk. A very lovely picture of Lake Ontario hangs in his studio, the lake shining silvery in the sun, which is felt behind great grey clouds. The burnt-over land in the foreground with the grim bare trunks gives just the right note contrasting with the silver of water and sky. At the Society Exhibit is his "Clump of Butternuts" with a peculiarly intimate appeal. It is a bit of country such as one might see about the Bronx, a friendly, rolling country, a lively little rill threading its way under the stone fence.

At this same exhibit there are many landscapes of which I should like to be able to speak more fully. They are by Bruce Crane, Will S. Robinson, H. Bolton Jones, Charles Warren Eaton, Mygatt, Kent, Foote, McCrea, and Lee. In one there is the charm of colour, in another a tender poetry, in a third a virile touch; in one it is the charm of a rising hill road, in another the cool dusk of pines, in still another the blossoming life of spring, or again the grimness of a mountain, or it may be the lovely tone of

summer night—but whatever it is in each one is the note of sincerity and the true landscape feeling.

Walter Clark has been working lately at some interesting phases of Florida landscape. One picture of Mosquito Inlet is peculiarly soft in colour, the slender russet beach grasses, the loose sand blown over the beach, the pelicans and gulls hovering about in great number, the sea with the golden autumnal gleam.

Doubtless many think of that superb artist, Horatio Walker, as the Millet of the Western Hemisphere. There is Millet's human interest, his sincerity and directness. There is also in him the largeness and optimism of Walt Whitman, but a Whitman with a technique with which no critic can quarrel. As interesting as are these impressive pictures in the black and white, they are first and foremost great paintings, great in all the qualities that make great painting. Few can give us scenes so full of human interest and rise at the same time so far above it. His "Sheep at Pasture" reproduces here admirably, though of course the originality and beauty of its colour is absent. It was impossible to get a reproduction of his very latest



EARLY SPRING, WINDHAM, CONN.
By Weir.

painting, which as I write has just arrived at the Montross Gallery, his "Ice Cutters," a picture so individual, so big that it defies word painting. Indeed I do not know but there would be a certain cruelty in a black and white reproduction, for its colour strikes one at once as simply unique—unlike any other painting one has seen. There is the cold green of scintillating ice cakes, the pale lemon of the dying winter day, the purple grey of heavy clouds, the dark green of sombre pines, the strong brown and roan of the sturdy horse, the rich red of the blanket, the pale violet shadows in the snow. And this charm of colour united with vigour and action—do I not say all when I say it is great Art?

At the same exquisite little exhibit at the Montross Gallery are two characteristic landscapes by Ryder: one a tiny canvas holding big distances in it and a wealth of rich colour, the other like some precious old tapestry with an old-world

stateliness in composition and mellowness in tone. A soft true night piece by Alexander Schilling is very beautiful and without anything of the spectacular which seems to creep so easily into night scenes.

How impossible to translate into words the charm, tender, elusive, delicate of a landscape by Tryon! As difficult to catch on the point of a pen as on the edge of the brush the ghost of a pale November twilight lingering in the distant trees, the mystery of peace, the calming touch of early eve, the coolness settling down over the earth, the tree tops melting into the soft horizon as Emerson's trees, diffusing themselves

"in the air
As if they loved the element, and hasted
To dissipate their being into it."

Yet Tryon has succeeded with his brush. No one is more uniquely the interpreter of the most subtle appeals of



PASTURE LANDS, OCTOBER.
By Tryon.



INDIAN SUMMER.
By Murphy.

nature. So many of his wonderful landscapes haunt my memory that it is difficult to speak only of his recent work.

The "Pasture Lands: October" reveals new beauties the longer one looks into it (one never looks at but into Tryon's pictures). Less delicately elusive than a great deal of his work, it can fairly well be reproduced—even without the marvellous work of a Schilling poring two years over one plate. Gaze on the original for a while and the same peace settles on your heart as if you were actually in the open. And so completely do you seem to stand in the picture, it is all around you, not merely hanging there before you. This picture hangs at the Montross Gallery as well as the lovely "Early Morning: September," in which there is the soft early light stealing over the landscape—just the quiet appeal of purple hills and lemon horizon and trees alive to their leaflet tips.

There is really nothing to be said of one who does not care for Tryon. But one may pity.

One great fact impresses itself upon me—how easy it is to enjoy these paintings. The time has gone by when a visit to a studio meant a painful adjustment on the part of the visitor who had a leaning toward truthfulness and at the same time a desire not to cut too poor a figure: hence the pitiful attempt to see cows, trees, meadows, and snow-fields in a saturnalia of colour, or to see the face of one's friend as an animated rainbow or his hands as a Joseph's coat of many colours. To-day there is no need to key oneself up artificially to the artistic point of view. The studio visitor may be at his ease; he may not see all that the artist sees, but there will be no violent upheaval of cherished convictions.

And for all that we are glad the struggle waged by the Impressionists is over, none the less are we grateful for what it accomplished. In Art it is too apt to be forgotten that a battle cannot be fought and won without sacrificing something of repose and sanity. But if the battle was worth while and the fruits of victory ours, it is ungrateful, to say the least, to assail the methods of the victors. By whatever means, through whatever struggle, "God Almighty's daylight" was at last brought into landscape painting. Read the protests of men like Hogarth

Constable against "The grime and

slime and soot" that were the colour ideal of the contemporary connoisseur, and one will have some idea of the difficulties of the war that has been waged and won for us. Suppose at one time our eyes did blink at the extraordinary vividness of colour? So do the eyes of a blind man restored to sight and brought out into the sunlight. Nothing perhaps can better show us the road we have travelled than the anecdote told of the celebrated connoisseur Beaumont, who, while admiring a landscape by Constable, yet admonished him that it should have had in it more of the quality of an old brown fiddle. For answer, as they were seated out of doors, Constable merely arose, entered the house and returned with an old brown fiddle which he quietly laid beside Beaumont on the living green grass.

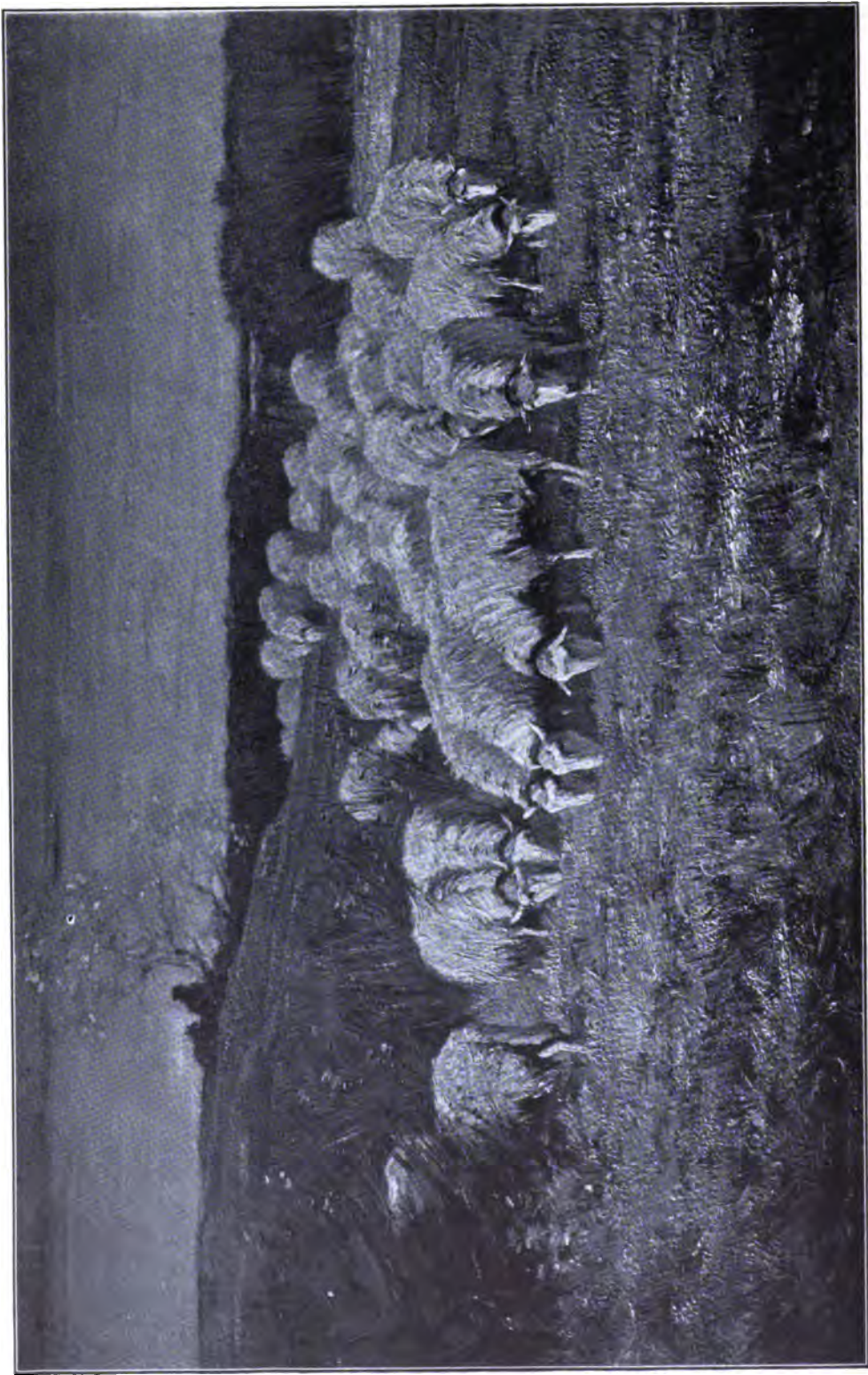
That piquant and interesting, if not always convincing, critic Mr. James Huneker, has lately compared Richard Strauss, the composer, to Monet, the painter; both producing marvellous and unexpected effects by decomposition, in the one case of colour, in the other of sound. The analogy holds perfectly good, and bears out what was said in the first installment of this paper of the overstatement and sense of struggle in much of our modern music. The battle waged by Monet is over and Art has gained immensely thereby. Hence we have in painting repose, restraint, and accomplishment, while in music the battle still rages and the ears are assailed as in the early days of Impressionistic battle the eyes were blinded. In painting, new problems, new controversies may arise in the future, but let us enjoy the moment as it is, enjoy the fact that we have an art that appeals to the emotions and that at the same time is restful—a rare combination. It is easy to be restful when the emotional appeal is absent, so easy to be hysterical and overstrained when it is there. Of course, on the walls of our galleries there may be seen to-day plenty of work that is strained and showing desire rather than accomplishment; plenty of work that is mere weak imitation of some old master or—most significant—weak imitation of our American masters; but on the whole we may boast to-day of an art very much greater, I think, than is generally realised by the American public. How shall we

reassure this American public? It seems to me that the way lies scarcely through the bullying criticism that is so much in vogue. Surely one cannot be scolded into loving. The gallery-visiting public is already too much brow-beaten. Is there anything more uncomfortable than the attitude of the average gallery visitor sneaking away from a chance encounter with a friend for fear of being committed to a choice? If you tell an untruth and

endeavour to select what you ought to like, there is always the chance that you are wrong and have but burdened your conscience in vain. If you tell the truth, in the event of being wrong, at least you have enjoyed yourself, and there always remains the chance that you might hit it right. Make up your mind to like something, to like it very much indeed and in time you will like the right thing. I am not at all sure but that a great Art



A DAY IN JUNE.
By Weir.



SHEEP AT PASTURE.
By Walker.

may be sustained better by a public with a strong love of the wrong thing than one with a pretended liking of the right thing. I have not the slightest pretense in writing this paper to encourage American Art. It does not need me. It will soon have its day. It is on the point of having it now. It is not American Art that needs encouragement, but rather the American public. It needs to be told "Go to the studios and galleries and enjoy what you see. Forget the rule of the great name. Forget all about what you ought to like, but like very much what you do like."

A young American painter, recently returned from abroad, had a visit one day at his studio in Paris from an Australian bushranger.

"Come over with me to the Salon," said the bushranger. "I want you to tell me if a picture there is good or not."

"Why," asked the artist, "do you want to know that?"

"Because," was the reply, "there is a painting there of sheep that reminds me of home so powerfully that I choked when I saw it. The sheep are huddled together just as they lie on my own farm. The country round about is just the country I was brought up in, and it made me positively homesick just to look at it. I'd like to buy it if you say it's good art."

"Good art be hanged!" exclaimed the artist, showing a good deal of common sense for one so young. "If that picture means all that to you, buy it! It will mean more to you than any number of Corots. Go ahead and buy it and don't ask me or any other artist if it is good for anything. It is good for you, and that's enough."

I had the opportunity recently of listening to the signally attractive and authoritative lady who has recently returned to her native shores after an absence in Europe of some thirty years or so, twenty-nine of which, if I mistake not, were spent in adoration before the

canvases of Botticelli. Her artistic creed is what she herself dubbed quite frankly, "the old-fogy cult." There was much in her talk that would make interesting reading, but its chief bearing upon the subject of this paper was the conversation which took place while the chastened and subdued audience (for were we not Americans, and, worse yet, New Yorkers, and was not a Bostonian imported for the occasion to witness our discomfiture?) was drowning its sorrow in many cups of tea. I approached the impressive and authoritative lady and suggested that her dicta swept aside as absolutely unimportant all Landscape Art, and that only the painting of the Figure remained. After admitting she found it in her heart to forgive Claude and Poussin (she had visited Mr. Freer's collection of Tryons, but of course did not care for them at all), she drew herself up to the most impressive height and voiced the following remarkable sentiment. I fairly seemed to see little shivers of delight go down the spines of the little group of admirers that surrounded her—

"Ah, Nature, how I love Nature! *But we have nature, so we do not need to paint her.*"

In the coupé going home—that repository of repartees—I exclaimed aloud:

"*But after all we do have the Figure!*"

The lady forgot that the world has moved since that day, when in congratulating Constable upon his election to the Royal Academy, Lawrence admonished him that he should be particularly gratified because he was only a landscapist!

Landscape art as an art form needs no apologisers to-day nor need the attitude of the American onlooker be longer that of an apologetic reservation, "It is not Corot, it is not Rousseau, it is not Daubigny nor Diaz." It is not, indeed, but there is no reason why it should be. It is Homer Martin, it is Wyant, it is Innes, it is Blakelock, it is Tryon and Horatio Walker.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

EXPIATION.

There came a Sin to me—too strong! and I too weak to bar my door.
I knew him for some snaring Wrong; but he protested loud and long; Joy was
the name he bore.

To drown my doubts he crossed my sill and bade me taste his brimming bowl,
But, ere my lips had drunk their fill, whispered, "A paltry price—thy soul!"

Oh, but that bliss must be complete! Light, for its sake, such sacrifice.
What though I half divined the cheat? the wine, the wine it was so sweet! I paid
my Sin his price.

"Too dear the draught," I whispered low, as in my house I heard a cry,
"For human frailty to forego, for thirst like mine to pass it by!"

Now wingeth Death his way to me; offers his sweet forgetful cup.
All-potent though its waters be to quench the fires of memory, I will not take it up.
My heart shall burn with bitter thirst, while Death's dark healing wings sweep by,
My lips shall drain the dregs accursed, that whoso drinks shall long to die!

"Nay, but my name is Peace," he cries. What if it be that same old Sin?
A likeness lingers in his eyes that bids me doubt the thin disguise; He shall not
enter in!

My habitation is unfit for Death; for Peace there is no room.
Here with my ruined Soul I sit and wait the unfolding of our doom.

Louise Betts Edwards.

CHARLES WAGNER.*

IT is not perhaps so much the multiplication of our needs as the many ways and ease of satisfying them that have introduced into modern life that complexity of which M. Wagner complains. The effect of all progress in discovery, invention, and thought has been to simplify and straighten life out, and that olden time simplicity in manners and ideas which he bade us reverence and cherish must be looked for solely in the special conditions accompanying the lives of the humble and lowly—the poor in purse and spirit, for it is certainly not to be found in the prandial performances of the Romans, the frills and furbelows of the Grand Monarch's time, or the metaphysical muddles of the schoolmen.

But this modern Parisian pastor is no twentieth-century Rousseau. He invents no such Eden as that "state of Nature" which worked so potent a charm in the

human mind a hundred and fifty years ago, for he realises that against the impulse in the direction of simplicity in all the relations of life given by the wizard of Geneva, there has been no positive reaction.

These three books of M. Wagner may be said briefly to be a plea for a new direction of the mind as will bring about a better state of human relations; *The Simple Life* dealing with the relations of a man to the world at large; *The Better Way* with his relations to the Inner Self, and *By the Fireside* with the more intimate external relations in the family and the home.

If we gather together enough to form a picture of man in his relation to the outer world we find ourselves confronted with a concise statement of the weapons employed by mediocrity to win prominence and success. "In politics, finance, business, even in science, art, literature, and religion, there is everywhere disguise, trickery, wire-pulling; one truth for the public, another for the initiated.

**The Simple Life; The Better Way; By the Fireside.* By Charles Wagner. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

. . . The very people who deceive others with the most ability, are in turn deceived when they need to count upon the sincerity of their neighbours." "It is not well to confide oneself to a doctor who is wholly engrossed in his fees, for the spring of his action is the desire to garnish his purse with the contents of yours. If it is to his interest that you should suffer longer, he is capable of fostering your malady instead of fortifying your strength." "One of the chief puerilities of our time is the love of advertisement. Some people are so consumed with this desire that we are justified in declaring them consumed with the itch of publicity. In their eyes obscurity is the height of ignominy; so they do their best to keep their names in every mouth."

All of this is true enough, but these conditions are more deeply rooted in the economic world than M. Wagner would have us believe. They did not come in with the locomotive, the telegraph, and the telephone. They are a characteristic of his grandfather's day as they are of his own. He does not know his Balzac or he would not complain that craft, diplomacy, and subtle legerdemain have suddenly developed to complicate affairs in the business world of to-day. Have these influences ever been more rampant in modern life than as they are described in *Lost Illusions* and *César Birotteau* as characteristic of the early years of the last century?

The persistency of a disease, however, does not decrease the necessity for a remedy. M. Wagner proposes a conduct of life that will avoid all hurry and restlessness, will bring about simpler thoughts, forms of speech and conceptions of duty in all relations with our fellowmen. Beginning in the family circle the new spirit will gradually be infused by the growing children into public life, and humanity will be free of the innumerable complexities that constantly operate to its deterioration.

In *The Better Way*, our author is on surer ground for it is easy to see that he would be a better guide for the inner life than for the outer world, which lies too often beyond him. There runs a strain of sadness through this little volume for the thought lingers much on the death of a son just on the threshold of young manhood. His hopes and doubts and

fears, the desolation and despair are answered and sustained by a "friend," who is no other than his own inner self, always the bearer of fine spiritual gifts to enrich and fortify every crisis of the soul whether it be one of joy or one of sorrow. The "friend" proves himself a trustworthy guide at every turn of the difficult road. He leads to one fine end. "The peace of the soul is the key to the world. Through it all things are ordered and disposed in their places. In it the painful problem of life resolves into harmony."

By the Fireside is the least satisfactory of the three volumes. M. Wagner is fully aware of the economic forces that are changing the character of home life, but his vague suggestions and schemes would react against the inevitable tendencies of modern domestic life. On the subject of the home, he and Mrs. Gilman would never agree. He is not prone to regret the past but in the pages the wish occurs more than once for a return to some of the conditions of home life of by-gone days. He lays too much stress on that which tends to hinder the development of individuality, and which is now recognised as the weak feature of family life. The thought, too, is often commonplace and suggests that the author should conduct some department of manners and morals in a woman's magazine.

But, after all, it is not as a philosopher or preacher, but as a lover of his fellow men, that M. Wagner has the strongest claim to their attention.

"I have lived with rich and poor," he says in one place, "with wise and ignorant, city folks and peasants, Germans and French, believers and atheists, the champions of the past and the champions of the present, and I have understood and loved them all. I love life and humanity under all their *wholesome, sincere* forms, in all their griefs and their hopes, and even in all the tempests of thought and deed."

If we omit the italicised words this might have been written by Whitman himself. It is impossible not to detect a trace of Puritanism in M. Wagner's Whitmanism, but this will only help to spread the gospel of Humanity, for those who find the good grey poet too strong meat will like better the flavour of the Frenchman's thought.

REINCARNATION.

We were lovers when first we met, my sweet,
Or ever the Sphinx was planned,
And I kissed the prints of your sandaled feet
In the soft Saharan sand.
You wore a gown that was not so slow
And I wore a cheerful smile,
In the lonesome land of the Long Ago
On a neck of the nervous Nile.

You were a maiden of Rome, my pet,
Toga'd and trim and tall,
And the flirt of your fan I remember yet
As my legion marched for Gaul.
But we stoically stayed our trembling tears—
That day in the brave year One—
For we knew that our love could vanquish years
And make a century run.

In Ethelbert's time we sought, my dear,
A bower of bitumen shade
Where the beasts and the birds did not look queer
To a tapestry man and maid.
And we saw no cloud in the saffron sky
As you gave me a four-leaved rose,
But love leaped high as we said good-bye
For your pa wore pointed toes.

Once more, on the age-old feast of birds,
I thrill with the same sweet fears.
Do I ask too much if I crave kind words
But once in a thousand years?
It is not my fault in the pitiless plan
Of the centuries whirl and whirl,
If I am only a Remington man
While you are a Gibson girl.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

BUILDING THE COMIC OPERA.

By Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

WHILE the construction of a comic opera is by no means an exact science, the work, to gain a lasting success, must contain at least two primary ingredients—humour and tunefulness. There have been operas which with but a modicum of either requisite have gained an ephemeral popularity through a gorgeousness of production and a wealth of pretty girls. There have been musical comedies which through the introduction of some clever "specialty" have temporarily caught the public's fancy and incidentally its shekels. But such as these can no more last than can their interpolated songs which, like "Mr. Dooley," "Hiawatha," "Bedelia," and the rest, sweep the country with a wave of popularity to-day and to-morrow are relegated to the barrel-organ and oblivion; while songs like "Answer," "Oh, Promise Me," and the "Rosary" we love as dear old friends and cheerfully applaud whenever we hear them adequately rendered.

Doubtless there are but few thinking people who have not wondered why it is impossible in these days to write a consistent comic opera, or, if not impossible, why some one does not do it. With the evident predisposition of the public for musical pieces over comedy and drama the opportunities for writers of librettos certainly seem golden. There are many clever musicians simply hungering for a good "book," and there are many hungry managers scouring Europe and America for completed works of any promise. Most of those they accept, alas! end with the promise and never reach fulfillment. Again the question "Why?"

A brief review of some of the difficulties which an author and composer must meet and surmount ere they see the finished product of their collaboration submitted to the public for approval may cast some light on a subject which is dark to many; and may further inspire in the public at large a more charitable spirit of tolerance for the perpetrators who, though fully conscious of the short-

comings of their offerings, suffer in silence the more because they feel that they are not altogether to blame for much that they know to be blameworthy.

To begin with, there is the story or plot. Whatever it be it must contain a sufficient variety of characters to insure for the composer a prima donna, a soubrette, and an alto or perhaps a character woman, a tenor or high baritone, a basso, and one or two comedians—not of course, omitting the ubiquitous chorus. It must have the locale—Spanish, Dutch, French-Canadian, Oriental—in which the composer feels himself best fitted to suggest and maintain the atmosphere by his music. The scenic artist must also have his wants attended to in the way of two or three original suggestions for stage-settings. These little wing-clipping preliminaries settled upon, the question arises, shall the piece contain a "star" part, and if so, shall it be for a man or woman? For the comedian, or for the prima donna? The story in mind will possibly settle that for itself as characters in most stories are quite as difficult to manage as are real "stars," and have a way of strenuously asserting themselves in spite of the author's efforts to suppress them. The characters then, with their relative values, the locale, and, in a general way, the story having been decided upon, the real difficulties begin. The average comic opera contains about twenty musical numbers, and it is in writing the story in such a way as to conserve the proper order of these that the author finds one of his greatest tasks. Solos, love duets, trios, comic songs, ensemble numbers and finales must be arranged in such sequence as to insure variety of topic, rhythm, costuming, and "business" for the chorus. The various principals' numbers must be so apportioned as to give each his or her share of prominence at proper intervals, and woe betide the luckless librettist who attempts to bring any one of them on the stage too soon. Whatever the author's original idea for a new effect or an odd

situation he must shape it so as to let the chorus and some of the minor characters fill out the first five minutes and "warm up the house" before contriving his entrances for the more important members of the cast. Hence the invariable "opening chorus" and the few moments "footless" dialogue that follows.

In American productions it is thought to be a great advantage if the "star" can be given some sort of an odd or startling entrance, as, for example, the coming to life of the scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*, the emergence of Frank Daniels from the safe in *The Office Boy*, "Dolly

Varden's" appearance showing only her feet and ankles as she walks inside of a sedan-chair, "Sergeant Kitty's" entrance as a postillion on horseback, or Raymond Hitchcock's sudden descent in his patent fire-escape balcony in *The Yankee Consul*. The object, of course, is to "get a laugh," or, if not, at least to concentrate the attention; and if after that the first few lines "tell" your actor has his audience with him ready and willing to be amused.

"It would seem," you will say, "that all this, though difficult, might be done and done with some semblance of continuity



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK AS "THE YANKEE CONSUL."

and realism." It is done—on paper. Few librettists who are in any way worthy of the name complete a comic opera which does not to their mind contain a reasonably well-connected plot, counter-plot, climax, and denouement. The lyrics are not dragged in by the heels, but are the natural expression of a well-developed situation. There are no inconsistencies of dialogue, no anachronisms. Even the chorus enter and exit with reasons for their movements; and each separate scene and number forms a coincident part of an harmonious whole. Mr. Author while making no public pretensions to greatness, secretly expects that when the piece is put on at least a few discerning critics will justly head their reviews, "At Last the American Gilbert!" What happens? Many things which are no one's fault, but are largely the result of human limitations.

Let it be supposed that the principal rôle is that of the comedian. The contract for the production is signed, and the manager begins the selection of his cast. He happens upon a prima donna out of work whom he knows will prove a drawing card with the public. He gives her a contract, agreeing to "star" her, and Mr. Author is told to "fatten up" her part with more lines, more scenes, and more musical numbers. That, perhaps, is not hard to do, but now it is found impossible to secure any one who can adequately fill the tenor rôle. Those available who can sing it, can not act it, and those who might do both can not look it. The only alternative is to fill the part with a baritone, transpose his ballad a couple of tones, and cut out his love-duet with the prima donna. She, however, must have a number in that place, and after several unsuccessful attempts to suit her she decides that she'd like to have the song which the soubrette sings in the first act. "It's really the best song in the piece, and should naturally go to the 'star' anyhow." So, in spite of the author's modest suggestion that this is a "good-night" song, and wholly inappropriate to a morning scene, it goes in the second act. Some sort of dialogue must be invented to introduce it, and the music cue will doubtless be "listen and I'll tell you about it." The song, however, does not make the expected hit and it is discovered that the reason, which should have at once been obvious,

is that it immediately follows the comedian's topical song which has been laughed at and encored to the echo. A topical song fits in anywhere, so that is in turn shifted to the first act which is "a little weak in comedy, anyhow." Then there is the chorus, in whose graceful gyrations every competent stage-manager takes such infinite pride. Occasion must be made for them to appear at frequent intervals in varied costumes, and if the author does not make the occasion, the stage-manager will. For it is with them that he finds full opportunity for the display of his talent in originating intricate movements and effective stage pictures.

Now the composer finds that owing to the kaleidoscopic shifting of songs, a concerted number for full chorus is left minus the men, who are at this time in their dressing-rooms changing from soldiers to brigands for the next scene. Something must be done—some further change must be made to rectify this, and a little more shifting takes place. A character of secondary importance which the author confidently expected would prove a surprise—does! He's so surprisingly bad in the part that numbers of his scenes are cut out bodily. They may have in them some very necessary explanatory dialogue, but a musical piece can not be allowed to drag for an instant. "Ginger!" is the word, "ginger!" And thus by degrees the seemingly necessary changes take place until in the end he will be indeed a wise author who knows his own plot.

Consider now for a moment that a drama contains some two hours of dialogue, while in a musical play forty-five minutes of talk is excessive. Consider, further, that should an interruption occur even in the most carefully constructed play, during which a clever soloist flanked by a bevy of diverting young women claim the attention of the audience for from three to six minutes, would it not be hard thereafter to pick up the story and regain the interest? In a comic opera not alone one, but eighteen or twenty of these interruptions occur—distractions for both the eye and the ear. These might not prove such serious breaks if every song exactly fitted every situation, but that can scarcely be for many reasons, a few of which have been noted. The pretty, simple, direct little

comic opera stories told in such works as those of Offenbach, Lecocq, Audran, Millocker, Planquette, and Gilbert and Sullivan went out with the advent of the modern "production" in which "show-girls" and scenic effects, costumes and cake-walks were, or were thought to be, what the public wanted and would pay to see. Rag-time and coon songs were interpolated hit or miss into the reigning musical pieces, elaborate "business" was devised for the choruses, and the public thereupon offered its acclaim. But if signs do not fail, the fickle public is rapidly growing tired; and the astute manager who will substitute daintiness for display, consistency for chaos, and "atmosphere" for unsanitary ventilation, will find that, after all, the great majority of the American people are intelligent, discriminating human beings who would rather hear good voices and clearly enunciated lines than see a lot of expensive scenery or light-headed chorus girls moving uncomfortably in Paris creations to which and in which they are manifestly unaccustomed.

An author and composer naturally have a great regard for their Art. A manager's primary regard is for the box-office, and his anxiety to score a substantial success at times inspires him to interpolate more or less "non-union" numbers in spite of the usually lively protest of author and composer. *Sergeant Kitty*, *Prince of Pilsen*, *Dolly Varden*, *Babette*, and *The Yankee Consul* are entirely free from any work but that of the authors. But from among the scores of musical pieces which have had successful runs on Broadway in the past five years, comparatively few can be recalled which have not contained one or more interpolations. These, of course, take the place of original numbers which did not seem to "go." It must not be thought, however, that because a song does not "go" it is necessarily devoid of merit. A multitude of things may conspire to kill an intrinsically good number. It may be badly placed, or badly interpreted, badly orchestrated, or badly conducted. The "business" of the chorus, or of some other member of the cast may inadvertently attract the attention and kill the applause, and that same song in other hands may later prove an enormous success. Take the case of "Nancy Brown." It was first sung, unsuccessfully by no less a personage than

Peter Dailey in Augustus Thomas's ill-fated musical comedy, *Champagne Charley*. It was sung by Marie Cahill shortly afterwards in *The Wild Rose*, and proved the hit of Broadway for the season. As an example of how far this interpolating habit can go it may be interesting to note that Marie Cahill's husband is authority for the statement that not one of the original numbers—even to the finale—is now left in *Nancy Brown*, in which play Miss Cahill is at present starring. It must seem a far cry from Henry K. Hadley to Cole & Johnson; but as the box-office has not suffered it seems to be "up to" the theatre-going public to explain.

No reasonable author should doubt that in making changes his manager is earnestly endeavouring to do what in his belief will advantage the play. There is sometimes a difference in relative beliefs regarding the matter—that's all. A play is the child of an author's brain; and parents are proverbially inclined to grow peevish and fretful when others undertake to correct their children.

Perhaps at once the saddest and most laughable case of managerial correction extant may be laid at the door of Mr. William A. Brady. Some years ago, as Clay M. Greene tells the story, an elderly couple from somewhere down on Cape Cod submitted a manuscript to Mr. Brady which he hurriedly read and carelessly accepted. It was a comedy of rural New England life and in the minds of the authors it bid fair to prove an American *She Stoops to Conquer*. Mr. Brady decided to make an immediate production. He engaged his cast and the authors were present and read the play to the actors at first rehearsal, after which they shook the unholy dust of the modern Gomorrah from their feet and hied back to quiet Cape Cod to await the date that should see the opening performance. Two days' rehearsal was more than enough to prove that the play as it stood was impossible. They had gone too far, however, to now retract, and Mr. Grismer—Brady's partner—suddenly offered the brilliant suggestion that they turn the play into a musical comedy. To think was to act; and Mr. Greene was deputed to bring about the metamorphosis. Such of the cast as could sing were retained, others were substituted, the song-factories were called upon, and in the usual number of weeks the piece



HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.,
Author of the "Yankee Consul" and "Checkers."



THE GREAT BALCONY SCENE FROM "ERMINIE."



"THE MIKADO."

"THE RUNAWAY GIRL."





"THE SULTAN OF SULU."

was produced. It was called *My Aunt Hannah*. Mr. Author and wife, all unconscious of what had been done came to town for the dress rehearsal. To say that they were surprised, shocked, angered, outraged, heart-broken, is to put it mildly. It may be imagined that Messrs. Brady, Grismer and Greene had none of them any time or inclination at this particular point of time to take the dear old people quietly aside and carefully explain to them how necessary all

this was, so they passed them in turn to each other and then to the stage-manager, who passed them to the stage door-keeper, who passed them outside. They went back to Cape Cod that night, and a few weeks later the old man died—"of a broken heart," the old lady wrote Clay Greene, though the doctor's certificate read "acute indigestion." It was in this piece that "My Tiger Lily" was first sung and it went far to carry the production towards success, but it failed to



THE SCARECROW AND THE TIN MAN IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ."

reach the goal, and doubtless there is still a little old lady "down Cape Cod way" who is firm in the belief that a great play was ruthlessly sacrificed through the

fatuous ignorance and obstinacy of another manager who thought he knew more than the author.

NOTES ON THE THEATRE.

THE recent revival in New York of *The Two Orphans* with a particularly strong cast, very naturally led to abundant reminiscence and comment from those who could remember the first production of this play in its English version. To us its chief interest lies in the fact that, take it all in all, *The Two Orphans* is probably the most perfect specimen of the pure melodrama that has ever been put together. It illustrates the undoubted fact that a play as a play may be immensely successful, and deservedly so, without possessing the slightest literary merit whatsoever. Stagecraft, the art of the playwright, will of course, gain much if it be united with the imagination and wit and eloquence of the great literary artist; yet it can perfectly well dispense with these and still attain a veritable triumph. For the purpose of the theatre, indeed, the element of literature in a play is by no means essential to its dramatic value; and so it is that this ingeniously constructed piece by d'Hennerly and Cormon has held the stage for thirty years and will doubtless continue to hold it for thirty more, while Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, and *The Promise of May* never filled any theatre for a single week.

It is easy to mock at *The Two Orphans*, especially in the absurdly stilted English version of Hall Jackson, in which it continues to be acted; it is not by any means so easy to resist the appeal which it makes to certain elemental instincts and emotions. You smile when you listen to such sentences as "Do I dream? Am I mad?" yet it is odd if you do not thrill at the rescue of Henriette by de Vaudrey, and again at the superb climax of the third act, when the cry of Louise is recognised in the street below and soldiers suddenly bar the door to Henriette as she rushes in a frenzy of joy to seek the blind girl. And that is a great scene in La Salpêtrière when the nun, Sœur Geneviève, after a moment

of intense wrestling with her conscience, sacrifices the lesser morality to the greater and tells the noble lie which saves two souls. Only the coldest nature, jaded by many years of incessant theatre-going can resist the appeal of such a situation, which Dion Boucicault afterward adapted and used with no less effect in *The Shaughraun*. Again the neatness with which a really complicated plot is worked out deserves attention. A distinguished man of letters once said to us that if any one were to write down a description of the plot of *The Two Orphans* he would have to fill a dozen pages; and yet on the stage it is all evolved so lucidly and naturally as to be perfectly clear at every moment. Herein is shown the knack which d'Hennerly possessed—the knack of the born playwright who, when he is working sees exactly how the thing is going to affect the spectators. His mind plans and judges from the standpoint of the stage and the auditorium.

It has always been a surprise to us in view of the immense and long-continued popularity of *The Two Orphans* that no manager in England or America has ever had any other of d'Hennerly's melodramas translated or adapted. Adolphe d'Hennerly resembled the elder Dumas in his ability to take other men's rubbish and in some curiously indescribable way to convert it by a magic touch into excellent material for the stage. Thus, in the case of this particular play, a rough draught of it was brought to d'Hennerly by Eugène Cormon, an industrious dramatic hack. D'Hennerly looked it over and said that it would be better if certain alterations which he indicated could be made. Cormon went off and carried out the instructions. D'Hennerly then suggested other changes and additions, all of which Cormon incorporated into his manuscript. This process went steadily on, until the play assumed a definite form. At last, d'Hennerly himself



CLARA MORRIS AS "SISTER GENEVIÈVE."



ELITA PROCTOR OTIS AS "FROCHARD."
 CHARLES WARNER AS "JACQUES."
 JAMES O'NEILL AS "PIERRE."
 THE REVIVAL OF "THE TWO ORPHANS."

took it and worked it out into its present shape. He always had one or more collaborators just as Dumas had, and these acted as jackals for him, bringing him ideas for plots and working obediently under his astute direction. Many of his other plays were quite as successful as *The Two Orphans*. Most of them were written along the same lines—the persecuted poor and the oppressive rich—and they made a strong appeal to the average man and woman. He also wrote military dramas, the most popular of these being *L'Histoire d'un Drapeau*. Another play which held the stage in Paris for a very long time was *La Grâce de Dieu*.

Of the "all star cast" in the recent reproduction of *The Two Orphans*, the best work was done by Mr. Charles Warner as Jacques Frochard, and by Elita Proctor Otis as the hag, his mother. Mr. Kyrle Bellew is a finished actor and accomplishes with infinite *aplomb* and grace whatever he attempts; but his lack of real sincerity is always against him; so that his de Vaudrey reminded one of the heroes whom Mr. Richard Harding Davis invents to impress his audience of school girls. Mr. Holland as the comic valet was quite preposterous; and the more amusing he was, the greater was his incongruity; since under the old régime in France, a valet of that particular sort would have been soundly cudgelled and turned out into the street with his nose slit. Miss Grace George as Louise was pretty and plaintive, and Miss Margaret Illington as Henriette made a good impression in the more violent scenes. It was pleasant to note the tremendous burst of enthusiasm which greeted Miss Clara Morris in recognition of this unexpected return by her to the scene of her old triumphs.

Mr. James O'Neill, who took the part of Pierre, the cripple, failed to utilise an opportunity for a fine dramatic stroke. The brutal Frochard is menacing Louise, when Pierre, goaded to desperation, flings himself between the two, crying, "I will show you that you were right when you said that we come of a family that kills!" Now Pierre is physically a mere child in the hands of his burly brother, and so the audience is not much impressed by this sudden burst of energy. It expects to see Pierre kicked into the corner, and is therefore appre-

hensive for him rather than thrilled. Had Mr. O'Neill, however, in the very instant of uttering his defiance, snatched up the knife, the effect would have been instantaneous and stirring. But he waited until the critical moment had passed, and so the whole scene utterly missed fire. It should be remembered that in the French original, Jacques is stabbed by Pierre in this scene and slain in defence of Louise's honour. Just why the American adapter altered this it is hard to see.

Paris has lately found something of a theatrical sensation in a play by Albert Guinon, entitled *Décadence*. This was written some years ago, but was condemned by the Reader of Plays for the Beaux Arts, on the ground that it insulted the Jews, the government, and society in general; but since M. Combes's ministry came in, the restriction was withdrawn and *Décadence* was produced. Possibly some of its success is due to the fact of its having previously been forbidden. The play may be described as a drama of *tapage*. *Tapage* is the name which Parisians give to the sale of social influence by needy nobles who, in return for loans and other financial favours, agree to exploit persons upon whom the world of highest fashion would otherwise look askance. The *tapeur*, or social promoter, has long been known in London; but the English language has not yet found a name for him. *Décadence* shows us a section of the Parisian *monde* where descendants of the Crusaders consort with rich Jews, introduce them to the most aristocratic clubs, and even marry their daughters to them. The central theme of the play is the conflict which goes on in the mind of one of these noble ladies between her passion for a man of her own class and her love of luxury to which the enormous wealth of a distasteful husband is necessary to minister. Cynically enough, the woman in question, after a short amorous escapade, goes back to her husband because he alone can satisfy her craving for the things that wealth commands. Albert Guinon is a somewhat unusual figure among French dramatists. In spite of his fondness for decadent themes he is little of a Parisian, but prefers a simple, open-air life in Brittany, where he works and studies quietly and where he spends much of his time upon the

water with the hardy fishermen. Having an independent fortune, he writes slowly, and only when the inspiration comes to him; so that in eighteen years he has produced but four plays—*Jobards, Seul, Le Partage, and Décadence*. His choice of subjects is said to be due to the fact that he originally studied law in the office of an advocate who made a specialty of divorce cases, and that, while there, Guinon saw at close range the seamy side of social life.

The announcement that Messrs. Weber and Fields are to dissolve their long standing and very successful partnership seems to be a case of history repeating itself. Step by step these two actor-managers have duplicated the career of Messrs. Harrigan and Hart. They began by doing knockabout turns in the cheap variety shows, and they gradually came to hold a really unique position in New York; for underneath all the grotesqueness and absurdity of the farces which they produced each year, they and the company which they collected gave a theatrical performance that had a local flavour the subtlety of which could be enjoyed only by a genuine New Yorker. In this respect, no doubt, Messrs. Harrigan and Hart took higher rank than their German-American successors; for they did evolve a sort of local drama comparable to the indigenous comedies of ancient Rome, rich in a sort of rude but genuine wit, and hitting off character types with untaught artistry. Mr. Howells used to write about Edward Harrigan's creations with a sympathetic appreciation of their value as character-studies. No one has ever gone quite so far as to take Messrs. Weber and Fields so seriously; yet, all the same, they made a strong appeal to the humour of Manhattan. The first night of each season at Weber and Fields brought together an extraordinarily varied assemblage of people representing every possible class and kind of New York's variegated population; and the newspapers the next morning filled their dramatic columns with quaint sayings quoted from the lines which Mr. Weber or Mr. Fields or Mr. Peter Dailey had uttered the night before. There existed a sort of tacit comradeship between actors and audience, and the former used to interpolate all sorts of "gags," regarding each other with a sort of side-glance

at the spectators as though they, also, had a personal share in the fun. The trouble with the Weber and Fields combination has been the same as that which finally disrupted the combination of Harrigan and Hart. Neither pair of managers knew when they were well off; and they launched out into other enterprises instead of sticking to the good thing which they had created for themselves, allowing also small jealousies and differences of opinion to grow into bickerings and feuds. It is all very much to be regretted, for their little theatre was a very characteristic feature of New York, and there seems to be nothing just now that can fully take its place.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew has lately drawn upon himself a sharp fire of very personal criticism because of an interview which he gave to one of the New York newspapers. In this interview, Mr. Bellew, without mentioning any names and in phrases of perfect courtesy, remarked that many American actors seem to be unable to exhibit upon the stage the bearing and the manners of gentlemen. Thus, said Mr. Bellew, gentlemen in drawing-rooms do not sit upon tables nor swagger in the presence of ladies with hands in pockets and puffing a cigarette. They do not enter drawing-rooms with their overcoats on, and there give their hats and coats to a servant; for naturally these things are supposed to be left in the hall. Mr. Bellew's criticism, which was developed in considerable detail, has evidently drawn blood, and we fancy that the attacks upon him are really a tribute to the truth of what he said. It is an absolute fact that most American actors, at any rate upon the stage, do not show any *savoir vivre* or any intimate knowledge of those little niceties of life which distinguish the polished gentleman from the wealthy bounder. We remember that Lester Wallack once called to account an actor in his company for always parting his coat-tails before sitting down. "Your salary is quite sufficient," said Mr. Wallack, "to allow you to forget your coat-tails." We were rather struck, about a year ago, by an instance of stage boorishness in a representation of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*. It was the more noticeable because Mr. Davis himself poses as such a stickler for good form and because he was understood to have overseen the stage man-

agement of this particular play. The scene was that in which Alvarez, the President of the Republic, meets Robert Clay and young Langham and the two American girls out of doors in the evening. The President, on meeting the Americans, at once removes his hat and stands with bared head out of deference to the ladies; but the two American "gentlemen" keep their hats firmly on their heads, evidently feeling no obligation of courtesy toward either the ladies or the President of the Republic. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bellew's very just and interesting comments will bear some fruit. We might suggest also that an elementary school be established to teach our actors and actresses the proper pro-

nunciation of some of the most frequently employed French words. Among the cast of *The Two Orphans*, for example, the prevalent pronunciation of the word "Monsieur" seemed to be "Musseer," and no one but Mr. Bellew appeared to know that in French the letter "h" is silent. All these things individually are of no particular consequence; but collectively they are of immense importance. We must confess that we cannot think of a single American actor now on the stage whose acting possesses the rare quality of distinction. An American *jeune premier* may have many gifts, but he invariably gives one the impression that, after all, he is only "something in the City."
Rafford Pyke.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

DANIEL WEBSTER was not only one of the greatest of orators, he was also one of the shrewdest of debaters; and there is perhaps no better instance of his adroitness than the opening passage of his reply to Hayne, "When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are." And then he called for the reading of Foote's Resolutions so that he could "speak to the motion," as the phrase is.

Now that we have come to a period of rest between the publication of the annual reports of college-presidents in the fall and the abundant oratory of college-commencements in the spring, now that the waves of the dispute in regard to the length of the college-course are stilled for a little space, we may follow Webster's example and "refer to the point from which we departed." Such a reference may be even more useful in a de-

bate of this sort, which will stretch over as many months as that in the Senate counted hours. It is the experience of those who have taken part in any protracted discussion, that side-issues are soon brought up and that the central question is often obscured, so that the general public can no longer see clearly what the dispute is about. Let us then call for a reading of the original resolution.

Although the length of the college-course has been a frequent topic of inquiry in the past ten years, especially in connection with the Harvard practice of allowing the A.B. degree to be taken by certain students in three years, the present discussion was brought about by the annual report for 1902 of the president of Columbia, in which he proposed that a college-course of two years only should be arranged for certain students. Instantly the air was filled with tumult and shouting, with loud protestations against any attempt to lay violent hands on the traditional four-year course, with shrill outcries against any proposal to lower the standard of the A.B. degree. Any one standing on the edge of this hubbub would have supposed, first, that there was a complete agreement as to the exact value of the A.B. degree, and second, that the American college with its four-

year course was a perfect institution, the result of a scientific plan improved by experience. But there was really no warrant for either of these suppositions. There is not now and there never has been any equality between the A.B. degrees granted by different institutions. And the American college, whatever its merits, is not the practical realisation of a scholarly ideal; it represents only an incidental phase of the gradual development of the higher education here in the United States; and it can claim no antiquity and no sanctity of origin to protect it from criticism and from proposals for improvement and transformation.

The oldest American college is Harvard; it began as a high-school; it seized every opportunity for growth and expansion; and at the end of two centuries and a half it had passed through the college stage and developed into a university. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was still scarcely more than a high-school; and there is probably little inaccuracy in the assertion that the educational opportunities which Harvard offered to its most illustrious son, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was graduated in 1821, were less than those at the command of a student of the Boston Latin School four score years later. Certainly the education which Columbia College, founded more than a century later than Harvard, was able to give to De Witt Clinton, who was graduated in 1786, was not so broad, not so rich, nor so thorough as that which a New York lad can get in the De Witt Clinton High School in 1904. In Harvard and in Columbia, in Yale and in Princeton, there was from the very beginning a steady upward thrust; the courses of instruction were elevated and they were increased in number. Somewhere in the first quarter of the nineteenth century what had been a high-school was at last evolved into the type which we recognise as that of the American college; and most of the many new institutions which were founded thereafter, from time to time, began as colleges and not as high-schools.

But after the older institutions had developed themselves into colleges they did not stop growing, either in attendance or in educational breadth and depth; and the example they set was followed, sooner or later, by the newer colleges. In the middle fifty years of the nine-

teenth century, the American college with its four-year course, with its rigid curriculum, and with its single degree of A.B., flourished; and it performed an inestimable service to several generations of American youth. It had no parallel in any other country; and indeed it needed always to be explained to a foreign observer. It was the product of American conditions, and it was exactly suited to American needs. It is the institution as it was during this half-century that most of us have in mind when we think of the American college. Yet this institution was not in any way the result of a definite plan; it represented only a stage in the steady development of our higher education. However powerful an instrument for good, it was little more than a lucky accident in which we found our profit.

Of course, the steady development did not cease when the college had been evolved. It continued; and as the college had developed out of the high-school, so the American college in turn evolved the American university. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the most advanced institution of learning was only a high-school; in the middle of the century there were not only high-schools, but colleges also; and at the end of the century there were high-schools, colleges, and universities, each group occupying a fairly definite field of its own—although the title which the institution chose to assume did not always indicate accurately its true character. At the beginning of the twentieth century the immediate danger of the college lay in its position between the high-school, which is ever growing upward, and the university, which is ever reaching downward. Only a firm grasp of this fact will enable us to understand the reasons which urged the president of Columbia to make the proposal now under discussion. A hasty glance back over the history of the American college in its growth from a high-school into a university will help us to understand, not only how it is that there is not and never has been any uniformity in the value of the A.B. degree as given by different institutions at different times, but also that it is quite unreasonable of us to expect any such uniformity from institutions of widely different traditions and aims, of widely different endowment and opportunity,

every one of which is standing at its own stage of this steady progression from the earlier high-school to the later university. Not a few of them are scarcely more than high-schools now; while others have blossomed forth as true universities, animated by the true university spirit, and therefore only by an effort retaining the college within the university.

It is these university-colleges that find the present conditions most unsatisfactory; and the problems that they have to confront are unlike those of the independent colleges. The American universities are the creation of the last quarter of the nineteenth century; and their expansion is a striking evidence of our adaptability and our energy. The most of them have been evolved out of colleges in or near the larger cities, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago—for it is only where a large population is massed together that the modern university most easily satisfies its need for hospitals and law-courts, for libraries and theatres, for galleries and museums. The semi-rurality which was an advantage to a college so long as it was content to educate only undergraduates, seems to be a decided disadvantage when the college is ambitious to provide graduate-instruction in the various arts and sciences. Some two or three institutions not favourably situated near the large centres of population—Yale, for example, and Cornell—have succeeded in expanding and establishing themselves as universities, fitted to give graduate-instruction, but they have been able to accomplish this only at great cost, by the most strenuous effort, and under disadvantages which will become more and more evident in the future as the true function of a university is more clearly realised.

The development of the American university out of the American college has been almost as accidental as the development of the American college out of what had been no more than a high-school. Certain colleges here and there started schools of law and of medicine, or took over law-schools and medical-schools which already existed as proprietary ventures. To meet the demand for practical teaching in the sciences, they established institutes of technology to train men for mining and engineering and architecture. To satisfy the desire for

the advanced instruction, in search of which so many American students had been forced to go to Germany, they organised graduate-schools. At last, these colleges found themselves each the centre of a congeries of accretions, of schools of all sorts, only casually related to the college itself, and sometimes more important than the original college, both in the numbers attending and in the quality of the work accomplished. They set themselves to the task of coördinating these outside bodies and of arranging them in logical relation to the university which has grown into existence. They also had to take the original colleges in hand and to reestablish these, in some measure, by setting them off sharply from the technological institutes by the side of which they existed and with which they had been more or less commingled and confused. This task of readjustment and reorganisation is not yet wholly completed in all these institutions; but already enough has been done for the type of the future American university to be plainly visible.

While this expansion and this rearrangement had been going on in the half-dozen or half-score institutions which may fairly make claim now to be considered as true universities, the other colleges, without the support of a large city, without the opportunities which a large city proffers, without schools of law, of medicine, and of technology, without proper facilities for giving graduate-instruction, remained simply colleges; and yet they also could not but feel the pressure of the times. In so far as their resources permitted, they also expanded; they introduced the elective system; they increased the number and the variety of their courses; they established new professorships to give instruction in one or another of the subjects for which there was an increasing demand. These independent colleges—for by so terming them they can best be distinguished from the others which we must call the university-colleges—were all of them forced more or less to imitate the example set by the institutions which bulked bigger in the public eye. But their opportunities, their aims, their circumstances were all different; and thus it is that to-day we can find among these independent colleges institutions representing every stage of educational growth from the

pretentious high-school to the incipient university. Some of these independent colleges, although vaunting themselves as universities, offer in reality less than can be attained in a good high-school. Some of them cherish the best traditions of the American college and give their students in the course of four years not merely instruction but education, the solid training that fits a man for the struggle of life, makes him ripe for the duties of citizenship, and prepares him to enjoy both his work and his leisure.

This glance back over the history of the American college may help to make it plain how it is that there is now no uniformity of standard—how it is that in 1850 the A.B. meant something definite which it no longer meant in 1900—how it is that the four-years' course seems to some students of educational problems not to be as necessary as it was half a century ago. There is no longer any certainty about the content of this four-year course; and when we are informed that a young man has taken his A.B. we no longer know what this stands for, what it is he has studied or how he has studied it. "It is idle to suppose," said one who had had most unusual experience in gauging, "that there is any present uniform significance in the A.B. degree, or any present uniform standard on which it is conferred; or even that the degree represents four years of truly collegiate study when four years have been spent in college residence. Such an assumption is contrary to fact. Not only do the degrees of no two colleges mean the same thing—either in form, content, or adequacy of training; but it often happens that two degrees given in one and the same year by a single college are as far apart, in significance, as are two degrees given by different colleges."

This chaos has had an evil effect inside the colleges themselves—in the university-colleges quite as much as in the independent colleges. There has been here and there a relaxing of the standard of work; and the way of the idler is probably easier than it ought to be. Athletics and other attractions not related to instruction are drawing off the energies of many students, who get out of the habit of hard work. Every college professor who has taken thought about the conditions of college life can understand the prejudice of a certain

self-made man against college-graduates, for he knows that there are students slack of will, negligent, and lazy, in whom these defects have been accentuated by four years of easy-going pretence of study. In training the attention, in sustaining a high average of endeavour, in exciting the desire for mastery of a subject, the colleges are now not so successful as the most of the technical schools and as the best of the high-schools.

Perhaps two anecdotes will best illustrate this unfortunate fact. A young friend of mine, who came from one of the foremost of the independent colleges to the law school of Columbia, told me that he did not really know what hard work was until he began to study law, and that he did not profit by his first year's course in the law school as he ought to have done, simply because it was only at the end of the winter that he was able to discard the lax methods of study formed during his undergraduate days. One of the professors in the Columbia law school is a graduate of a certain university-college, and when a son of one of his classmates recently failed to pass the final examination, he sent for the student and told him that he had disgraced himself, his father, and the old college where they had all three graduated. "That's just it, Professor," was the response of the penitent young man. "Where I made my mistake was in going to college. You see, I got out of the habit there of doing any work!"

Of course, these cases are exceptional; and in the independent colleges as in the university-colleges a student can get an excellent education; and most of the students do get a good education, which stands by them in after life. But the fact remains that in most of the colleges there is time wasted; and the pressure of the struggle for existence here in the United States is now so severe that any waste of time may be fatal. It is especially dangerous now that the professional schools are forced to lengthen their terms and to increase the number of years they require. President Eliot has recently recorded that whereas the period of residence in "Judge Story's law school at Harvard" was eighteen months, it is now three years; and whereas, in 1869-70 the period of required residence in the Harvard medical school was four months in

each of three years it is now nine months in each of four years. Harvard and Columbia now insist that all those entering the law school or the medical school shall have taken the A.B. degree. A careful investigation has shown that the age at which students receive this degree has risen also; in 1850-59 the favourite age of graduation was between twenty and twenty-one, whereas in 1890-99 it was between twenty-one and twenty-two. That is to say, a young man in 1850 could complete his course in one of the best colleges and take all the teaching that the best medical or law school then had to offer and still be ready to begin the practice of his profession at twenty-two or twenty-three, whereas, in 1900, he was at least twenty-five or twenty-six before he was thus thoroughly equipped to earn his own living.

Now, there is no denying the existence of a feeling that something is wrong in a system which prolongs the state of pupillage until a man is twenty-six. There is waste somewhere, beyond all question. Where is it? The experts now recognise four stages in the education of the individual—the primary-school (which includes the kindergarten); the secondary-school (which includes the high-school); the college; and the professional school. Here in the United States secondary education has been brought to a satisfactory condition of efficiency, and is steadily improving. Satisfactory also is the graduate-work in the universities and the teaching in the technical schools; it is efficient and it is improving. But there is waste of time in the primary-schools, which have not yet been lifted up as the secondary-schools have been elevated; and a boy ought to be able to take the work of this period of his education in at least a year less than he now gives to it. There is no more pressing need in American life than this reform of primary education; and when it shall have been achieved, the age at which a man may begin his life-work will be reduced a year or more. But it will be long before the accomplishment of the gigantic task of making our primary education what it ought to be; and in the meanwhile the college will have to bear the brunt of the attack of those who insist that time must be saved somehow and that the four-year course is wasteful.

This demand was felt to be reasonable and several of the university-colleges tried to respond, each in its own way. At Johns Hopkins, the course had been established from the beginning as one of three years only. At Chicago, the year was divided into quarters, and attendance was required at twelve to be taken in four years or less as the student might prefer. At Columbia, the seniors in the college were allowed to elect the first year's work in any one of the professional schools, this work counting both toward the A.B. and toward the technical degree, thus enabling the students to reduce by one year the total time necessary to acquire both degrees. At Harvard, the requirements of the A.B. were stated quantitatively, and so adjusted that a well-equipped and hard-working student could satisfy them in three years. Each of these devices has its advantages and its disadvantages, which need not be dwelt upon here—except perhaps to suggest that either there is undue pressure put on the student who succeeds in doing four years' work in three years, or else the four years' work is not hard enough to be worth all the time it takes. Perhaps, also, it may be well to note that the indirect benefits of life in a college community, of living in an atmosphere of culture, of associating with a body of picked men, are highly valuable, although not to be measured by any examination; and that the student who graduates in three years must necessarily surrender a fourth part of these indirect benefits.

These attempts to meet the difficulties of the situation, all of them tentative and none of them more than doubtfully satisfactory, have been made only by one or another of the university-colleges; and the independent colleges have looked on and done little or nothing. Yet it is these independent colleges which are most in danger of being crushed out between the high-school, on the one hand, and the professional-school, on the other. The high-schools are very ambitious; they are constantly forging ahead; they are trenching on the ground of the college; and their courses already cover most of the subjects formerly given in the freshman year. As Prof. A. B. Hart has declared in his recent and altogether admirable book, on "Actual Government," good high-schools now go

further than good colleges went fifty years ago "in range of studies, intelligence of method, and thoroughness of work;" and he added that "except for the close personal associations of college life, high-school graduates of to-day are getting a better and more serviceable education than was furnished for any of their grandfathers." To the credit of the high-schools it must be said also that they have the reputation of doing what they undertake better than the colleges are now doing it. The professional schools are also doing the work they undertake better than the colleges. They are steadily raising their standards; they are bettering the instruction they provide; and they are stiffening their entrance requirements. The extreme demand of the A.B. degree from every applicant has been insisted upon by only a few of them, incorporated in two or three of the leading urban universities; and the example set by these schools is not likely to be widely followed. But the high-schools are ready now to prepare men for entrance into the most of the professional schools.

The college is thus in danger of being crowded out, while the professions are in danger of being filled by men who have not had the broad training which only the college can bestow. The danger is not only to the college and to the professions themselves, it is to the country as a whole, and to the character of its citizenship. "It is plain that the future prosperity and progress of modern communities is hereafter going to depend much more than ever before on the large groups of highly trained men which constitute what are called the professions," said the president of Harvard at the installation of Dr. Butler as president of Columbia. "The social and industrial powers, and the moral influences which strengthen and uplift modern society are no longer in the hands of legislatures or political parties or public men. . . . The real incentives and motive powers which impel society forward and upward spring from these bodies of well-trained, alert, and progressive men known as the professions." These are very significant words, of far-reaching importance, revealing the larger peril of the body politic, unless some method is devised to prevent men from passing out of the high-school directly into the professional

school and thus failing to receive the broad and solid training they ought to have if they are to perform the duty which Dr. Eliot has laid on them and which it should be the special function of the college to provide.

It was at this stage of the inquiry that Dr. Butler came forward with the stimulating suggestion which has been the chief text of all the recent discussions. In his annual report for 1902 the president of Columbia quoted these words of the president of Harvard, and said that Columbia shrank from admitting to her professional schools "secondary-school graduates, however well taught," because they were necessarily "without the more advanced discipline in the study of the liberal arts and sciences and without that wider outlook upon the world of nature and of man which it is the aim of the college to give." He shared the opinion, however, "that the whole tendency of our present educational system is to postpone unduly the period of self-support," and that for the student who is going to enter a technical school the four-year college-course is too long. And then, instead of advocating any reduction of the college-course to three years, he made an illuminating distinction between the needs of those of the college students who are going to enter a professional school and those of the college students who do not intend to study a profession and whose formal education will end therefore with their college career.

For the men belonging to this second class, for those who are going into business, who intend to devote themselves to affairs, or whose leanings are towards literature or philosophy, the four-year course is none too long, since they can still start in life at twenty-two or thereabouts, and since they will have after graduation no further chance to profit by the opportunities and by the atmosphere of the institution. The four-year course, so far as these men are concerned, should not be curtailed at all; it should in fact be enriched by the exclusion of all purely professional subjects, such as most of the university-colleges now permit their more advanced students to undertake. The four-year course ought to be restored to its position as an instrument for the largest culture.

But for the men belonging to the first class, the men who intend entering the

professional schools, the four-year course seems to be too long. It can be materially reduced without depriving these students of the potent indirect influences of university life, since they are going to remain in one of the professional schools for three or four years after they have completed their college career. Dr. Butler therefore proposed that for these men Columbia College should offer a two-year course, which should be as "valuable as possible both for intellectual training and for the development of character," and which should have "something of the definitiveness and purpose which in many cases the rapid developments of recent years have removed from undergraduate study." In his address before the National Educational Association in Boston, in July, 1903, the president of Columbia reaffirmed his position and insisted that "there should be a college-course two years in length, carefully constructed as a thing by itself and not merely the first part of a three-years' or four-years' course," so as to enable those who intend to pursue professional studies afterward to spend this preliminary period "as advantageously as possible in purely liberal studies."

It has been attempted here to make clear the fact that the American college is now facing a greater peril than ever before, and that if it is to be preserved, a decisive step must be taken soon. The president of Columbia is in favor of maintaining the four-year course, sustained and enriched by the casting out of

purely professional studies which are not in themselves liberalising. What he has proposed is not radical but conservative; it is not to cut the old four-year course down to two years, but to establish a new two-year course, intended especially to train broadly those students who plan to enter the professional schools. Obviously the establishment of such a course would tend to draw into the colleges for two years many a man who is now passing directly from the high-school to the professional school. It would be likely to attract many of those who cannot afford to defer till they are twenty-five or twenty-six the beginning of their professional careers. It would probably in time greatly increase the number of men who have spent the part of their malleable youth under the liberalising influence of the colleges. It would ultimately strengthen the professions to which these men are going to devote themselves; and in so doing it would sustain the small body of those charged with the solemn duty of impelling society "forward and upward"—to use President Eliot's apt phrase once more. When it is established it will, therefore, prove a valuable contribution to the American citizenship of the future, which will have to solve problems far more difficult than any imposed upon the citizenship of the past. And it would leave the old-fashioned four-year course, traditional in our colleges, unimpaired, if not improved and enriched.

Brander Matthews.

THE INTERVENTION OF FATE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

IN the one brief monograph which Maupassant is known to have consecrated to the art of novel writing, and which serves as an introduction to his *Pierre et Jean*, there is a paragraph which writers of to-day would do well to commit carefully to memory and to repeat diligently to themselves, before putting the closing chapter of a story into its final shape. The paragraph in question is a vigorous protest against the common practice of invoking the aid of fate, in a flood or an earthquake or

some other form of sudden death, to put an end to a problem which has got beyond the author's power of solution, instead of being content to let the characters live on and work out their destiny to a logical conclusion. Now, of course, in raising this protest, Maupassant had no desire to banish the element of accident from fiction. If he had had in mind anything so sweeping and so ill-advised, it would not be worth while to quote him here. Chance as a factor in our daily lives plays altogether too important a

part ever to be wholly disregarded by any writer who aims at giving a truthful picture of life. And the novelist who shows us a world from which casualties and disasters are banished, a world in which no one ever catches cold or sprains an ankle or misses an appointment, in which no thunderstorm ever interrupts a picnic, and in which no fire, collision, or epidemic ever sweeps away hundreds of lives at one deadly stroke—such a novelist is unfitted for the task of grappling with the serious problems of contemporary life.

What Maupassant meant to protest against, of course, was the abuse and not the use of the element of accident; the mistake of regarding it as a means of solution, and not what it really is, a violent interruption to the continuity of a story. If you study Maupassant's own writings carefully, you will find that there is no dearth of casualties and sickness and sudden death. But when he is intent upon some problem involving human souls, he never takes refuge in the cowardly, pitiful makeshift of killing off a character, simply because he fails to see what the outcome will be so long as they all remain alive. No, he prefers rather to cut the story short, just as it is, leaving the sequel to the imagination. There are several of his volumes of which it might be said, as Anatole France said of *Pierre et Jean*, that he left it without solution, wisely recognising that it was one of those problems which are insoluble."

The average case in which the intervention of fate is invoked is of course that of the "eternal triangle," two men and a woman or two women and a man, as the case may be; and one of the three, a superfluous husband or wife, must be quietly put out of the way, if the story is to end with a marriage timed so as to check a scandal or simplify the laws of inheritance. And so the wronged husband dies suddenly of apoplexy or appendicitis, or the neglected wife steps off backwards from a moving trolley car; and the general public is pleased, while the critic complains that the ending is improbable and unconvincing.

Now, the most exasperating thing about books of this class is that this objection of improbability is the last one which may be justly urged. Sudden and violent death is not improbable; the head-

lines of the daily papers show us that. Not a day passes without a list of domestic tragedies such as even Zola would hesitate to put into the pages of a book. As a matter of fact, the element of accident is practically the only part of a story about which we are not able to argue that the novelist was wrong. In all other matters, depending upon the volition of his characters, the words they speak and the things they do, he has committed himself in advance; he has presented to us a group of men and women with definite temperaments, and if he makes them act in a way that does violence to our preconceived conception of them, he lays himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But when it comes to accidents, why almost anything is possible. The boat might not have sprung a leak, nor the horse run away, nor the trains collided; but then again they might have, and we cannot prove otherwise. And it is because the novelist has a free hand, in this matter of chance—because he can put in accidents or leave them out at his pleasure, and no one can prove him wrong—that the factor of fate is such a dangerous weapon, and one to be used with great discretion. An author should never be satisfied merely with satisfying the demands of plausibility; he should aim at satisfying the far higher demands of artistic unity.

Supposing an author of some ability has spent upward of three hundred pages in explaining to you patiently and minutely just why a certain married couple are necessarily incompatible, and why the wife, let us say, finds herself quite involuntarily drifting into an infatuation for another man. The whole little drama is sketched so graphically that we cannot have the least doubt in our own minds as to how it all happened or how it will be likely to end, if they are only let alone. And then, all of a sudden, the husband dies. The story is ended, but there is no solution, no definite verdict. It leaves you with the same exasperated feeling you have when you are in the midst of a well-played game of whist or chess, when a chance breath of wind blows the cards from your hand, or a clumsy knock sends king and pawns rolling to the floor. A book like this may not inaptly be compared to a closely contested case in torts, where the decease of the defendant comes just in time to

prevent a point of law from being adjudicated; or to a typhoid fever case, where the patient's life is hovering in the balance, and the efficacy of a new system of treatment is waiting to be proved, when suddenly down comes the ceiling with crushing force, burying patient, nurse, and system in one general *débâcle*.

Of course, there is an extensive class of stories ending in tragedy that do not justly come under the head of accidents. Murder and suicide, growing out of jealousy and disappointed love, may savour of melodrama; but if the characters are of the type that would naturally resort to violence, there is nothing accidental about their final act; the reader must have seen it foreshadowed a long time in advance. The tragedy in *Jane Eyre* is of this kind. Given a poor, demented creature and a few stray matches, the conflagration which follows is a foregone conclusion. There is no intervention of fate in her death and Rochester's blindness. It is all a logical part of the drama.

But there are cases where the most commonplace, banal sort of death, coming at just the right time to give an erring wife a welcome release, may be turned into an opportunity for a genuine surprise, a rare stroke of psychological intuition. A few years ago a volume appeared in England which did not attract half the attention that it deserved. It was entitled *Voysey*, and its chief claim to recognition was the rare accuracy with which it depicted the details of a group of narrow, sordid, vulgar lives. It was a study of incompatibility; and before you had read through the second chapter, you had a marvellously intimate knowledge of just why life was a daily misery to the underbred and rather ordinary little woman who did duty as heroine. The husband was a middle-class Englishman, dull and lethargic, whose soul never rose above the level of his dinner plate, and whose conversation was largely limited to the toughness of today's beef and the excellence of last Sunday's mutton. In the intervals of their daily bickerings, the wife dreamed of better things; and one day she met Voysey. Now Voysey was far from being the gentleman that her inexperience led her to think him; but he had a veneer of culture, and he was not destitute of a sense of honour. And if he invaded the

sanctity of his friend's home, he had some excuse; for the woman literally flung herself into his arms. At least, they had the grace to find the situation intolerable, and finally decided to proclaim their secret to the world by boldly leaving England in each other's company. It was just here that fate took a hand in the game. The husband fell seriously ill on the very day planned for the elopement; in common humanity, the wife found herself forced to stay by his side; and a few days later he died, having quite unintentionally changed the whole current of their lives. Here fate has been used, not as a solution but as a further complication. The author was not solicitous about whitewashing a tarnished reputation; he simply wanted to study the woman's character under a new and curious combination of circumstances. And what he found was, that in such a case a woman of this type would not avail herself of her newly acquired freedom. The subtle manner in which we are made to understand the change of feelings that takes place both in her and in Voysey, making any thought of further close relationship repellant, is perhaps the strongest feature of an altogether exceptional book.

Cases, however, where an accident is used to aid rather than avoid the solution of a psychological problem are rare. On the other hand, there has lately been well-nigh an epidemic of stories in which sudden death, in the closing chapter, obviously serves no other purpose than to please that class of readers who insist upon a happy ending. *Henderson*, by Rose E. Young, which appeared several months ago, is one of the most glaring instances of this abuse of the intervention of fate. To be quite frank, the underlying idea in *Henderson* deserved better treatment; it contained the germ of a really strong book. Imagine a man in the prime of life, a man proud of his strength and robust health. And suddenly this man finds himself stricken down by one of those insidious, cancerous growths that baffle the endeavours of the physician. It first attacks him at the wrist, and when checked by the surgeon's knife recurs further up the forearm, requiring a further sacrifice of human flesh. And so the battle is waged between science and disease, while the patient is gradually changed from a healthy young

giant to a mere pitiful remnant of humanity, crippled physically and morally. And all this while, the man's wife and his faithful doctor know that they love each other, and that nothing stands between them save this poor, useless life, which it would be a kindness to leave to its fate and which conscience commands them to prolong to the utmost limit. To add to the tension of the situation, the malady, having made life a burden, has now come to a standstill, and there is every prospect that the victim may live to a hoary old age. Here is the problem, plainly outlined: will the other two go on indefinitely, wasting their young lives in slavery to a cripple whom they both wished dead, or will youth and passion prove too strong for them? But the problem is never solved. Fate intervenes, in the form of a western cyclone. There are many trees in the cyclone's course, but it carefully picks out the particular tree under which this poor, maimed, armless man is standing, and fells it at just the right angle to catch him squarely beneath the descending trunk. It does not bungle the operation, or torture and bruise him needlessly. It just blots him out at once. It is obviously a well-trained cyclone.

He That Eateth Bread with Me, by Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, is a volume to be placed carefully upon the same shelf with *Henderson*, not only because of its ending, but because it also is likely to have a good deal more notice than it deserves. It has been widely heralded as a great divorce novel, a sort of definitive solution of the entire problem of matrimonial infelicity. Superficially, the plot bears a curiously close resemblance to Edouard Rod's well-known *Vie Privée de Michel Teissier*. In both stories, the husband, with no valid ground for complaint against his wife, in fact, no reason at all except that his fancy has strayed elsewhere, seeks his freedom through the divorce courts, and marries the other woman. In both books, the fact that he is a father as well as a husband adds a pang, but does not alter his determination; and in both books, he is no sooner bound to the other woman than he begins to repent and enters upon a long, slow martyrdom. But this mere surface resemblance has little effect upon the relative merits of the two books. M. Rod knows life through and through. He

may analyse motives, impulses, sensations, at times to the point of weariness. But he never intentionally exaggerates or distorts the truth. Mrs. Keays, on the contrary, is evidently more concerned with inculcating a lesson than with accurately reproducing life. There are scenes in the book which are simply incredible, such as that in which the divorced wife goes to pay a social call upon her more successful rival, and actually lets her child accompany her. It is not necessary, however, to go into details; the final chapter brands the book more definitely than any amount of criticism could do. Here is the situation: the husband realises his mistake, he knows that he loves his first wife better than ever before, and she loves him; but the second wife is in hopelessly robust health. And here is what happens: wife number two closes an interview with wife number one, with hatred in her heart; she goes away, determined to make the latter's life even more of a burden than it is already; and with her mind full of such thoughts, she absent-mindedly steps in front of a through express, and the car-wheels do the rest.

The Horse-Leech's Daughters, by Margaret Doyle Jackson, is a rather curious mixture of good and bad, of subtlety and downright crudeness. As the title suggests, it is an attempt to study a particular type of woman, the type that knows no higher joy in life than silks and jewels and social prestige, and looks upon man as existing for the sole purpose of gratifying feminine whims—a victim to drain, vampire-like, of his last penny. A study of woman's extravagance, of the luxury that is flaunted daily in the windows of our big department stores, and worn nightly at theatre and opera and ball, with all the coquetry and jealousy and heartache that it represents, would make a theme for a strong novel—but it would have to be done on a big scale. It could not be limited to the lives of two women, or three, or half a dozen. It must give the effect of a vast army of social butterflies, an endless vista of femininity. Now, *The Horse-Leech's Daughters* is not this sort of a story; it is neither strong enough nor comprehensive enough to do justice to its subject. In spite of its plural title, it contains only one woman who really counts; and even she fails to sustain the interest which she

inspires at the start. She is a small, slender woman, with tawny hair and opaline eyes, and the lithe, undulating movements of a tiger. In place of a heart, she has simply a vast, insatiable craving for money, not for its own sake, but for the mere idle pleasure of frittering it away in mad extravagances. She has a theory that marriage carries with it an implied guarantee that a husband has the means to maintain his wife in the degree of luxury to which she has been accustomed. And so, when her own husband has been brought by her wastefulness to the verge of bankruptcy, and is desperately striving to stave off the final crash from day to day, she refuses to listen to his remonstrances, or even to believe that he is in trouble. Money she still must have, even if by theft; and her mad luxury goes on unabated—the fabulous little dinners, the rare orchids, the sensuous charm of colour and perfume and soft music that have made her home notorious.

But very soon the book, which began with promise, drifts into the commonplace. The lady with the opaline eyes discovers that she has a heart, after all, which has only been waiting for the right man to come along and awaken it. The right man happens to be a stalwart young German, with an unsavoury past—it is hinted that he has even been in prison, in his own country—and just where his power of fascination lies the author fails to make clear. When the husband's business troubles at last leave him time for jealousy, he finds that he not only has good grounds for divorce, but that his wife has forestalled him and already started a suit on the ground of non-support. The husband, however, has a sensitive conscience. He has learned to love another woman, and the freedom which divorce would bring would be welcome. But for this very reason he feels that he must combat his wife's suit. Having got them into this dilemma, the author shirks the responsibility of helping them to work their way out of it. She simply introduces another woman, a crazy girl who loves the German; and when one night she escapes from her keeper, and finding her German lover in company with the other man's wife, she neatly and expeditiously kills them both.

The Yeoman, by Charles Kennett Burrow, ends with a touch of melodrama,

but otherwise it is a strong, sane, carefully written book. It is typically English, redolent of hedgerows and thatched roofs and mellow, freshly turned earth. Richard Winstone is a well-drawn type of the conservative British farmer, the hardy descendant of good old yeoman stock. He is intensely narrow, self-repressed, and obstinate to a fault. He loves the soil with a love which approaches fanaticism, and in his secret heart despises the rich and influential county families, because with all their wealth and social prestige these people who consider themselves too good to associate with him are losing the one thing which in his eyes makes life worth living—close fellowship with the earth.

He grudges his daughter her acquaintance with a few of the better families, her one chance to rise in the world. His vocabulary scarcely contains words strong enough to express his contempt for his cousin David, who actually sold his land—good, old Winstone land—and went out to Australia, years ago, to seek his fortune. And when David comes back, prosperous and happy, and showing in speech and dress and manner the subtle touch of refinement, Richard's contempt changes to a hatred that is little less than an obsession. It is easy to see how rich in dramatic possibilities such a situation is, as the months pass and Richard's obstinate adherence to old-fashioned methods results in repeated failures, while David's progressive ideas wring golden harvests from a long-neglected soil. Now David has two sons, one of whom is the man of all others whom fate destined for Richard's daughter; yet it takes the young couple a long time to understand their own hearts. Of course, the chief interest of this mild little romance is the effect which it has upon the old yeoman and his hatred of his cousin. But it is further complicated by the fact that the young woman has another lover, the son of the leading county family, and that for a time she favours him. When at last this other lover learns that his suit is hopeless, he lures the girl into a boat, one stormy afternoon, and takes her far out into the dangerous breakers. It looks for a time as though he were going to duplicate the savage vengeance which makes William Black's *Macleod of Dare* a story not easy to forget. Mr. Burrow, however, varies his denouement

by saving the woman, and sending the man to his death alone. In one sense, this story scarcely comes under the same head with those already discussed, because, while this particular intervention of fate does not in any way help the development of the plot, on the other

hand it is not used by the author as a means of escape from a dilemma—because there was no dilemma to escape from; the conclusion was quite simple and obvious. She would have married the other man, in any case.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

NINE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

LINCOLN STEFFENS' "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES."

THE SHAME OF THE CITIES is a collection of articles recently published in *McClure's Magazine* by Mr. Lincoln Steffens. Mr. Steffens describes himself as a journalist, and no doubt he is perfectly within his rights in choosing what label he will; his readers will be perfectly within their rights in wishing that all other journalists possessed Mr. Steffens's gifts for rummaging until he has found the facts, for seeing the facts as they are, and for setting them down without exaggeration. When Mr. Steffens calls himself a journalist in the composition of this book, he must mean that he has employed methods, not the manner, of journalism. He has gone to prominent men in politics and finance in each of the cities in which he was interested—St. Louis, Minneapolis, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York; he has asked them questions about their most intimate financial and personal affairs with the tranquil effrontery of an *enfant terrible* escaped from his nursery; and like the *enfant terrible* he seems to have found amongst all manner of men slaves to the direct question. They have answered him to the limits of indiscretion, and their answers are recorded in these articles.

The result of his investigation on Mr. Steffens's own mind (and probably on the minds of most of his readers) is significant. As a class, newspaper men are amongst the most cynical and disillusioned

sioned of mankind; as a newspaper man Mr. Steffens entered upon his inquiry with the idea simply of showing up the professional politician; he believed that it was the professional politician mainly who deceived, betrayed, and preyed upon the people. With all his facts before him he is now of opinion that the professional politician is but a tool in the hands of and a feeble imitator of the man of business. It is the business man who corrupts the politician, uses him as a tool, educates him to receive dishonest dollars and to betray his trust, and not the politician primarily who preys upon the man of business. "The commercial spirit," writes Mr. Steffens, "is the spirit of profit, not patriotism." "The condemned methods of our despised politics are the master methods of our braggart business." "The spirit of graft and of lawlessness is the American spirit." The hopeful aspect of Mr. Steffens's inquiry lies in the fact that except in Philadelphia he found everywhere the townfolk of the municipalities with which he was dealing willing to have the truth written about themselves; he had been warned that the people would not stand for the truth, and he found, as Mr. Folk has found in Missouri and as Mr. Jerome has found in New York, that the people will not only stand for hearing the shameful truth but welcome the man who brings it to their notice.

As a passionless, unprejudiced statement of facts, set forth in clean, spirited English, the book deserves all praise; and the facts are of the utmost interest and importance, or should be, to every man in the United States who has at heart any wish to be a decent citizen.

**The Shame of the Cities.* By Lincoln Steffens. McClure, Phillips & Co.

II.

MISS MICHELSON'S "IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE." *

THE picaresque romance has always made a special appeal to a very large number of readers from the time when Lázaro de Tormes enjoyed his wonderful vogue, down to the very latest appearance of Raffles. A witty, ingenious, and successful rogue, as a character in fiction, is popular even with many very good people, not, we presume, because they have any occult sympathy with roguery in the abstract, but for an entirely different reason. When the Spanish writers of the seventeenth century first set forth the picaresque hero, his shady exploits were applauded because he seemed to personify the downtrodden lower classes. He was an offspring of the hovel or the gutter. He had had no chance in life at all. The hand of every one was against him—nobles, clergy, moneyed magnates, and the whole machinery of the law. So, too, at that time the common people had no chance, and every one, from king to soldiers, trampled on them. Therefore it delighted them to read or to hear read the story of some clever rascal who in the face of the most formidable adversaries and, in fact, against the entire social system, triumphed by sheer force of wit and fertility of resource. It was the weak against the strong, the oppressed against the oppressor, the poor against the rich, the unprotected against the privileged. That is why these rogues of early Spanish fiction were so popular and why the tales relating to them were at once translated or adapted in every European country. Even further back, indeed, the mediæval romance of *Reynard the Fox* was an allegorical variation upon the same theme. Reynard represented to the popular mind the common man, while the animals that he outwitted were the great and powerful of the earth.

In our own times the raffish hero does not strike so deep a note as this. If he is popular with us to-day it is only because we have an instinctive sympathy with the under dog, with any man who

is fighting against fearful odds and who does it with superb audacity and a blithesome spirit. It is not because he is a sharper that he appeals to us, but because we can not help admiring the sort of courage which is at once both dextrous and debonnair. And if these qualities are exhibited in a woman instead of in a man, then the effect upon our sympathies is irresistible.

Miss Michelson's exceedingly well written novel attracts and fascinates first of all, perhaps, for the reasons that we have just set forth. The heroine is a young woman who has never had a chance in life, who was brought up by the "Cruelty," as she calls it, and was then turned out upon the world to shift for herself as best she might. She has only her wits, her good looks, and the results of her keen observation wherewith to face the world, which is against her as it is against all her kind. When the book opens we find her as the mistress and confederate of a good-looking young burglar, Tom Dorgan; and in the first chapter she manages to "lift" a most delightful dark red jacket with a high chinchilla collar, to impose upon a kindly Bishop so that he takes her for a Bryn Mawr girl and introduces her into the house of a particularly wealthy and luxurious parishioner, and after sundry other adventures which are complicated and exciting, she contrives to get away unsuspected, having previously relieved a somewhat sportive gentleman of a good gold watch.

In this first episode, and for some time further, this light-fingered young lady interests us wholly as a sort of female Raffles. But it would be doing a great injustice to the author if we gave the impression that the book is nothing more than this. Nancy Olden, the tricky heroine, is something besides a thief and confidence woman. She is both of these, because she has never had an opportunity to be anything else; but within her rather impulsive and wayward heart there exist true generosity, sound instincts, and a genuine womanliness which need only a little encouragement to make them ultimately dominate her nature. As the outcome of one of her most daring adventures she is caught by the owner of an apartment into which she has penetrated and who happens to be a theatrical manager. He

*In the *Bishop's Carriage*. By Miriam Michelson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

telephones for a policeman, and in the meantime he talks to her in a sardonic vein, which has after all a good deal of practical philosophy in it, to the effect that the real fools of this world are those who are dishonest. Here is a bit of his discourse:

"Honesty isn't the best policy, it's the only one. The vain fool that gets it into his head—or shall I say her head? No? Well, no offense, I assure you—his head then, that he's smarter than a world full of experience, ought to be put in jail—for his own protection; he's too big a jay to be left out of doors. For five thousand years, more or less, the world has been putting people like him behind bars, where they can't make asses of themselves. Yet each year, and every day and every hour, a new ninny is born who fancies he's cleverer than all his predecessors put together. Talk about suckers! Why, they're giants of intellect compared to the mentally lopsided that five thousand years of experience can't teach. When the criminal-clown's turn comes, he hops, skips and jumps into the ring with the old, old gag. He thinks it's new, because he himself is so fresh and green. 'Here I am again,' he yells, 'the fellow that'll do you up. Others have tried it. They're dead in jail or under jail-yards. But me—just watch me!' We do, and after a little we put him with his mates and a keeper in a barred kindergarten where fools that can't learn, little moral cripples of both sexes, my dear, belong."

In reply to this, Nancy, roused by his sneer, springs to her feet and pours forth a defence of herself and of her kind, picturing in her most vivid vernacular her childhood, her girlhood, and the way in which she and thousands of others are lashed into the ranks of criminals. She blazes with indignation and scarifies with a fierce irony, and then, just as the policeman is at the door, the manager has a quick thought flash through his brain, and he sends the officer away and asks the girl to try the stage. Her dramatic force has made him feel that here is exceptional raw material for an actress.

After that, Nancy slowly rises to a higher level, not without slips, yet still responding always to kindness and getting a firmer grip upon herself as time goes on. She does not fully realise, however, the chasm that is gradually separating her new life from her old, until her burglar lover, who has been in Sing Sing for a year, breaks prison and suddenly

forces his way into her room. Then she knows that her old life has been lost to her forever. She knows it as she looks into his convict face, cruel, coarsened, lustful,—the face of a beast and no more the face of a man. From that moment she can not turn back and once more be the shoplifter, the daring thief, the associate of outcasts. And so the rest of her story is the story of her rehabilitation. She is always saucy, and pert, and mischievous, and slangy, but, as she would say, she is always "straight," and her only reversion to her former ways is when she pits herself and her wits against the power and money of the head of the theatrical Trust, who is bent on ruining the man who has given Nancy her first chance in life. This is a most exciting episode and with it and Nancy's marriage the book ends.

We have given but an imperfect notion of the merits of this story. Miss Michelson has a remarkable command of the technical resources of the novelist, a strong dramatic instinct, and the very great merit of knowing just where to stop. There is no sentimentality in the book, yet it is penetrated with true feeling and blends with consummate skill fun, pathos, and extremely clever invention. We should like to quote at length some of the amusing passages and also some other passages which contain a very true philosophy. Here is a bit of rough and ready criticism on certain contemporary actors. Nancy is telling what imitation she has given upon the stage:

"I can do Carter's Du Barry to the Queen's taste, Maggie. That rotten voice of hers, like Mother Douty's, but stronger and surer; that rocky old face pretending to look young and beautiful inside that talented red hair of hers; that whining 'Denny! Denny!' she squawks out every other minute. Oh, I can do Du Barry all right! I gave them Warfield, then; I was always good at taking off the sheenies in the alley behind the Cruelty—remember? I gave them that little pinch-nosed Maude Adams, and dry corking little Mrs. Fiske, and Henry Miller when he smoothes down his white breeches lovingly and sings *Sally in Our Alley*, and strutting old Mansfield, and——"

And the following is very good. Nancy is pleading with her escaped convict to leave her alone in the new life which she has made for herself and which

is as exciting as the old one, yet wholly harmless.

"I know the world now, Tom Dorgan, the real world of men and women—not the little world of crooks, nor yet the littler one of fairy stories. I've got a glimpse, too, of that other world where all the scheming and lying and cheating is changed as if by magic into something that deceives all right, but doesn't hurt. It's the world of art and artists, Tom Dorgan, where people paint their lies, or write them, or act them; where they lift money all right from men's pockets, but lift their souls and their lives, too, away from the things that trouble and bore and—and degrade."

Altogether this is a book to read and to remember. It should rank with the very best of those which the year has so far given us.

Harry Thurston Peck.

III.

MR. WHITE'S "THE SILENT PLACES."

IT was only the other day that Mr. White wrote a book into which he distilled the fragrance of the balsam—the very presence of the unbroken forest. It was a book for the man who presumably goes into the woods for the pleasure and the medicine of out-door life. In his new story Mr. White tells about the men to whom the woods are a home and woodcraft a means of livelihood. But he does more; he sets himself the task of picturing the Long Trail into the north—the Long Trail in winter, with its grim terrors and giant vistas of white. It is a deliberate, serious attempt at tragedy, and judged by the impression of intense suffering which it creates it is a successful attempt. But it does not demonstrate essentially new or larger powers; there is quite as much inspiration, vigour, and dramatic force in at least one other book from the same hand, and in the field outside of tragedy is chance for Mr. White to do what he could hardly expect to accomplish in tragedy itself. Assuming that he recognises as much himself, *The Silent Places* may be regarded as a step aside. None the less, it is no ill-considered or experimental step, and it will surely deepen the conviction that its author has poten-

tialities such as are or have been possessed, so far as we now know, by not more than two or three other American writers of fiction in a good many years. How far he will realise upon these potentialities remains a question to be determined to no small extent by the restraint which he places upon an evident tendency to write too much and too rapidly—to draw too readily upon an uncommonly rich fund of experience and observation—to abuse a gift for expression which appears to make writing too easy for his literary welfare.

The present story is of the same genesis as the sketch which was reviewed a year or more ago in these columns under the title *Conjurors' House*. It is from that post of the Hudson Bay Company that the two runners of the Company start on their hunt for Jingoss, the defaulting Indian trapper. He has disappeared: where? in what direction? There are five hundred miles of wilderness on every hand. His trail must be found and he be hunted down and brought back to be punished as an example of what happens to a dishonest Indian. The men who volunteer to find him are a weather-beaten and scarred veteran of the Company's service, and a younger man, Dick Herron, lithe, strong, determined, jaunty, wearing a slanted heron's feather in his hat, a beaded knife-sheath, an excess of ornamentation on his garters and moccasins. In a canoe they paddle away on the great waters of the Moose; the chase is on, and Mr. White's tale is well begun.

But this is the beginning for a narrative rather than a novel; the limitations are obvious. Given two men hunting for a third in an almost immeasurable stretch of wilderness, the opportunities for what is known as plot are not apparent; the factor of human complication seems to be reduced almost to its elements. And Mr. White has planned more than a tale of adventure. Nor is he content with the chance to show the development of character under the stress of physical obstacles. He realises that to maintain interest in the pursuit the reader must be made to feel the overwhelming importance of capture or escape; or else the chase itself must be invested with circumstance which makes of it a little drama. And so he has introduced at the very opening of his story the Ojibway

**The Silent Places*. By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

girl, May-may-gwan (the Butterfly). On her Dick's glance falls with the satisfaction which any man indulges at sight of a pretty face and figure, and in a spirit of fair play he does her a service which ties her fast to him through all that is to follow. From that moment the importance of the interminable chase itself, reflected as it is by the resolution and manœuvres of both pursued and pursuers, fails particularly to impress the reader. The man and the woman are everything—the tragedy is the focussing point of their personal fortunes. The craft, the inflexible will, the energy of the men intensify the terrors of the trail which they tread together. These qualities do not for one moment detach interest from what has become vital—the issue of the contest between the devotion and patient endurance of the girl and the indifference, the rebuffs, and, then, the brutality of the man she loves. This contest is carried through the inevitable and terrible stages imposed by the setting of the story to its logical conclusion, and the heart of the woman is rewarded, or believes it is rewarded, only in the last hour.

The study of character and temperament offered in the persons of May-may-gwan and Dick Herron is about the best thing of the kind that Mr. White has yet done. It is sane, consistent, sincere. With the temptation strong upon him to allow Herron to surrender to the silent pleading of the woman for his love, the novelist has refused to allow the man to be false to his prejudices and ambitions. And the girl never once, unless it be in the last scene, is untrue to that mental habit which the influence of blood and training imposes upon her. The story affords at once a contrast and a comparison of the qualities of two persons representing two races—the white and the Indian. In their outlook upon life the man and woman are not unakin. Each recognises that it is the part of the man to lead, to face danger unflinchingly, to command; the part of the woman to follow, to bear the toil and hardships of her lot patiently and faithfully and to obey. And so May-may-gwan trudges through the snow, silently, ceaselessly, in the footsteps of Herron, because, as she tells Sam Bolton, she had found Herron "good in my sight and he looked on me." Because of this she endures his rebuffs,

nurses him alone for three months when his leg is broken, makes his fire, cooks his food, balms her aching heart with hope, even is struck down by his fist in his frenzy at her refusal to leave him—and still follows him till weakness brings her to her knees in the snow. Then he returns, mad with his own loneliness, and she looks up into his face.

"Do not grieve. I am happy—" she whispers. "There must be a border. I will be waiting there. I will wait always. I am yours, yours, yours! You are mine." She half raised herself, and seized his two arms, searching his eyes with terror, trying to reassure herself, to drive off the doubts that suddenly had thronged upon her. "Tell me," she shook him by the arm.

"I am yours," Dick lied steadily; "my heart is yours, I love you." He bent and kissed her on the lips. She quivered and closed her eyes with a deep sigh. And so she died."

But Herron lives on to fulfill his mission and to go back to the post with only a reverent memory of the dead girl's face, his heart unwritten upon, one must believe. She was an Indian. The race line was between them. When all is said and done, Herron's is not an agreeable figure, and yet in his indomitable will and splendid physical power there is something so tremendous as to compel admiration despite his sullenness and brutal fury. He is of a piece with his environment and task, as, in less dramatic sense, is his companion, Bolton. Only the wilderness with its vast distances, its snow, its bleak winds and its icy grip is big enough for his figure.

Of what this wilderness of the North means Mr. White comes nearer to giving us a conception than any one who has yet written of it. It is a thing not to be measured in terms of speech, and the superlatives in which the present book abounds are the least effective of the agencies by which it has been sought to convey a realisation of the immensities of space and of the unrelenting and insidious attack of the cold. It is the effect upon the men of toil and cold which is most impressive. Mr. White's success in recreating the atmosphere of the wilds and especially of the forest has been remarked upon as his strongest claim to permanency as a writer, and, if that power had more gracious expression in other books, it has had no more significant illustration than here. Quota-

tions almost at random would serve as evidence. The following passage describing the first attack of the polar cold upon the travellers, is perhaps sufficient!

And now the North increased by ever so little the pressure against them, sharpening the cold by a trifle; adding a few flakes' weight to the snow they must lift on their shoes; throwing into the vista before them, a deeper, chillier tone of gray discouragement; intensifying the loneliness; giving to the winds of desolation a voice. Well the great antagonist knew she could not thus stop these men, but so, little by little, she ground them down, wore away the excess of their vitality, reduced them to grim plodding, so that at the moment she would hold them weakened to her purposes. They made no sign, for they were of the great men of the earth, but they bent to the familiar touch of many little fingers pushing them back.

And always to the North they pursued that invisible fugitive, on, on, until the dense forest was succeeded by low spruce and poplar thickets, and these in turn by the open reaches planted like a park with the pointed firs. "Then came the Land of Little Sticks, and so on out into the vast whiteness of the true North, where the trees are lilliputian and the spaces gigantic beyond the measures of the earth; where living things dwindle to the significance of black specks on a limitless field of white, and the aurora crackles and shoots and spreads and threatens like a great inimical and magnificent spirit."

Presently, Sam Bolton yielded to starvation and exhaustion, and was left to make his fight alone with Death. Herron pressed on with the girl. Then, when he, too, had been stricken down and awaited the end, the girl in his arms, to him, out of the white distances, came a figure of a man, plodding through the snow, mechanically, in a circle—*stone blind from the glare of the white fields*. It was Jingoss, the defaulter, the pursued. Herron put his gun against the man's breast. "Stop!" he commanded. The chase was done.

Churchill Williams.

IV.

M. DE VOGÜÉ'S "THE MASTER OF THE SEA."*

WHEN M. de Vogüé publishes a new book, he never fails to provoke discussion. He has in view invariably the welfare of his country, and the means

and schemes which he proposes are never commonplace. For instance, about twenty years ago, when by his now classical articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Russian literature, he revealed Tolstoi to France, and, in fact to the whole civilised world outside of Russia, he had nothing in view but to renew French thought by the inspiration from Eastern writers.

In *Le Maître de la Mer* his scope is even broader than usually. He examines the relation of modern times to the ideals of civilisation in past centuries: are the old aspirations of the Latin world doomed to disappear altogether, or is there room for them besides the new ones? M. de Vogüé concludes by advocating an alliance between America and France, as the chief representative nations to-day of the two races—Anglo-Saxon and Latin—that have brought civilisation to its highest point of development, though both did not work in the same direction. The way in which the subject is treated has not met with the approval of most French critics, which, however, for reasons easy to guess, does not mean at all that Americans would not like it well enough. The argument is presented in the form of a novel; and the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin ideal are impersonated respectively in the two heroes of the story.

Louis de Tournoël is a French officer, jealous of the great future of his country, and who wants to make Africa a centre of Latin civilisation. A constantly growing number of bright young Frenchmen are crowded in government offices in Paris and in other large cities, and waste in this way fine talents. Let them go to Africa and colonise that continent. This, by the way, is a pet idea of M. de Vogüé, as well as of many other good Frenchmen, who are eager to assure to France an honourable rank in the present struggle for world influence. Hugues Le Roux repeatedly advocated it before American audiences when he visited the United States two years ago.

Louis de Tournoël is endowed with all the chivalric virtues of the descendants of the Crusaders and of the heroes of the French Revolution, brave, loyal, fighting for an idea with absolutely no other purpose in mind but the honour attached to a good cause and his disinterested love for France. He belongs to this class of

people who are utterly shocked at the thought of the British Parliament voting several million pounds to reward the soldiers fighting in South Africa. He will accept crosses and medals of honour, but no money for his deeds.

Against him is Archbald Robinson, a self-made American, owner of an immense fortune, who is given to great dreams of expansion. His ambitions will not be satisfied until he has succeeded in involving the whole world in his plans, "il pense par planètes." But he uses other means than Tournœl. Military honour, he does not understand; he is the business man of Imperialism. Everything has yielded to his money, and therefore in it he sees the irresistible force. He has just formed a gigantic "Sea Trust"; he is the master of the seas.

When the story opens Robinson is contemplating the annexation of Africa, and in this way meets Tournœl. The latter is trying in vain to persuade his government to help him so that he may complete the task which has already had a beginning of realisation in a glorious campaign at the door of the Soudan. Robinson finds that the young officer is the man he wants and offers him all the money needed for the expedition he has planned. Tournœl refuses, and in a conversation which is the central scene of the book, the two men develop their standpoints and their conceptions of life, of honour, of greatness. For the first time Robinson sees a man who resists the power of his banknotes, he is surprised, he threatens, while Tournœl persists in his refusal, and they part bitter enemies.

The scene of the second part of the novel is laid in Egypt, and the struggle is complicated by a new element that nearly makes us forget all about Anglo-Saxon or Latin supremacy, a woman. Both Robinson and Tournœl fall in love with Miss Millicent Fianona. Robinson at first does not realise, or refuses to acknowledge his passion, and even tries to take advantage of the lady in order to foster his business plans and to persuade Tournœl by her to enter upon an agreement. In fact, she loves Tournœl, and finally turns to Robinson in order to ask him to aid the plans of Tournœl. He generously consents. This is the miracle of love, and the book ends with the reconciliation; the Anglo-Saxon sings the praise of the Frenchman and vice-versa:

"You and I," Robinson says, "we represent two powers. Yours is the older one, very noble. I respect it. But money also can be brave, intelligent, and generous." "Certainly," replies Tournœl, "gold bullion or steel blade, all toils become ennobled when they are made to serve an idea—and if we might express a wish for the future of this world, it must be that a lasting alliance be sealed between your young energies and our old ideal."

* * *

French critics did not like this book very much. The reasons for it are now obvious. The chief one, or rather the best one, is that after all the chivalric ideal of an army officer is no longer representative of the ideal of the majority of Frenchmen, no more than it is of that of most Americans. Had M. de Vogüé chosen an ambitious man of an intellectual order, a scholar, an artist, a philosopher—well and good; the cultivated public in France might have approved, while they see in a perfect soldier a mere ornament in modern society, interesting from a historical point of view, but not at all a characteristic, a necessary element of the civilisation of the twentieth century.

Or, again, if the author had shown in Robinson a dishonest business man, and contrasted him with a thoroughly honest Frenchman, this would have rendered the novel possible—but still more ridiculous than in the other alternative. And M. de Vogüé knew it well enough, he knew it so well that in fact his Robinson is both rich and honest. More than this, Robinson, as well as Tournœl, is fighting for an idea, for the idea of imperialism. He does not want to get richer. No amount of money will make life more comfortable for him personally; he is presented to us as a man acting for the greatness of his country; thus, even this greatest quality of Tournœl is found also in the ideal Anglo-Saxon.

Every one can see, even from a mere summary of the story of *Le Maître de la Mer* that M. de Vogüé, after having explained very well the elements of the problem in the first part of the book, suddenly seems to forget all about it and starts on telling a romantic adventure. Probably no one is as well aware of this great technical defect than the author himself; but there seems to lie an interesting psychological case behind this. The author no doubt speaks himself

through Tournœl, and in him as well as in his hero some change has taken place after the interview with Robinson. The two rivals part enemies, it is true, but of the two Tournœl is shaken in his opinions. Before that eventful conversation he used to boast of his ignorance of the modern conception of civilisation, but now as soon as he is left alone, he goes over the whole argument again and cannot help acknowledging that he was prejudiced and that the American ideal is well worth considering and admiring. Now what remains to be done for an author who had started his book with the evident purpose of making Tournœl remain true to his soldier ideal, and who now feels unable to do so without compromising with his conscience? Just what M. de Vogüé has done; namely, to sidetrack the whole discussion by some means or other; for instance, some extremely charming lady who makes us lose sight of the real world and enter the land of dream and love. Thus, when it comes to reach a conclusion, Cupido has slyly taken the place of Minerva.

A confirmation to our suggestion may be found in the conversation of the old general, Nuiron, with Tournœl, the first representing the ideal of the French officer of the past, and the second that of an officer converted to the new conceptions of life. This scene, interrupting the action, placed in the background, as if the author had felt reluctant to write it at all, but considered it a duty for the sake of honesty, is very significant. Tournœl converted—what does it mean but the officer of yore converted into a modern and peaceful explorer; a conqueror of the world that reminds one very little of the Knights of the Crusaders who killed enemies to obtain the forgiveness of their sins?

Albert Schinz.

V.

MISS WILLIAMS'S "THE PRICE OF YOUTH."*

THIS novel by Miss Williams is a story of everyday American life, containing two qualities which raise it very much above the level of the usual. The first of these qualities is the artistic effectiveness by

**The Price of Youth.* By Margery Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

which we are made to receive an extremely intimate impression of place and people. The atmosphere of the book—and it has a good deal of atmosphere—is actual and subtly true. When we lay the book down, Matchlocken, New Jersey, has ceased to be the creation of a fiction writer and has acquired an objective existence, with its scrubby pines, its sandy roads, its glimpses of the sea and its quaintly narrow, suspicious and yet not unkindly people. The other quality of which we speak is the quality of suggestiveness, which gives us all sorts of half glimpses into human lives, their secrets, their sacrifices, and perhaps their shame, yet leaves us in the end to guess at much of what we may suspect, but cannot know.

The story in itself is commonplace enough—a man and a girl live in the same house at Matchlocken for three months. The girl, Fan Tasker, the daughter of a person who keeps a solitary drinking place in the woods, is rather unpleasantly shifty and sometimes omits to wear her stockings. The man, Willis King, imagines himself to be clever. They talk. In the first part of the book they talk altogether too much. No doubt the author fondly fancies that here she has produced some rather brilliant bits of *persiflage*, and it is fairly certain that she has made a profound study of George Meredith with something more than a glance into *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. After a number of solitary adventures, the two fall in love—the man complacently, the girl very truly and intensely. But he comes to know, through bits of village gossip, of other solitary adventures of hers before he ever met her. Upon these the scandal-mongers put the worst construction. Fan has been seen strolling about in the evening with a private soldier. Only the summer before, she was the almost inseparable companion of an artist who spent a few months in her father's house and for whom the tongue of scandal alleged that she had posed. Moreover, at the present time, there is a family mystery due to the presence in the house of a woman whose relations to Fan and to Fan's father are obviously unusual. Therefore, King is tormented by retrospective jealousy and by a feeling that perhaps after all he does not really know the girl with whom the power of propinquity has made

him fall in love. And so at last he questions her, and she answers him in the language of outraged love in all ages the world over.

"You don't care, boy. If you cared for me a tenth as much as I care for you, you'd know I was telling you the truth when I said I was. I never thought I would speak to any man in my life as I have spoken to you. I'd believe anything that you say, I'd do anything that you told me, if you dragged me down to hell with you. Do you suppose I weigh this and consider that where you are concerned? Do you suppose I'd listen to what any one in the world said about you? You don't love me. You'd rather go by other people's opinion of me than your own. Now I've told you the truth, and you can go. I'd let you go if it killed me, sooner than keep you, knowing that you feel the way you do about me! Only—I wish to God I'd never met you!"

It is the old tragedy that comes into so many lives—the tragedy of the man who doubts and questions, and of the woman who is tortured by this doubt and questioning, yet whose past is not quite clear nor wholly clean, so that in her heart of hearts she has not that inner comfort which might have come to her from perfect innocence. Yet one cannot refrain from pitying Fan. Everything has been against her from her birth and everything goes against her in the crisis of her womanhood. She is beaten and baffled and cast aside and left to sullenness and the anger of despair. Miss Williams has worked out the theme with undoubted power, and the book is one not merely to read but to think about and to remember.

The episode of Phemy Martin, one of the minor characters, is told with an audacity which in these days one looks for only in the writing of a young girl who does fully realise just what may and what may not be said. Thus, certain physiological details in this particular episode rather take one's breath away, and we are certain that an author of more experience would not have ventured to present them to the reader. None the less this sketch of a weakly sentimental, yielding, ignorant, and untruthful country girl is most unpleasantly true and (putting aside any question of taste) it forms an interesting pendant to the dominating theme.

Miss Williams writes in a style which at first is forced, monotonous and almost irritating, but which improves in naturalness as she goes on. Some of her

phrases are good and some are doubtful and still others are at once peculiar and unintelligible. Thus the "woven murmur" of the pines, the "greenish twilight" and "the wine-coloured water" are genuinely expressive; yet while a few of these trick phrases are rather happy, what are we to make of "a decorative blackguard," and "a conflictive surface?" The idiom of New Jersey is admirably reproduced—a remarkable feat for an English writer; but we have never yet found a Briton, male or female, who could write many pages without perpetrating some unconscious Britishism, and Miss Williams is no exception to the rule. Though she has wrought with the greatest cunning, her speech at times bewrayeth her, as in such expressions and sentences as "different to," "getting on for supper time," and "Mrs. Martin was by way of taking pride in her front garden." A Bryn Mawr girl does not get "a first in Euclid" but an "excellent in geometry"; and although the people of Jersey "guess" as industriously as Miss Williams makes them do, her Philadelphia hero, in actual life, would not. B. H.

VI.

ELIZABETH IN RÜGEN.*

ELIZABETH has left her garden, her babies, and her Man of Wrath for a few days. Accompanied by her maid Gertrud she has set out in her own carriage to drive round the island of Rügen: and you are sure when you have read her *Adventures* that no one ever did anything quite so amusing and delightful before. That is Elizabeth's secret. She talks sometimes of life's dry, dusty days, but she persuades you that the greyest day and the most cross-grained circumstances would turn golden and pleasant in her company. If she has an egg for supper she can make that egg more entertaining than some writers can make a pirate; and her descriptions of the seas and forests and flowers and brown sails of Rügen rejoice the reader as vividly as memories. The book is all sunshine and laughter; the little misadventures of travel and its abounding compensations. It gives some

**The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen.* By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. Macmillan. \$1.50.

solid information, too, about roads and pathways and hotels; tells you which places are crowded and which quiet; where you may be in the shade of forests or sun-baked and sea-blown on a flowery plain. She begins her wanderings with an adventure that would have put most people out of humour. Her maid and she jump from the carriage to avoid a motor car, and her coachman August never misses them, but drives on for miles. They have to trudge through the dust, hot and tired and hungry, and finally jolt into Putbus in a cart. "Poor August had the worst of it," says Elizabeth when her remorseful coachman finds her again. At Lauterbach she had a bad supper in "the loveliest nook in the world." Next day she hires "a fishing smack with golden sails and a fisherman with a golden beard," and sails to the islet of Vilm. "If you love out-of-door beauty, wide stretches of sea and sky, mighty beeches, dense bracken, meadows radiant with flowers, chalky levels purple with gentians, solitude, and economy, go and spend a summer at Vilm." She goes on to Göhren and finds it crowded. In the hotel restaurant "all the children of Germany" are "putting knives into their artless mouths," and "devouring their soup with a passionate enthusiasm." The only bedroom she can have here has eight beds in it, and one small iron washstand containing a basin and a water-bottle. She can only have this one night because next day eight people are coming to occupy the beds and share the washstand for six weeks. This will surprise English readers until they get further on in the book and come to the eminent professor who travels with his night attire under his clothes and a spare pair of socks in his pocket.

When Elizabeth leaves Göhren she goes to Thiessow, and there the thing she dreads befalls her. She meets some one she knows. Her silent maid and her coachman have not disturbed her. For three days she has journeyed in the peace and solitude her soul desires. But from the bathing hut at Thiessow she slips from a wet plank into the very arms of her cousin Charlotte, the young wife of the celebrated Professor Nieberlein. Charlotte is strenuous and emancipated. She has not seen her husband for a year, she talks like her pamphlets, which are all about the wrongs of women, and she

asks Elizabeth "what she done with her life." Elizabeth mentions "a row of babies," and Charlotte observes that "a cat achieves exactly the same thing." But next day she thrusts her company on Elizabeth, and when the ladies get to Binz they meet the Harvey-Brownes. Mrs. Harvey-Browne is an English clergywoman, the wife of a bishop, and she pursues Charlotte for the sake of the celebrated Professor. The Harvey-Brownes are forever talking about the Professor. They spent a whole winter in Bonn hunting him. But Mrs. Harvey-Browne avoids all contact with obscurer foreigners, and when an old man in a waterproof and a green felt hat takes a seat at her table she sends him on. Of course, he turns out to be the Professor, and of course he is amusing and lifelike as every one else in this delightful book. He puts one arm round Elizabeth, and one arm round his wife, and makes love to both. He comes near making love to Mrs. Harvey-Browne's maid, whom he takes for her daughter. All he asks of women is that they should be "little and round and soft," and he absolutely refuses to take any woman seriously. Perhaps it is not surprising that his wife was dissatisfied. But Elizabeth seems to like the little old rosy Professor, and with her usual insight she wishes her cousin could laugh at her husband instead of taking him seriously. But to Charlotte the rift is very serious, and the rest of Elizabeth's adventures turn on her efforts to bring the husband and wife together. She does not get rid of them, or of the Harvey-Brownes, until the eleventh day, when she has to return home. She was happiest, she says, at Lauterbach and Wiek. She was most wretched at Göhren. But she makes her readers happy from the beginning to the end.

Cecily Sidgwick.

VII.

MRS. ATHERTON'S "RULERS OF KINGS."*

WE have never been among those who profess to regard Mrs. Atherton's novels as unworthy of serious attention. From the time when we first read *Hermia Suydam* we have always admired her very

* *Rulers of Kings.* By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper Brothers.

real gift for portraying certain types of character and for delineating certain definite aspects of life. She has the real story-teller's talent; and while some of her books are naturally better than others, she has never published anything that was immature or dull. She knows her California intimately and she is very much at home in New York and Washington; while in at least two of her novels her Adirondack setting is superb. Likewise, she has got below the surface of English life, so that one of her most popular books has a sort of international character. Her chief success so far is represented by *Senator North*, a very powerful and moving novel.

But Mrs. Atherton's talent, like many another's, requires its own proper *milieu* in order to produce the best results. Her latest book is unfortunately a good example of what may happen even to the most experienced author when this *milieu* is not taken into account. *Rulers of Kings* begins most admirably and fastens at once upon your attention. This first part—the American part—is as good as anything that Mrs. Atherton has ever done; and especially interesting is her story of the calf-love of an inexperienced youth for a pretty, anæmic, foolish girl, common and cheap and incapable of any real sentiment, yet one who, just because she is a girl, and because the young man meets her at what is both the psychological and the physiological moment, is idealised by him into a creature of wondrous charm. This little episode is one thing in the book which remains with us after we have laid it down, and another is this bit of philosophy with regard to the nature of early and evanescent love:

Nothing in the vagaries of nature is more inexplicable than nine-tenths of what, for want of a better name, is called love. It is a wanton waste of good energy and a lamentable waste of spiritual forces; for the passion moves the victim to all sorts of unselfish impulses, exalted emotion, and even religion, all of which, in the reaction when delusion is over, are finely scorned. That love which is composed of an instinct for companionship, and a complete honesty of emotions, and is lacking in sentimentalism and the tragic note, delays its arrival, to people of ardent imagination, until so late that they must have much of nature and large recuperative power miss into the past the memory of re spent. The theory that the blind

passion of youth springs from the relentless instinct of reproduction is true only in part, for some of the maddest passions are inspired by anæmic and useless women, and the earth has its full measure of sickly children. If Nature has any well-defined plan she has as yet hesitated to reveal it, and it is probable that she is still amusing herself in her laboratory. Most love would appear to be a momentary fever of the imagination to which the body responds, and the soul, always struggling for utterance, tries its wings, flies a little span, and flatters the brain: when a man is in love then is he most pleased with himself; he never imagined that for heights and depths, within an apparently trite exterior, he was so remarkable a being; and until the wave recedes he bestows a like approval on the chance object who, in the prettiness of her hour, or by some trick of manner, bulged his ego into grander proportions.

As for the rest of the book, however, we can only say that in it the author seems to have lost her bearings altogether. A young American, one Fessenden Abbott, frequently spoken of as "Fess," inherits four or five hundred million dollars and certainly lives up to his income. He boards the yacht of the German Emperor, tells him that he must not hope to secure a foothold in South America, offers to let him subdue all Europe, and in general parcels out the world with the most magnificent *insouciance*. Later "Fess" gets control of all South America himself, thus forestalling the Kaiser. He also benevolently raises the wages of labour all over the United States, and then goes to Europe to seek for diversions of a more tender nature. His sister is an intimate friend of the daughter of the Austrian Emperor, and "Fess" falls in love with this imperial Princess, not in a weak, ineffectual sort of way, but just as a man naturally would who had offered the Kaiser to lend him the money with which to conquer Russia. When Mrs. Atherton gets to this point she really loses all sense of proportion whatsoever, and becomes absolutely extravagant, dropping, moreover, her sense of humour. We like the scene where the Emperor of Austria, the German Emperor, Fessenden Abbott, and Fessenden's father sit down together to decide the fate of nations. Fessenden was quite at his ease, but his father was not. He wore a frock coat, and sank down in a rather crumpled way in his chair, being tortured with dyspepsia and having to take tabloids all through the

interview. We don't remember the details of the interview, but the tabloids we shall never forget.

There is no particular satisfaction, however, in guying Mrs. Atherton's book. It is, of course, quite preposterous, combining the gaudiness of Ouida with the hysteria of Marie Corelli. But, as we said at the beginning, Mrs. Atherton simply made a mistake in forgetting her *milieu*. Should she live in Hungary for a dozen years or so, until the place became as familiar to her as Lake Placid or Piccadilly, she could write about it without perpetrating the absurdities which we find in *Rulers of Kings*. She would not then represent an Austrian Grand Duchess as seating an ordinary American on her left at an official dinner, nor would her Hungarian and German names be spelled with quite so much inconsistency.

H. T. P.

VIII.

TOKUTOMI'S "NAMI-KO."*

KENJIRO TOKUTOMI is not a dreamer, idealist or merely a "fiction writer," but a social observer, and a historian in the true sense. He made use of fiction to advantage to express the social current and the turn of humanity. His novel will be remembered as a true history in the future, and as a human document. *Nami-ko* is his protest against Orientalism—especially the Japanese old mother's attitude toward her daughter-in-law, which originated in Confucius' teaching. His protest is the strongest one ever known in Japanese literature. There is no other country under the sun like modern Japan to attract a student of social tendencies. Therefore, Japan is a great field for Tokutomi. And he is spreading his own wings to the four winds successfully. For many a year past the mighty battle between the old Japanism and modernity (which is Americanism) has raged in Japan, and it will rage for many more years. *Nami-ko* is nothing but the collision of Orientalism and modernity. And the old Japanism doesn't seem to be losing ground. Both sides suffer as in any battle. Japan is the country of eternal tragedy spiritually. So, *Nami-ko*, of

course, the old Baroness Kawashima and the young Baron all suffered terribly. But only the Baroness should have done so.

The book is also a great demonstration of our Japanese gentleman's truest soul. It is an eloquent protest against the foreign misconception that no Jap would be able to love woman divinely. I often heard such a denunciation. Is there in the world any greater love than Takeo's?

We are different countries. Americans will not understand things Japanese as we do. There is much trouble for a translator. However, I am impatient at the change in the title of the book. Its original name was *Hototogisu*. To us that title means the whole thing. This one change spoiled half the value of the book. *Hototogisu*, cuckoo! "Cuckoo" is regarded as a synonym of tear or pathetic death, since it is said in Japan that the bird will die after singing eight hundred and eight songs and spitting blood. (So *Nami-ko* spat blood and died.) If only the American readers had the same thought! I never heard of any more pitiful heroine in any literature than this little *Nami-ko*. Perhaps the author got a hint from *Camille*. Her heart was full of Japanese tenderness and tearful temperament. She was a victim of circumstances as any Japanese woman is more or less. And the Japanese woman should bend under them. To try to oppose them is for her—well, some years off, I should say. Real life is far more appealing than fiction. Tokutomi was only a photographer—an artistic photographer—in his book. He chose a splendid subject, so there was a strong story. However, I could wish it were one of his happier stories, since it is his first introduction to English-speaking readers. I should like to see one who will not cry after reading *Nami-ko*.

The picture is undoubtedly a little overdrawn. I think that Takeo's mother would not be so black as she was painted. As a whole the story is most carefully constructed. The author tried hard to introduce some brighter atmosphere here and there. The contrast of the characters is splendid, *Nami-ko* with her loyal old servant, the general with his wife, Takeo with his blackguard cousin. Yamamoto is funny, like Polonius in *Hamlet*.

And is it a worthy translation? It was done remarkably well, fairly loyal to the

**Nami-Ko*. By Kenjiro Tokutomi. Boston: Messrs. H. B. Turner & Company.

original. But when I compared them, I am sorry to say that our Japanese expressions which are interesting and characteristic at once, are missed in the translation. The American gentleman who went over it with a certain Yale student made it too American, that is to say, replaced the Japanese wild cherry blossom with a green-house rose. I noticed it even turned to a common stone in many a place. The book lost the freshness of writing as I see it in the original. It would be a delightful gift to American literature, if the book also showed a fanciful turn of Japanese phraseology.

Yone Noguchi.

IX.

MR. SEVERY'S "THE DARROW ENIGMA."*

PEOPLE who have made the stage their business will tell you that very often the man who is fitted to write the best book on the technique of playwrighting is the man who has himself never been able to write a successful play, and who never will write one. The very knowledge which enables him to lay down the law, which gives him the authority to speak positively about all the details of construction, has been won through this continual lack of success. So, often after each new failure has he gone back to the master playwrights for the purpose of finding out just where some hapless act or situation of his own has been inadequate. Scribe, Augier, Dumas fils, Sardou, Pinero, Shaw, Jones—he has them all at his finger tips. He can analyse *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* or *Denise* or *Le Demi-Monde* or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* down to the last line of dialogue; he can fill page after page with the inevitable logic of business and exposition and change of theme; he can tell you all the means that have been used since the days of Menander for the purpose of getting the puppets on and off the stage. Yet when he sits down to the task of building a play of his own all this specific and labouriously acquired knowledge seems to avail him nothing. He was not born to write a play.

**The Darrow Enigma*. By Melvin Severy. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

And what is true of the play is true of the detective story. One may have spent years in taking apart the very best fiction that has to do with crime and its detection, may have sought out industriously everything that is outré in act and motive, may know to the last detail all the tricks for diverting the reader's suspicions and for the introduction of false clues—in a word, may have reduced what was meant to be a pleasure-giving art to a mathematical science, and still lacked the spark, the spontaneity, the certain something, which is needed to write the story that will thrill and entertain.

Yet in the making of a detective story as in the building of a play, while the knowledge of technique, no matter how thorough, does not assure success, ignorance of it is almost inevitably certain to ensure failure. The dramatist goes to a manager with the manuscript of a tragedy or a farce that would need three nights to perform. The author goes to the public with a narrative of detection in which he has allowed the guilt of the real assassin to be patent from the first chapter. The manager and the public will have neither one nor the other. Like the dramatist, the author of the detective story has responsibilities which he cannot or should not hope to evade. He must be essentially logical; he must pile up his effects; he has his climaxes to be carefully studied and arranged. He himself starts out with a knowledge of certain positive facts. For instance, the real murderer of Smith is Robinson, the soft-spoken, kindly appearing Robinson, who is so anxious that the crime be brought to justice. But his business is to screen Robinson from your curious eyes and never even let you guess at the truth until the very end of Act IV. He builds downward or works backward, so to speak. In Act I. he takes you to the scene of the crime, shows you the bloody hand-print on the doorknob, and the charred fragments in the open fireplace, and at the end leaves you sniffing suspiciously when you think of the very peculiar attitude of Brown. In Act II. your distrust of Brown increases until his innocence is conclusively proved, and the author must see to it that your attention is transferred to Jones. When at the end of Act III. Jones is apparently hopelessly enmeshed and walks off to durance vile between two stalwart police officers, you

are for the moment quite convinced and only wonder what the use is of the two remaining acts. It is not until the very end of Act IV. that you condescend to pay any attention to the smiling Robinson, who finally stands forth, a monster unmasked, while the author with a kind of well-bred derision goes back over the book pointing out a line here, a circumstance there, by which he proves to you triumphantly that you should have seen from the first that Robinson and Robinson alone could have been guilty of the crime.

In all but a few details, which are of minor importance, this is the method that Mr. Melvin L. Severy has followed very successfully in *The Darrow Enigma*, a tale which undoubtedly will be very widely read and enjoyed by all those who share the feeling of Thomas B. Reed and George F. Hoar and the distinguished statesman of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *In the Fog* towards this particular kind of fiction. For *The Darrow Enigma*, despite a number of evident crudities, is an exceptional story, exceptionally well done. Before beginning the narrative you get a certain thrill and suggestion of mystery in noting the parts or Episodes into which the tale is divided:

- I. The Episode of the Darkened Room.
- II. The Episode of the Sealed Document.
- III. The Episode of Rama Ragobah.
- IV. The Episode of the Parallel Readers.
- V. The Episode of the Telltale Thumb.

In the course of these Episodes the author brings in not only most of the good old stock contrivances of detective fiction, but a number that are, so far as the present reviewer knows, entirely new. He shows you John Darrow struck down

by the assassin's hand and defies you even to guess at the method of the crime or its motive. Then he tantalises you into distrusting nearly every one of the characters in turn, and draws the net around one of them until there seems not a loophole of doubt, only to rend it asunder at the end of Act III. A dozen pages before "Finis" you are still groping about vaguely in search of the guilty person, although this person appeared on the scene in the first episode and has been the subject of continual allusion ever since. These are the reasons, and they are good reasons, why *The Darrow Enigma*, despite its flaws—and it has flaws—is an unusual story.

Had the raw material out of which *The Darrow Enigma* has been made been taken over by a workman of the first order—such a man as Conan Doyle or Emile Gaboriau, we should undoubtedly have had a book that would hold a place on library shelves for many years to come. Not the story itself, but the working out of it would have been more mathematical. Less would have to be taken for granted. Motives would have been clearer and more convincing; the climaxes would have been more telling and dramatic. The sentimental chapters of the story remind one occasionally of Anna Katherine Green's books where "stately" heroines with "marble brows" and "sun-kissed hair" are always being addressed by their lovers as "My beauty! My queen!" Mr. Severy is certainly not a workman of the first order. But that is not reason enough to justify any one in refusing to give him credit for having written a story of considerable merit and of unusual interest. This he has done, and it is something, now-adavs. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

DR. HOLMES AND OLD IRONSIDES.

ONE of my last visits to the poet who, as long ago as 1830, was credited as being chiefly instrumental in saving the famous frigate *Constitution*, was made in company with his classmate, "Tom" Amory. In some way the topic of conversation

drifted to *Old Ironsides*. Of the many interesting incidents relating to the always lucky ship and her fortunate commanders, Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart, but a few have remained in my memory. Two of them are as follows: Amory mentioned that when Hull returned to

Old Fenrisles.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky,—
 Beneath it rung the battle shout
 And burst the cannon's roar,—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee,—
 The harp of the Shore shall photo
 The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave,
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave!
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of Storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston in 1812, with the astonishing news of his capture of an English frigate, and her captain a prisoner, his father, one of the great merchants of that day, gave a grand party in honour of the hero. Amory, then but three years old, distinctly remembered looking down from the head of the stairs at the great crowd which included ex-President John Adams.

Dr. Holmes, who knew Hull, related the story of his meeting Captain Dacres in 1811, and of their having some conversation in regard to the merits of their respective navies. Professional pride operating on both, led them from general particulars, and at length to

speak of what would happen, if in the event of expected war, their frigates, the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, should come into collision. Hull, who was lively and good-natured, laughingly said to the English captain: Take care of that ship of yours, if ever I catch her in the *Constitution*. Dacres smiled and offered to wager a handsome sum that if they ever did meet as antagonists, his friend would find out his mistake. Hull refused to bet money, but said he would wager a hat on the issue. When Dacres, who was wounded in the action, came up the side of the *Constitution* as a prisoner of war, the kind-hearted Hull exclaimed, as if addressing a shipmate: "Dacres, give

me your hand, I know that you are hurt," and when the captain offered his sword, Hull added: "No, no, I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it—but—I'll trouble you for *that hat!*"

In sending me an autograph copy of his celebrated poem, the Autocrat favoured me with the following note:

"No. 296 Beacon Street, Boston,
"February 14, 1876.

"My Dear General:—The stanzas you refer to were written, to the best of my remembrance, in the year 1830 or thereabouts, and printed in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. I have never looked them up, however, and may possibly be wrong about the date. I printed them in my Φ B K poem delivered in the year 1836, I think with the alteration of one or two words from the original as I first wrote it. I am afraid it was

"*'Ay, pull her tattered ensign down,'* instead of *tear*, as I afterwards put it. I think there was another word changed also, otherwise it was as written, and the verses as I re-

member writing them were pretty near impromptu.

"If I had more leisure I would gladly run over a file of the *Advertiser*, but I happen to be very busy at this time."

Writing to me from Washington in April, 1890, Admiral Porter says: "In answer to yours of April 4th in regard to the statements that the flag of *Old Ironsides* was used to cover the coffin of our friend Vice-Admiral Rowan, I beg leave to state that the flag in question was that of the *New Ironsides*, a vessel built during the late Civil War, and the first ironclad in our navy. She was the ship commanded so successfully at Charleston by the Vice-Admiral, and was struck by shot some four hundred and eighty times without serious damage. So you will see, my dear General, that she was a different vessel from the *Old Ironsides*, concerning whose flag nothing is now known."

James Grant Wilson.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX.

SPRING is here, yet we still defer our annual hegira from urban turmoil to rural quietude. This is not because we have lost our interest in seeing how things grow, nor because we are less eager to revert once more to the pages of Conan Doyle. It is because we have grown a little cautious with regard to the Junior Editor. At this season of the year he always becomes more or less irresponsible, and we have just learned from a sure source that he has in mind a scheme which we hesitate to characterise as it deserves. He has got it into his head that it would be an amusing thing to take advantage of our absence by publishing a fictitious and wholly unauthorised Letter Box of his own devising—expressing such opinions and advocating such grammatical heresies as would take us years to straighten out. We don't know whether when it actually came to the point he would go quite so far as this; but we wish to warn our readers that if there ever appears a Letter Box full of split infinitives, retained objects, and misplaced onlys, any communications relating to it should

be addressed, not to us, but to the Junior Editor.

I.

A critical mind, working out in Toledo, Ohio, has produced the following:

Looking over some back numbers of *THE BOOKMAN* I find that you use the expression "the California lady." Ought you not to have said "the Californian lady?"

Well, not necessarily. Would you say, for instance, "the New Yorker lady"?

II.

A correspondent in Haverhill, Massachusetts, has found the word "milean" used four times in an article which we published last November and wants to know what it means. We fancy that before the printer got hold of it, it was *milieu*.

III.

Here is a defence of our serials which were attacked so sharply last month:

Editor of the *LETTER BOX*:

DEAR SIR.—Please to thank the Reader from Cincinnati for his very capable and entirely

correct analysis of *Fuel of Fire* and *The Revelation of Herself*. But attack the Editors for catering to the taste of the seventeen-year-olds! Did he suppose that people out of their teens were expected to read either of these serials? THE BOOKMAN is literary, but it has also that somewhat elusive quality of sympathy which makes it attractive to all ages. Why discriminate against the seventeen-year-olds?

On the whole, we are not so sure that this is very much of a defence after all.

IV.

Some one who signs her name "Jessica" indulges in speculation with regard to the cover on our Easter number.

What does that cover mean? Is it a pictorial representation of the schism in the Church in the time of Luther? Or hasn't it anything to do with any church, or cathedral, or schism? Or do the faces represent the traditional Easter joy from your standpoint? Or is it only one of the popular puzzle-pictures which may be seen in certain magazines for the weak-minded?

We should advise Jessica to guess some more.

V.

The gentleman who signed himself "A Soul with Here and There a Polka Dot," and who wrote mysteriously in the March number, has succeeded in bringing two letters to us. We print this one first, because it isn't so nice as the second:

To the Editors, Senior and Junior:

Since the letter from A Soul with Polka Dots, sympathy with said soul has stirred within me and now boils over on the April issue. I am an old fellow whose summers have been too agreeable for his winters now to be those of discontent; but, quoth I, after reading A. A. H., here are two heroic opportunities; one to see myself in print once, and die happy; the other, to speak the whole truth. Therefore, Little Brothers, first to that Gooseberry business. I respect friend Polka Dot's temerity and wish to assure him that I also (and not I alone) chaperoned THE BOOKMAN until under the monotony of the attitude I became gooseberry tart. Then, shortly before he broke the crust, the affair appeared to cool. I, with a few other silent partners, supposed it to have been killed by the so-called poem that had appeared in October's issue from the lady's typewriter. At least, we hoped so. To devote a page to a stanza of doggerel, such as could be gotten off by the most un-

promising kindergärtner in an asylum, was the last stage of art's degradation. There was also a page of illustration which I can aver resembled nothing so much as a basket of bibulous crabs.

Now the sacrifice of literary principles to the name of an adored object could go no further than this proof in October's issue. It was a crucial test and your public caught on to it—for, in the words of Pope, Dryden, and a few other humourists, you can't fool everyone all the time.

THE BOOKMAN, from its age down to its present youth, has filled a whole corner-stone in my affections, and its latter-day personal note has jarred me sorely. Hence this courageous outbreak. Because—

The personal note is distinctly that of the amateur.

The amateur is never the accepted authority.

A review of letters, a critical organ of such excellence, must be an authority.

Its interests are the universal interests, literary and artistic.

Therefore, even as the reader has no right to inflict his favourite breakfast food upon the columns of the magazine—so the editorial pastimes, personalities, and prejudices, have no right of intrusion there. Nay, not though their tastes be golfstickian, Sherlockian, or, well—Carolinian.

With a salaam to friend Polka Dot, I am respectfully, yours with regard,

A SOUL WITH SEVERAL STRIPES.

The second letter has naturally delighted us. We give it from beginning to end precisely as it was written:

RAHWAY, N. J., April 1, 1904.

(and indeed, on what other day could one write to the Letter Box?).

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

DEAR SIR.—As your other correspondents seem quite able to take care of the opinions of the Lady in Hatboro, I wish, from a purely personal and utilitarian motive, to question her facts. Would she mind sending me a list of those thousands of periodicals for children? I would be so very glad to have it, for my restricted experience has shown me only two—*St. Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion*—and when my juvenile classics are rejected by both of these estimable periodicals, I am obliged to waste-basket them—(or save them up for THE BOOKMAN's Christmas number).

And while I'm writing, I want to ask you to help me with a point in grammar. In the classic quatrain "The Purple Cow" (vide, if you can't find it anywhere else; *A Nonsense Anthology*, by Carolyn Wells, Scribners, 1902), please parse the last word—"one."

I had a lot of other things to say, but I've forgotten them—except that I'm glad you cut THE BOOKMAN's pages, and do you think the

new Sherlock Holmes series as good as the old one—and is that man's name Potiphar Potts? I can't get away from a conviction that it is.

Yours as ever,
CAROLYN WELLS.

Miss Wells appends the following poem, which she calls

THE ADVENTURE OF THE UNKNOWN WESTERNER.

'Twas not much more than a month ago,
In one of those Western spots,
That a gentleman lived whom you may know
As the Soul with the Polka Dots.
His name has never been told to me—
But I *feel* it is Potiphar Potts.

I am occult, and he is occult,
Or so it seems to me;
And I'm sure that in spirit we've met before,
I and that Potiphar P.
And that is the reason, as you may guess,
I'm writing this ode to he.

They tell me his name may be Percy De Vere,
Or it may be Sir Willoughby Watts;
Or Wilberforce Warburton Watts;
But neither the angels in Heaven above
Nor the imps in Plutonian grotts
Can ever dis sever my soul from belief
That his true name is Potiphar Potts.

Though my data be slim, I've identified him—
The mysterious Potiphar Potts.
And I'm sure he has claim to no other name
Than plain Mr. Potiphar Potts.
With my Sherlock Holmes mind I easily find
Obscure little clues that are just the right
kind
To deduce Mr. Potiphar Potts
From his Soul with the Polka Dots.

The grammatical point raised by Miss Wells relates to the last line of "The Purple Cow"—

I'd rather see than be one.

The word "one" is, of course, in the predicate nominative after the neuter verb "be." After the verb "see" it is necessary to supply "one" in the objective case. Of course, the line could not have been written in its present shape had not the objective case of "one" had the same form as the nominative. For instance, one couldn't correctly say

I'd rather see than be her.

And one would hardly wish to say

I'd rather see than be she.

VI.

The following letter from Evansville, Indiana, is rather long for us to print, but it may interest those who have had experiences similar to that described here:

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

MY DEAR SIR.—In an article which appeared in the March issue of THE BOOKMAN, I noticed that among a number of literary parasites, the Correspondence School was mentioned. I have had a slight experience with this particular parasite, and I am writing to you for advice.

I received some circulars from one of these schools, advertising not only to teach story writing, but also to dispose of stories. Fortunately, I was not green enough to become a pupil, but unfortunately I was simple enough to send them a story to sell. In their circulars, they mentioned a syndicate sheet which they edited; and this method of disposing of a story, they declared, would prove the most remunerative to the author, although it was more expensive, as the authors would be compelled to pay the expense of publishing their manuscript.

Well, to make a long story short, my manuscript appeared in this syndicate sheet, and I waited several months without hearing further from the people who publish this sheet. At last I wrote to them, asking if my story was not accepted by any of the editors to whom it was sent, and I received a reply saying that they had not been advised that any one had accepted it, also stating that it was necessary that one's name become familiar to the publishers by appearing often in their syndicate sheet, and that success would be the reward of this perseverance. Of course the last statement brands them as rogues.

What I wish to arrive at is this. My story has not to my knowledge been accepted by any of the editors to whom the syndicate sheet was mailed. Under the circumstances can I send it to a magazine, or would it not be acceptable after appearing in this sheet? I would not like to lose my work, and I understand that under ordinary circumstances the manuscript has enough literary merit to make it acceptable. I have really been much distressed about this. If you will kindly advise me in the "Letter Box" of THE BOOKMAN, I will esteem it a great favour.

Thanking you in advance, I beg to remain,
Respectfully yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Unless the story was copyrighted by the publishers of the syndicate sheet you have a perfect right to offer it to any magazine, only you should mention the fact that it has already been printed, as you could not now yourself copyright it in any case. We gladly give space to

this letter in the hope that it may prevent many persons from being victimized in a similar way.

VII.

In March we published two letters from subscribers who complained of the way in which they had been treated by editors. A very frank correspondent in St. Louis takes a much more materialistic view of the question:

What's the use of throwing bricks at the editor? The editor is a pretty fair sort of a chap. That's what he is, and he's got the toughest job on earth. I wouldn't be an editor even for an editor's salary! Just to think of the criticisms that are being hurled at him by the bushel measure! Not a man in his precinct but can edit the paper better than he can. If he is good he lacks force, and if he's bad he's demoralising. If his paper or magazine does not sell, then he should have gone to farming instead of newspaper work, and if he's a moneyed success they say he's bought up. That's the truth now. The editor has my respect and he has my sympathy.

I don't figure it out that I've got any business, either, criticising his way of doing business. He's got a right to change any manuscript of mine that he doesn't send back. He may twist it inside out and upside down and turn the hose on it. He has my permission to grind it into sausage meat or to work it into street car ads. I have no sentiment about anything I write. Just so the check is forthcoming, I'm sure I'll be satisfied. I'm a whole lot like that popular young actor, who upon being questioned as to what part of his profession interested him most, replied "The box-office receipts."

B. L. R.

VIII.

A reader in Wilmington, Delaware, writes:

I remember reading some years ago a story by Conan Doyle in *Harper's*. It was about Sherlock Holmes, and was called "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box." I do not find that this story was republished in book form when the "Adventures" were collected. Can you tell me anything about it?

Yes; the story appeared in *Harper's* in this country and in the *London Strand*. Its author was not sufficiently pleased with it, however, to give it a permanent place among the *Adventures*. It contained, however, at the beginning, an account of how Holmes followed Watson's train of silent thought by a process of deduction, and surprised him very much by breaking in with precisely the right exclamation at the right moment. This part of the story Dr. Doyle thought worth preserving and he therefore transferred it to the story of *The Resident Patient*, which you will find in the *Memoirs*.

IX.

A note from Tonawanda, Pennsylvania:

When I was younger I used to be a teacher of Latin, and I still keep up my classics. Let me say that I was very much surprised to find in a review by the Senior Editor the following: *seu 'Jake' libentius audit*. Surely the verb here should be *auditur* instead of *audit*!

If there is anything wrong about this Latin the blame must fall, not upon our head, but upon the head of Q. Horatius Flaccus, late of Venusia and Rome, from whom we ventured to adapt the quotation. The issue, therefore, lies between Augustan usage and that of the Tonawanda school of Latinity.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

FLORILEGIO DE POESIAS CASTELLANAS DEL SIGLO XIX: con introducción y notas biográficas y críticas por Juan Valera. 5 volumes. Madrid, 1902-04.

We are often inclined to think that the brilliant period of Spain's literature is gone and that in these latter years there is produced in the land of Seneca, Martial, Cervantes, and Calderon nothing that is of more than ephemeral or local interest. This opinion the anthology of Juan Valera will do much to correct, for poems are given from no less than one hundred and fifty-two poets, and the author has, with excessive modesty, omitted himself

from the list. The volumes before us are divided up as follows: The first two hundred and fifty-three pages of volume one contain a sketch of Spanish lyric and epic poetry in the nineteenth century. The last hundred and twenty-five pages of this volume and all of the next three volumes are given up to the poems that Valera has chosen to present to us. The fifth, and last, volume contains the biographical and critical notes concerning the first sixty-one poets, of whose works extracts are given. Valera promises an appendix in which he will treat the remaining ninety-one poets. The promise is made conditionally, however,

for Valera's health is at present anything but robust, and he is almost totally blind.

The interest of such a collection as this, the value of the sketch of the development of lyric poetry in the nineteenth century, and the importance of the biographical and critical notes will be better appreciated when we recall that Valera was born in 1827 and that he has thus lived through nearly the whole period of which he treats and has known personally nearly all the poets whom he mentions. This to a man of less catholicity of taste and independence of judgment would prove a handicap, but to Valera, who is the recognised *elegantiarum arbiter* in matters stylistic and literary in Spain, such knowledge and acquaintance can but be an important help. Furthermore, Valera is not merely a critic, but a creative genius. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has said of him:

"Valera, like the rest of the world, is entitled to be judged at his best, and his best will be read as long as Spanish literature endures; for he is not simply a dexterous craftsman using one of the noblest of languages with an exquisite delicacy and illimitable variety of means, nor a clever novelist exercising a superficial talent, nor even (though he is that in a very special sense) the leader of a national revival. He is something far rarer and more potent than an accomplished man of letters; a great creative artist, and the embodiment of a people's genius."

Such a man could have but one rule to govern him in the writing of such a work as this and in the selection of the poems to be included in it. That rule, Valera himself tells us, was absolute impartiality. And we may consult the work without the least fear that prejudice of any kind whatsoever has influenced a single part thereof.

J. D. Fitz-Gerald.

EIGHTY YEARS OF UNION (1783-1865).

By James Schouler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There are two possible methods of abridging a book, which, if we grant the need of such an abridgment, we must regard as equally legitimate. One of these methods is to reproduce the substance of the original book; the other, to reproduce, so to speak, the author himself. Obviously, the latter plan has difficulties, since the particular form of words and progression of ideas adopted by the author in any given work are ordinarily themselves the best expression of his personality. The condensation into one volume of Mr. James Schouler's six-volume history of the United States has been made according to this second method. Selected passages from the original history have been put together for the purpose of making, as nearly as possible, a "consecutive narration, in the historian's own words." The extracts chosen are undeniably characteristic. Sympa-

thetic descriptions of places, persons, and motives, brief general views of momentous or final situations, lively pictures, reverent apologies—all these are in the fluent, vivid, careless style of the original work. Foot-notes, sparingly used even in the longer history, minute discussions of events and policies, such as we are accustomed to regard as the fibre of history, and careful studies of political feeling in its continual shifts and changes—these things have been omitted. No deliberate alterations have been made in the selected portions of the text, save correction of a few false or inaccurate statements in the light of more recent knowledge. Consistently with the letter of the programme, no attempt has been made to connect the extracts one with another, either by rearrangement or by the introduction of newly-written passages.

The result, naturally, is not precisely a consecutive narrative. It is an interesting collection of political and military information, enthusiastic patriotism, and historical sympathy, with a number of appreciative character sketches and effective summaries piled together, but not always clearly articulated. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, and Webster are put before one in an intensely pictorial style, and each in his most becoming light. Philadelphia is described, Jackson's two inaugurations are described, and William Lloyd Garrison is described; but Jackson's National Bank policy, with its important lesson on the origin and significance of political motives, receives only a few words somewhere in a paragraph devoted to something else. This, however, is only one of several occurrences possessing a deep historical meaning which here receive not even so much explanation as might serve to make intelligible the lively characterisations and brilliant tableaux with which the book is filled. Many a passage has lost its full meaning by the omission of its context. Moreover, the paragraphing, which might conceivably bring about an appearance of cohesion among such fragments as these, is so curiously managed that, if each sentence stood by itself, the effect could hardly be more disjointed. In fact, the book would be in many places extremely puzzling to a person unfamiliar with the subject or with the older history.

For these reasons this abridgment, in whatever spirit it has been done, is somewhat unfair to the author of the original work. The scholarly character of the latter is gone, although its literary merit has been little injured. Order and proportion are lost; intelligent arrangement of material, certainly not less important in historical writing than the other two admitted requisites, knowledge and imagination, has in this work been ignored. The good qualities of *Eighty Years of Union* are those which belong to its original; the defects are those of the abridgment itself.

THE BOOK MART



READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Alliance Publishing Company:

Living Counterparts. By Minnie S. Davis.

A study of vibrations, with chapters on "The Unity of Things," "The Unity of Vibration," "The Method of Nature," and "The Fountain in the Sky."

American Book Company:

Mycenæan Troy. By Herbert Cushing Tolman and Gilbert Campbell Scoggin.

A small volume belonging to the Vanderbilt Oriental Series. Dr. Tolman is Professor of Greek in Vanderbilt University and he has very kindly sent to the Editors a personal copy of his book.

Appleton and Company:

The Vineyard. By John Oliver Hobbes.

THE BOOKMAN for April contained a review of this novel.

Dollars and Democracy. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

By reading these pages we may see ourselves as another sees us. The author in a friendly vein criticises and comments on American social and public life as they impressed him during a recent visit to this country.

The Life of an Actor. By Pierce Egan.

This is uniform with the other rare and famous books which the Messrs. Appleton have been bringing out from time to time. The present volume contains poetical descriptions to T. Greenwood, coloured illustrations by Theodore Lane, and several designs on wood, and is founded on the first edition published by C. S. Arnold in 1825.

I.

A novel published anonymously, in which a woman is supposed to tell the absolute truth about herself.

Baker and Taylor Company:

God's Living Oracles. By Arthur T. Pierson.

The lectures which Dr. Pierson delivered at Exeter Hall, London, in the spring of 1903 form the basis of this volume. Dr. Pierson appeals to the everyday reader and not to the scholar only.

Moses Brown. Captain, U. S. N. By Edgar Stanton Maclay.

Moses Brown was one of the privateer captains in the days of the Revolution, afterwards serving as captain of the first "Merrimack." Mr. Maclay, who is one of the well-known naval historians, discovered the material for his book in his researches among English historical documents.

Golf for Women. By Genevieve Hecker (Mrs. Charles T. Stout).

All these books which have grown out of American interest in golfing during the last seven or eight years, those by Mr. Travis and others, and the present one by Mrs. Stout, suffer much in comparison with a book such as that of Horace G. Hutchinson, simply because they are so obviously written for serial publication. Apart from this criticism, Mrs. Stout's book is fully up to the average, and deserves a fair share of success.

How to Get the Best Out of Books. By Richard Le Gallienne.

A popular guide for reading which eliminates the books that are not accessible to the busy man. "The aim of these simple pages," writes Mr. Le Gallienne in a short introduction, "has been to convince him (the business man) that literature is a living thing, and that the relation of books to life is close and vital—and by no means merely ornamental." The six chapter headings are as follows: "How to Get the Best Out of Books," "What We Look For Nowadays in Books," "What's the Use of Poetry?" "What an Unread Man Should Read," "How to Form a Library," and "The Novel and Novelists of To-day."

Barnes and Company:

To Windward. By Henry C. Rowland.

A new story by the author of "Sea Scamps," in which Mr. Rowland does not get entirely away from the sea. It is, however, a somewhat metropolitan story, and a city hospital plays almost as important a part as a yacht.

Running the River. By George Cary Eggleston.

A story of adventure and success on the Mississippi River which, written with Mr. Eggleston's characteristic enthusiasm and kindly feeling, should prove of interest to adults as well as to the boys and girls for whom it is primarily intended.

Bell:

Tales of Mystery and Imagination. By Edgar Allan Poe.

Tales of Mystery. By Edgar Allan Poe. Prue and I. By George William Curtis.

The gist of the Unit System, under which these books are published, is that the books are sold at prices based on the length of the book and the actual cost of production. One other respect in which these books differ from most published in this country and England is that the Table of Contents is placed at the end, as they do in France.

Century Company:

My Air Ships. By A. Santos-Dumont.

An account of the struggle with the problem of aerial navigation. The author was born in Brazil in 1873, and at the age of seven drove steam-traction engines. In 1891 he went to Paris, and became actively interested in ballooning.

Order No. 11. By Caroline Abbot Stanley.

A picture of life in the border counties before, during, and after the Civil War. Order No. 11 was a command issued by a Union general to abandon the homes in a certain section of Missouri.

Crowell and Company:

The Life of Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. By his son, Reginald Farrar.

An authorised biography of the late Dean of Canterbury. "In writing my father's life," says Reginald Farrar, "I have aimed at producing rather a memoir of such length as should be within the compass of the general reader, than a complete and exhaustive biography. I

have adopted the method of inviting friends and colleagues, who were associated with my father at different periods of his life, to contribute reminiscences of those periods." The volume contains a number of illustrations and a photographic frontispiece of the Dean.

A Bachelor in Arcady. By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

A quiet, nature-loving book, with a love story running through it. The bachelor's Arcady is a small farm by the side of a river, where he works and hunts and fishes and considers himself free from women. Mr. Sutcliffe preaches the doctrine of happiness and a simple life.

Minute Marvels of Nature. By John J. Ward.

A book of interest to the amateur naturalist. Through photo-micrographs taken by Mr. Ward, many revelations of the microscope are exhibited.

Ruskin Relics. By W. G. Collingwood.

A large volume with fifty illustrations by John Ruskin and others. The "relics" consist of chapters upon incidents and objects connected with the life of Ruskin, compiled by his friend and official biographer, Mr. Collingwood.

The Merchant of Venice. By William Shakespeare.

A new volume in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's work. This series is intended to reproduce in handy volume style and modern typography the original text of 1623. The edition is edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

Dillingham:

The Theatrical Primer. By H. A. Vivian.

This is one of those books which some persons find very funny. The actor, the critic, the playwright, the water boy, and other personages of the theatre are touched upon.

Twisted History. By Frank C. Voorhies.

"The main guy to be considered by the historian," facetiously remarks Mr. Voorhies, "is Christopher Columbus, the real boy who fired the pistol that gave the New World its start." It is in this vein that the twisted history is written.

Quintus Oakes. By Charles Ross Jackson.

A detective story by the author of "The Third Degree." Quintus Oakes, the detective, figures in both books.

The Middle Wall. By Edward Marshall.

This book may be summed up as a romantic tale of adventure in London, at sea, in South Africa, and on Cape Cod. Mr. Marshall's name became prominent as a war correspondent during the Spanish War. He has since then written "The Story of the Rough Riders" and "Lizette."

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Darrow Enigma. By Melvin L. Severy.

A new detective story by a new author. A review of it appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, also a photograph of Mr. Severy.

The Day of the Dog. By George Barr McCutcheon.

A bright and entertaining story by the author of "Graustark" and "The Sherrods." The publishers have given it an attractive binding, while the text is embellished with decorations by Margaret Armstrong and illustrations in colour by Harrison Fisher. The book is commented on in another part of this number.

When a Maid Marries. By Lavinia Hart.

A series of talks on the rights of daughters, the eligibility of man, the question of marriage, on managing a husband, on forming the club habit, etc. In the chapter entitled "Keep Husbands Home Nights," the author gives a number of excellent "Don'ts."

Strong Mac. By S. R. Crockett.

A new novel by the author of "Joan of the Sword Hand." There is plenty of incident in the story, and the love element is not lacking. The hero, Roy McCulloch, is the son of a landed proprietor in Galloway.

Sure. By Edward W. Townsend.

A collection of new "Chimmie Fadden" stories, in which the old favourites reappear to amuse the old friends of Chimmie as well as a vast number of new ones. In another part of the magazine may be found a further mention of the book.

The Stolen Emperor. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

A novel of the Japan of three hundred years ago. Mrs. Fraser's long residence in Japan has especially fitted her to write sympathetically as well as entertainingly of the Japanese peoples. The story of "The Stolen Emperor" deals with the

intrigues and the dangers which befall the Empress when she tries to save her son from a usurper.

A Daughter of the States. By Max Pemberton.

A novel of adventures. In going to London to marry a lord, the daughter of the "States" is shipwrecked and carried off on a disreputable steamer bound for Venezuela. Mr. Pemberton introduces the eruption of Mount Pelee at a dramatic moment.

Isopel Berners. By George Borrow.

The Text edited with Introductions and Notes by Thomas Seccombe.

In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. With a Commentary by L. Morell, LL.D.

The above are small volumes, of convenient size, in uniform binding.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Great Adventurer. By Robert Shackleton.

Newbury Linn is "the great adventurer" and his gigantic schemes make the Standard Oil or Steel Trusts look pale beside them. In spite of his adventures, however, he finds time to enter into a most absorbing love story.

The Gordon Elopement. By Carolyn Wells and Harry Parsons Taber.

"'Bob,' said Grace Gordon, as she reads the telegram, 'I'm going to elope.' 'All right, go ahead,' said her husband, as he unfolded his evening paper." After reading the above opening paragraphs of this story of "a short vacation," one will surely go on to the end, thereby deriving much amusement from its pages. The April BOOKMAN contained a photograph of Miss Wells.

In the Red Hills. By Elliott Crayton McCants.

A novel of the Carolina hills by the author of a number of short stories dealing with that locality. The story opens at the close of the Civil War, when the young hero tries his luck as a lawyer in a small village.

Eaton and Mains:

Simon Peter, Fisherman. By "Thomas."

As the title indicates, this book is of a religious nature. The story of the Apostle is told as the author's fancy chooses to tell it.

Eckler:

Twentieth Century Money Law. By Timothy Wright.

This complaint was written during the years 1897-99, and is dedicated to "all labourers."

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Practical Track and Field Athletics. By John Graham and Ellery H. Clark.

A great deal can be said in criticism of this very little book. It is in no way what its title professes, "Practical Track and Field Athletics." Its authors have written from their own particular points of view and not for the benefit of people at large who are honestly interested in this form of sport. Mr. Graham is the athletic instructor at Harvard; Mr. Clark is the all-round athletic champion, and a Harvard man also. Consequently, we have Harvard pictures and discussions of events which would have absolutely no place anywhere but in an all-round championship. Chapters on the Half-Mile Walk and Mr. Clark's Records may be in themselves entertaining, but we fail to see what they have to do with practical track and field athletics.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Standard Second Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk and Montrose J. Moses.

This reader has been most carefully prepared and illustrated. Two of the important features are an attempt to give clear enunciation by training the pupil to detect and produce the forty sounds that make up the language, and to teach words in connection with thought, as by conversation.

The Trouble Woman. By Clara Morris.

A short story, quaint in its character, which tells of the coming and going of the gaunt, sad-eyed figure known as the "trouble woman."

Parsifal. By H. R. Haweis.

In a brief space, Mr. Haweis gives the story and analysis of Wagner's great opera. These two volumes belong to Funk and Wagnalls Hour-Glass Series of booklets.

Teachers' Manual for Second Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk and Montrose J. Moses.

The material in this small-sized manual is intended to be suggestive and to supplement the lessons in the Second Reader mentioned above.

Grafton Press:

Woman's Unfitness for Higher Coeducation. By Ely Van De Warker, M.D.

This book is to be reviewed in THE BOOKMAN. Dr. Van De Warker is a commissioner of Schools at Syracuse.

Harper:

The Memoirs of a Baby. By Josephine Daskam.

A mirth-provoking biography which appeared serially in the pages of "Harper's Bazaar." Mrs. Bacon records the home life of an American couple, young and inexperienced in the care of babies, and persons who like to laugh should indulge in a hearty one over the pages of this volume.

Captured by the Navajos. By Captain Charles A. Curtis, U.S.A.

Captain Curtis has been an Indian fighter, and his story is crowded with the exciting adventures of two boys who accompany a regiment in New Mexico in an attack against the Navajo Indians.

Greater America. By Archibald R. Colquhoun.

An attempt is made in this volume to present American evolution as a whole, "to treat her history from the standpoint of its wide national significance, to show to what point she has progressed, to indicate what her future may be." It records the beginning, growth, and progress of America's territorial expansion.

Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston.

Miss Johnston's new novel is a romance of Elizabethan days. Miss Johnston sprang into prominence some half dozen years ago through the publication of "Prisoners of Hope." Since then her books have enjoyed a large sale.

The Easter Story. By Hannah Warner.

A little story for children, appropriate to the Easter season.

Rulers of Kings. By Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton's new novel is reviewed elsewhere in this number, and her photograph appears under Chronicle and Comment.

Heath and Company:

Eastward Ho. By Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, and Jonson's "The Alchemist." Edited by Felix E. Schelling. Litt. D.

The Good Natur'd Man, and She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith.

The introduction and biographical and critical material by Austin Dobson, LL.D.

Two volumes in the Belles-Lettres series, edited by George P. Baker.

Hobart Company:

A Knight of Columbia. By General Charles King.

A story of the Civil War written in General King's usual happy vein. "A Knight of Columbia" refers to a young graduate of Columbia University.

Holt and Company:

Geology. By Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury. Volume I.

This work is to be published in two volumes, classified as the American Science Series—Advanced Course. The present volume deals with geologic processes and their results.

Lane:

A Handbook on Sailing. By Clove Hitch.

A book intended to help the sailor of small boats who is in almost every case his own skipper and without professional help. Mr. Arthur Briscoe has illustrated the text.

Henry J. Wood. Edited by Rosa Newmarch.

Volume I. in a series of monographs entitled "Living Masters of Music." This series will deal with contemporary musical life, and will also include representatives of all branches of the art.

A Broken Rosary. By Edward Peple.

A novel of the France of Louis XV., which tells of the struggle of a woman's love and a priest's will. Mr. Scotson Clark has made the illustrations, which are in colour.

Memoirs of Mlle. des Echerolles. Being Sidelights on the Reign of Terror. Translated from the French by Marie Clothilde Balfour, with an Introduction by George K. Fortescue.

The first edition of this book was published in 1843, under the title, "Quelque Années de ma Vie, par Alexandrine des Echerolles." The English translation first appeared in 1900 and was called "Side-Lights on the Reign of Terror." Mademoiselle des Echerolles witnessed the revolutionary torrent which swept over Lyons, from the murder of the officers of the Royal Polish Regiment in 1792 to the end of the period of judicial murder in 1794.

Juniper Hall. By Constance Hill.

Juniper Hall is between the village of Mickelham and Burfordbridge, and herein met a number of celebrated personages during the French Revolution, among them Alexandre D'Arblay and Fanny Burney. The story of these meetings is gracefully told. The volume is illustrated by portraits and sketches in black and white.

How Tyson Came Home. By William H. Rideing.

Tyson's home was in England, and at the opening of the story, just as he had turned thirty, he was returning there. The two heroines which Mr. Rideing introduces in the story make matters somewhat complicated for Mr. Tyson.

The Yeoman. By Charles Kennett Burrow.

A strong story of a son of the earth and a girl living in a narrow world. It is reviewed in this number.

New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited and Annotated by Alexander Carlyle. Two Volumes.

This correspondence is a sequel to the "Letters of Thomas Carlyle," published a number of years ago under the editorship of Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

The Rat-Trap. By Dolf Wyllarde.

Just why Mr. Wyllarde has chosen such a title for a story of men, women, and emotions, is difficult to imagine. The author's earlier tropical novel, "The Story of Eden," received considerable favourable mention.

Old Shropshire Life. By Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell.

A collection of short stories of Shropshire life and people, with a number of illustrations of that part of the country.

An Elegy. By Vivian Locke Ellis.

Poems. By Rachel Annand Taylor.

New Poems. by Ronald Campbell Macfie.

The above are volumes of verse, published in uniform bindings.

Macmillan Company:

Christ. By S. D. McConnell, D.D., LL.D.

A study of the life of Christ, by the rector of All Souls' Church, New York, dedicated to Dr. Rainsford. The principal note of the book is critical of the various stumbling blocks found in organised Christianity.

The Hour-Glass and Other Plays. By W. B. Yeats.

This is the second volume of plays for an Irish theatre. Besides "The Hour-Glass," which was first performed in Dublin in March, 1903, the book contains "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan" and "A Pot of Broth," both of which were first enacted in Dublin, in October, 1902.

The Making of English. By Henry Bradley.

An account of the origin and growth of the English vocabulary, told in a popular way. It could be used in college work or for general reading. The author is one of the editors of the Oxford English Dictionary.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Volume III. H-M.

A new edition, profusely illustrated, revised and enlarged under the supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt. D. Among the artists whose lives appear in this volume are Lord Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Du Maurier, Charles Keene, Phil May, Stacy Marks, Albert Moore, J. W. Inchbold, and Edward Lear.

The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée. By Margaret Sherwood.

An idyllic love story of primitive fairy-like people. Miss Sherwood is pleasantly recalled as the author of "Daphne." THE BOOKMAN publishes her photograph in the current number.

Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Herbert Paul.

An important volume of letters written by Lord Acton to Mrs. Drew. The idea of publishing these letters arose in 1898, but the publication was postponed, as it was thought that this volume might trespass upon the domain of Mr. Morley. The first letter is dated at Mentone, October 31, 1879. After 1885 Lord Acton touched upon questions which are still matters of controversy; the selection, therefore, closes with that year.

McClure, Phillips:

The Red Leaguers. By Shan F. Bullock.

A tale of Ireland at war with England. The hero is Captain Shaw, a reckless young Irishman, the heroine an Irish peasant girl.

Charles Dudley Warner. By Mrs. James T. Fields.

This belongs to the "Contemporary Men of Letters Series," edited by Wil-

liam Aspenwall Bradley. This series was planned before the death of Mr. Warner, and it was at once proposed that his name should head the list.

Trusts of To-day. By Gilbert Holland Montague.

A concise history of facts relating to trusts, their promotion, financial management, and attempts at State control. The author is associated with the department of economics at Harvard University.

The Shame of the Cities. By Lincoln Steffens.

A collection of articles on municipal corruption in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and Minneapolis. The book is reviewed in the present issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The Admirable Tinker. By Edgar Jepson.

A story of escapades. Mr. Jepson calls his hero a "child of the world," and the publishers say that he is a Twentieth Century edition of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. At any rate, his adventures are many; he runs away with a flying machine, kidnaps a child, commands a steam yacht, manages an automobile, and does a number of other things to amuse his readers.

By the Fireside. By Charles Wagner.

A new book by the author of "The Simple Life" and "The Better Way." THE BOOKMAN for this month contains an article on these three books.

Daughters of Desperation. By Hildegard Brooks.

These desperate daughters are rather charming young women who become amateur anarchists. The plot is lively, and the humour is abundant.

Susannah and One Other. By E. Maria Albanesi.

A novel which has already appeared in London under the title "Susannah and One Elder." There seems to be a diversity of opinion about the story itself.

Heart of My Heart. By Ellis Meredith.

A romance of married life which portrays an intimate study of maternity. The author is a Denver newspaper woman who has made quite a name for herself as a political reporter.

The Silent Places. By Stewart Edward White.

Mr. White's new book is reviewed in this number and a photograph with some comment appear under Chronicle.

Pott and Company:

Flower of the Fort. By Charles Hemstreet.

A romantic novel of old New York which is already being dramatised. Mr. Hemstreet, as the author of "Nooks and Corners of Old New York" and "Literary New York" is especially adapted to write a story such as this.

Impressions of Japan. By George H. Rittner.

The author's purpose in writing this book has been not merely to describe his journeys through Japan, but to record his impressions of the development of the Japanese people. The illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Rittner and his friends.

Putnam's Sons:

Matthew Arnold. By William Harbutt Dawson.

In the preface to his book, which is described as an appreciation and a criticism, Mr. Dawson says: "There is to-day a cult of Matthew Arnold. . . . To show that this cult is and why it must prevail is the purpose of this book."

Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods. By H. Irving Hancock.

The author has endeavoured to show in this volume the principles of athletic work that has resulted in making the Japanese women both strong and cheerful. The illustrations are from photographs by A. B. Phelan.

The Rise of English Culture. By Edwin Johnson, M.A.

As this is the first volume of the author's works to be published since his death, it has been thought fitting to publish an introduction of his life and writings. This introduction adds much to the value of the work now before us.

Christopher Columbus. His Life, His Work, His Remains, as revealed by original printed and manuscript records. By John Boyd Thacher. Volume III.

The third and last volume in this massive and elaborate work. The volume is in three parts: The Personality of Columbus, Tracing the Remains of Columbus, and the Family Tree with its blood-lines allied to royalty. An appendix contains the will and a number of miscellaneous documents.

Ritchie:

The Bride of Glendearg. By Allan McIvor.

A novel. Donald Glendearg is a young man interested in a railway enterprise of the British Northwest.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Bessie Bell. By Martha Young.

A little story for little girls which is attractively illustrated by Ida Dougherty.

Scribner's Sons:

Korea. By Angus Hamilton.

An interesting book which is especially *à propos* at this time. In his introduction, Mr. Hamilton describes the position of Russia in Manchuria, and gives comparative estimates of naval and military resources of Russia, Japan, and Korea. There are a number of maps and illustrations accompanying the text.

Matthew Arnold. By G. W. E. Russell.

The initial volume in the series of "Literary Lives," edited by Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. It was Matthew Arnold's express wish that he should not be made the subject of a biography. Mr. Russell, however, edited the two volumes of "Letters" which were published in 1895. There are but six chapters in the volume: the Introduction, Method, Education, Society, Conduct, and Theology.

Peace and the Vices. By Anna A. Rogers.

A new novel by the author of "Sweethearts and Wives." Japan is the scene of the story, although it deals primarily with American naval life.

Overtones. By James Huneker.

In a sub-title, Mr. Huneker calls his volume "A Book of Temperaments."

The Life of Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Wright. Two Volumes.

Two large illustrated volumes on the life of Fitzgerald, which contain much new information about him, his particular friends, and his works.

John Addington Symonds. By H. F. Brown.

A biography compiled from the papers and correspondence of John Addington Symonds. In his preface to the first edition, Mr. Brown says: "I imagine that few men of letters have left behind them, in addition to some thirty pub-

lished volumes, such a mass of letters, diaries, note-books, and memoranda as that which has passed through my hands." The present volume, the second edition, contains a frontispiece photograph of Symonds and his daughter in 1891.

John Constable, R.A. By Lord Windsor.

A biography of John Constable and his paintings, profusely illustrated. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting of himself which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London. The volume is an imported one.

Prayers. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

In this small volume may be found the prayers which Stevenson wrote at Vailima. Mrs. Stevenson has written an introduction to them, in which she explains the custom of family prayers in Samoan social life.

Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories. By Henry Seton Merriman.

A volume of short stories by the late Hugh Scott, known to the world of fiction as Henry Seton Merriman. The tales are dramatic and varied in theme, one scene laid in a Spanish café, another in a hospital in India, and so on.

Cardinal Newman. By William Barry.

The second book in the series of "Literary Lives," edited by Robertson Nicoll. The series is intended to furnish biographical and critical studies of well-known authors of all countries.

Letters from England. By Mrs. George Bancroft.

These are a collection of letters written by the wife of the historian during his ministry to the Court of St. James's from 1846 to 1849.

Byron's Works. Poetry. Volume VII.

A new, revised, and enlarged edition of Byron's works, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. The present volume contains a portrait of Ada Byron (Countess of Lovelace).

The Test. By Mary Tappin Wright.

A novel of American life of to-day, by the author of some short stories, and a novel of the South, entitled "Aliens."

Italy Handbook for Travellers. By K. Baedeker. Second Part: Central Italy and Rome. Fourteenth Revised Edition.

Northern Germany as Far as the Bavarian and Austrian Frontiers. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. Fourteenth Revised Edition.

The June BOOKMAN will contain an article by Dr. Robert Arrowsmith on the Baedeker Guide-Books.

Caleb Williams, or Things as They Are. By William Godwin.

Tennyson's Poems. 1830-1859.

New England Romances. The Scarlet Letter. The House of the Seven Gables. The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The above three volumes belong to the "Caxton Thin Paper Classics," which are imported by the Messrs. Scribner.

Thomas Middleton. Two Volumes. With an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

There are five of Middleton's dramas in this volume, and the introduction goes at length into the study of these plays. "A Trick to Catch the Old One" was first published in 1668.

Philip Massinger. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Symons.

This also contains five plays, all of them being founded directly on the original editions. Mr. Symons presents his thanks to Mr. S. W. Orson, who collated the plays from the copies in the British Museum.

Webster and Tournier. With an Introduction and Notes by John Addington Symonds.

Four plays may be found herein. In his introduction Mr. Symonds says that nothing is known about the lives of these writers, when they were born, and when they died. This volume, with the plays of Middleton and Massinger, belong to the "Mermaid Series," all of which are imported.

Smart Set:

Araby. By Baroness Von Hutten.

A "little novel" which gives an amusing account of certain fellow-passengers on an ocean voyage. Araby herself had deep-set grey-blue, tiger eyes, with violet marks under them. Everybody else looked cheerful.

A Naturalist in the Guianas. By Eugène André, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., M.S.A.

A large, illustrated volume of travel by Mr. André, naturalist and geographer.

He has made many valuable additions to the knowledge of bird life of the Venezuelan forests and he has written entertainingly of the tropical forests and streams of this part of the South American continent.

Bartolozzi and His Pupils in England. By Selwyn Brinton.

This belongs to the Langham series of Art Monographs. It contains an abridged list of Bartolozzi's more important prints in line and stipple.

Stokes Company:

Around the World with a King. By William N. Armstrong.

Mr. Armstrong was a member of the cabinet of Kalakaua, the last king of Hawaii, and when that king decided to take a trip around the world in 1881 Mr. Armstrong accompanied him. The story of this journey makes a very readable book.

Denis Dent. By Ernest W. Hornung.

Mr. Hornung's new novel received notice in the *Chronicle and Comment* of the April *BOOKMAN*.

Taylor and Company:

The Commuters. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

A story which, in a way, is a sequel to Mr. Paine's "The Van Dwellers." Mr. Paine himself describes the tale as "the story of a little hearth and garden." It is rather a pity to waste such a good title on such a slight book.

Boston.

Badger:

The Rose of Old Seville. By Elizabeth Minot.

"The Rose of Old Seville" is a poetic drama in a prologue and three acts. The volume also contains a number of short poems.

Poems. By Pauline Frances Camp.

There are quite a number of short poems in this volume touching upon varied subjects.

Introduction to Dante's Inferno. By Adolphus T. Ennis.

The purpose of this book, says the author in his preface to it, is "to fill, in a manner, the office of a mentor, the duty of a guide, standing, as it were, by the side of the reader who has determined to follow Vergil and Dante step by step in

the journey through the dark regions of the city of woe."

Friends Hither and Yon. By L. F. S. Barnard.

There are fifteen poems in this little volume.

The Radiant Road. By Ethelwyn Wetherwald.

A collection of short poems, by the author of "Tangled in Stars."

Hezekiah's Kortship. By Hezekiah Jones's Wife (Frank A. Van Denburg).

In order to understand this book, the author suggests that the reader bear in mind that it is not a tale written by some outside person, but that the work has embodied in it the tales as told directly by Mrs. Hezekiah Jones herself.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Kwaidan. By Lafcadio Hearn.

A collection of stories and studies of Japan by the well-known writer and lecturer. *THE BOOKMAN* publishes a review of this book by Mr. Noguchi in the present issue.

The Frontiersman. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

There are six short stories in this book, all of them dealing with the early pioneers in the State of Tennessee.

The Views About Hamlet, and Other Essays. By Albert H. Tolman.

Besides expressing his views about Hamlet, the author comments on "Vanity Fair," the style of Anglo-Saxon poetry, Natural Science in a Literary Education, and devotes a chapter to questioning the Accuracy of Poe.

The Fire-Bringer. By William Vaughn Moody.

A dramatic poem, the first of a trilogy on the Promethean theme. The second in this trilogy, entitled "The Masque of Judgment," has already appeared. Mr. Moody has attained considerable reputation as a poet.

The Horse-Leech's Daughters. By Margaret Doyle Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson's new novel is utterly unlike its predecessor, "The Daughter of the Pit," which was a story of interest. "The Horse-Leech's Daughter" depicts the extravagance of a certain type of American wife and it reflects the mood of New York at the present time. A review appears in this number.

Memoirs of Henry Villard. Journalist and Financier. Two Volumes. 1835-1900.

Mr. Villard was born in 1835 in Speyer, Rhenish Bavaria, and came to this country in 1853. He entered the field of journalism, and achieved success as a correspondent on various New York papers during the Civil War. Later he devoted himself to railroad finance and construction and was instrumental in carrying to completion the Northern Pacific Railroad.

William Hickling Prescott. By Rollo Ogden.

A new life of Prescott which is published in the "American Men of Letters."

Lee and Shepard:

Young Explorers of the Amazon, or American Boys in Brazil. By Edward Stratemeyer.

This is the fourth volume of the Pan-American series by the well-known author of books for boys. The young explorers visit Brazil and journey up the mighty Amazon.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Rainbow Chasers. By John H. Whitson.

A novel of Western life on the plains, in which the thirst for speculation plays a dramatic part. Mr. Whitson is the author of "Barbara, a Woman of the West," published last year.

The Viking's Skull. By John R. Carling.

A melodramatic story of love and adventure. In recovering a treasure hidden by a Viking of the ninth century—one of his ancestors—the Earl of Ormsby clears the memory of his father, who had been wrongfully convicted of murder. "The Shadow of the Czar" is also by Mr. Carling.

A Woman's Will. By Anne Warner.

The woman in question is a young widow, whose summer abroad is the cause of an entertaining story, which is told almost entirely in dialogue.

Where the Tide Comes In. By Lucy Meacham Thruston.

A love story of American people and places, by the author of "Mistress Brent," "A Girl of Virginia," and a boy's book, entitled "Jack and His Island."

Robinson, Luce Company:

Letters from a Son to His Self-Made Father. By Charles Eustace Merri-man.

These "Letters," as every one knows, are supposed to be the replies made to the "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," written by Mr. George Horace Lorimer. The book seems to be enjoying a large sale.

Turner and Company:

Nami-Ko. By Kenjiro Tokutomi. Translated from the Japanese by Sakae Shioya and E. F. Edgett.

Mr. Yone Noguchi has reviewed this realistic novel of Japan in another part of the current issue.

West Company:

Young America in the Hands of His Friends. By Arthur W. Sanborn.

It is the aim of the author, in this little volume, to present a parody on American imperialism, and in his drama, which, by the way, is written in the form of blank verse, may be found John Bull, Mr. Monopoly, War Correspondent, Senators, Colonels, and Soldiers.

Buffalo.

White-Evans-Penfield Company:

Violet Verses. By Lillian Hopwood Ward.

A collection of verse published by the author, and bound in violet tinted paper.

Cleveland, O.

Clark Company:

Early Western Travels. 1748-1846. Edited with Notes, Introduction, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Volume I.

This work is to contain a series of annotated reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel during the period of early American settlement. The volume herewith contains journals of Conrad Weiser (1748), George Croghan (1750-1765), Christian Frederick Post (1758), and Thomas Morris (1764).

The Philippine Islands. Five Volumes.

This work is to cover a period from 1493 to 1803, the present volumes carrying it up to 1583. The volumes are edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with

historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. The material has been translated from original documents and manuscripts.

Historic Highways of America. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

Braddock's Road and Three Relative Papers.

Old Glade Road.

Boone's Wilderness.

The fourth, fifth, and six volumes in the series of "Historic Highways," being monographs on the "History of America," as depicted in its highways of war, commerce, and social expansion. The work will be complete in sixteen volumes.

Chicago.

Kerr and Company:

The Socialisation of Humanity. By Charles Kendall Franklin.

"The object of this investigation," says Mr. Franklin, "is to trace physical, organic and social phenomena to their sources in order to discover their laws, so that the subsequent expenditure of energy in nature, life, mind and society may be determined for human welfare." The volume is a large one.

McClurg and Company:

The Evolution of the Soul. By Thomas Jay Hudson, Ph.D., LL.D.

A collection of lectures and essays dealing with Man's Psychic Powers, Spiritism and Telepathy, Hypnotism, and kindred subjects of which Dr. Hudson has made a study.

Robert Cavalier. By William Dana Orcutt.

A romance of the Sieur de La Salle and his discovery of the Mississippi River. The book is handsomely bound and attractively illustrated in colour by Charlotte Weber. In the *Chronicle and Comment* of the April *BOOKMAN* may be found a portrait of Mr. Orcutt.

University of Chicago Press:

The Code of Hammurabi. King of Babylon. About 2250 B.C. By Robert Francis Harper, Ph.D.

In December, 1901, an expedition sent out by the French Government discovered the monument on which the Code of Hammurabi is engraved. The volume contains autographed text, translations,

glossary index of subjects, and illustrations. The author is professor of Semitic Languages and Literatures in the University of Chicago.

Winona Publishing Company:

American Problems. By Joseph A. Vance.

Some of the problems which the Rev. Mr. Vance discusses in this volume are the Negro, the Labour Question, the Liquor Problem, Municipal Government, and the Problem of Vice.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

In the Bishop's Carriage. By Miriam Michelson.

An unusually bright and original story, which is reviewed in the current number of *THE BOOKMAN*. The publishers have brought out the book between glowing red covers, with illustrations by Mrs. Harrison Fisher. A photograph of Miss Michelson appears under *Chronicle and Comment*.

Philadelphia.

Lippincott Company:

Moorish Empire in Europe. By S. P. Scott. Three volumes.

The object of this work is to depict the civilisation of the Moorish race, whose achievements in science, literature, and the arts "have been the inspiration of the marvellous progress of the present age." The author has devoted twenty years to this extensive work.

The Twelve Apostles. By George Milligan, B.D.

The Post-Exilic Prophets. By Reverend J. Wilson Harper, D.D.

The two latest volumes in the Temple Series of Bible characters and Scripture handbooks published in London by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Company, and in this country by the Lippincott Company.

Forward. By Lina Boegli.

A collection of letters written during the author's trip around the world.

Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring. By W. C. Sawyer, Ph.D.

A presentation of the legends which underlie the *Nibelungen Lied* and the *Nibelungen Ring*. They are almost entirely free from technical terms. Professor

Fritz Schultze of Dresden, Germany, has written an introductory essay.

Heart of Lynn. By Mary Stewart Cutting.

Mrs. Cutting is agreeably recalled as the author of "Little Stories of Married Life." "The Heart of Lynn" is a refreshing story of young hearts and young lives.

Cadets of Gascony. By Burton E. Stevenson.

A romantic story of Old France, by the author of "At Odds with the Regent." The pages ring with love-making and swashbuckling, and in the dashing cadets the reader will find two heroes instead of one.

The Issue. By George Morgan.

A new novel by the author of "John Littlejohn, of J." The story opens in the South in the year 1831, and love and matters of national interest struggle for supremacy.

Philadelphia.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Voice of America on Kishineff. Edited by Cyrus Adler.

A collection of sermons, editorial articles, accounts of meetings, and resolutions relating to the Kishineff outrages. At the end of the volume may be found an index to the cities and towns in which the meetings were held and the sermons preached.

Princeton, N. J.

Library Book Store:

Writings on American History, 1902. By Ernest Cushing Richardson and Anson Ely Morse.

A bibliographer of books and articles on United States History published during 1902. The volume also contains some memoranda on other portions of America.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between March and April, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. **Wings of the Morning.** Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
2. **The Deliverance.** Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. **My Friend Prospero.** Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. **Sir Mortimer.** Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. **Fat of the Land.** Streeter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 net.

6. **The Little Garrison.** Bilse. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. **Sir Mortimer.** Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. **Rebecca.** Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) 1.25.
3. **The Deliverance.** Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. **Breaking Into Society.** Ade. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. **The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.** Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. **My Friend Prospero.** Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. **Sir Mortimer.** Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. **The Deliverance.** Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. **My Friend Prospero.** Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. **Hesper.** Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. **Rebecca.** Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. **Elizabeth in Rügen.** (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. **Sir Mortimer.** Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. **Elizabeth in Rügen.** (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. **The Deliverance.** Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. **My Friend Prospero.** Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. **Heart of Lynn.** Cutting. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

Boston, Mass.

1. **Elizabeth in Rügen.** (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. **The Fat of the Land.** Streeter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 net.
3. **Uther and Igraine.** Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
4. **My Friend Prospero.** Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. **Korea.** Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$1.50 net.
6. **Sir Mortimer.** Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. **Rebecca.** Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. **My Friend Prospero.** Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. **Uther and Igraine.** Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
4. **Elizabeth in Rügen.** (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. **Woodhouse Correspondence.** Russell and Sichel. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.
6. **Korea.** Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$1.50 net.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. **The Deliverance.** Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.

2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
4. Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. Riis. (Outlook.) \$2.00 net.
5. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. Denis Dent. Hornung. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50.
3. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
5. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
6. Pikeman. Kaghtlay. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50.
4. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Fugitive. Brudno. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Web. Hill. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
1. Henderson. Young. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Sally of Missouri. Young. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.**Dallas, Tex.**

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guards. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.**Denver, Colo.**

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Letters of a Son to his Self-Made Father. Merriman. (Robinson-Luce.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. Evolution of a Soul. T. J. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.20 net.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
6. Reminiscences. Gordon. (Scribner.) \$3.00 net.

Louisville, Ky.**Detroit, Mich.**

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

New Haven, Conn.

2. Red Keggars. Thwing. (Booklovers' Press.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Roosevelt the Citizen. Riis. (Outlook.) \$2.50 net.

New Orleans, La.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. An American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Shutters of Silence. Burgin. (Smart Set.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
5. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Repetti.) 50c.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Red Keggars. Thwing. (Booklovers' Press.) \$1.50.
4. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. Tillie. Martin. (Century.) \$1.50.
2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Zane. Grey. (Chas. Francis Press.) \$1.50.
4. A Country Interlude. Hawthorne. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Fugitive. Brudno. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Admirable Tinker. Jepson. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) 1.25.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Yellow Van. Whiteing. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. Sally of Missouri. Young. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

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2. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. A Corner in Coffee. Brady. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
4. An American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

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1. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.

2. Hoot of the Owl. Behr. (Robertson.) \$1.50 net.
3. Fairy Tales to Now. Irwin. (Elder.) 25c.
4. The Little Garrison. Bilse. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small-Maynard.) \$1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.

Toronto, Canada.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (Briggs.) 75c. and \$1.25.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Thusson Book Co.) 75c. and \$1.25.
6. The Duke Decides. Hill. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.

Tucson, Ariz.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
6. The Yellow Holly. Hume. (Dillingham.) \$1.25.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. Gordon's Reminiscences. Gordon. (Scribner.) \$3.00 net.
4. Korea. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$1.50 net.
5. Violet. Von Hutten. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. Maizie of the Lower Ranch. Parker. (Clark.) \$1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS.			
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10			
" " 2d " "	8			
" " 3d " "	7			
" " 4th " "	6			
" " 5th " "	5			
" " 6th " "	4			

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....	181
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.....	155
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.....	149
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.....	141
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.....	98
6. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....	66

Vol. XIX

JUNE, 1904

No. 4

PRICE TWENTY FIVE CENTS • TWO DOLLARS *per* YEAR

THE BOOKMAN

... JUNE NUMBER



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
... NEW YORK ...

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KOSHER.

כשר

FOR MORE THAN 6,000 YEARS the Hebrew race has obeyed a sanitary law, very peculiar, very strict, but highly to be respected. Things pure in accordance with that ceremonial law are called Kosher, and HAND SAPOLIO, free from all animal fats or greases, being made of the purest and most health-giving, vegetable oils, is strictly Kosher.

This fact should give it preference over all doubtful soaps—among Gentiles as well as among Jews—and a single trial of its merits will convince anyone of its great excellence.

HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a perfect complexion. If you want a velvet skin, don't PUT ON preparations, but TAKE OFF the dead skin, and let the new perfect cuticle furnish its own beauty.

Don't argue, Don't infer, Try it!

Its use is a fine habit.

Its cost a trifle.

June, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN."
Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost. £ £

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

There are many signs that the revival of interest to Charles Reade, which we long ago predicted as certain to occur, is close at hand. In England a new and complete edition of his works is in preparation; the biography written by his nephew, Mr. Winwood Reade, will be reissued; and the reminiscences by Mr. John Coleman are having an increased sale. More significant still is the fact that the literary journals in both England and the United States are beginning to abound in anecdotes and estimates of this very vigorous and original writer. We have always wondered why the present generation should go on reading the pallid, ephemeral sort of romances that are written by the score each year, and should neglect the fine, full-blooded novels of Charles Reade. Reade had a very interesting personality. He was wrong-headed, hot-tempered, vain, and full of crotchets,—a thorough-paced Tory with a curious obliquity of literary conscience, which not infrequently laid him open to the well-grounded charge of plagiarism. But, on the other hand, he was one of the kindest and most generous of men; and his gifts as a novelist were so great as to rank him at his best not far below the place which is occupied by Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope, and very much above such mediocrities as Wilkie Collins, Besant, Rice, and even Bulwer-Lytton. He had an instinctive appreciation of the dramatic, and a glowing imagination which made everything that he touched seem intensely alive. Not very long ago we reprinted a criticism which Reade

anonymously published and which contrasted George Eliot's *Romola* with his own romance, *The Cloister and the Hearth*. The fact that Reade was the author of this paper convicted him of an immense egotism; yet all the same his strictures upon George Eliot were wholly true. *Romola* is pale and pedantic when set beside Reade's glowing pages, which describe so intimately the life of Holland, France, Germany and Italy, in the time of the Renaissance, and which are as true to history as they are to human nature.





M. FRÉDÉRIC MASSON.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE RECEPTION OF THE
NEWEST FRENCH IMMORTAL,
M. FRÉDÉRIC MASSON.

M. Faguet, M. Brunetière, M. Boissier.

Most of the comments upon Reade which we have lately seen in American publications lead one to think that the writers do not possess a first-hand knowledge of his novels. One of Kipling's characters speaks of *A Woman Hater* as the finest of Reade's books; and therefore many persons have jumped to a conclusion that this is also Kipling's own opinion. But such a thing is quite impossible. *A Woman Hater* was about the last story that Reade wrote, and it is the production of a man who had reached the period of his decline. The same remark is also true of *A Simpleton*. Edmund Gosse assigns the first place to *Griffith Gaunt*, and we believe this estimate to be very just. *Griffith Gaunt* is a striking study of the power of jealousy, and it is comparable with Trollope's painful but absorbing story, *He Knew He Was Right*. It gives a remarkably true picture of England in the middle of the eighteenth century, and it does this not through any conscious effort of the author, but because he was saturated with

the spirit of the time. Moreover, in this book Reade kept his literary eccentricities under strict control and allowed only his finer qualities to appear. There are few things in literature more thrillingly dramatic than the whole trial scene in which Catherine Gaunt, accused of the murder of her husband, puts aside all legal advice and acts as her own counsel, cross-examining hostile witnesses and fighting an intellectual duel with the vicious but able woman who is eager to compass her destruction. Next to *Griffith Gaunt* we should place *The Cloister and the Hearth*; and after that, *It is Never Too Late to Mend*. This last book made so profound an impression as to lead to a reform of the English prison system, just as *Hard Cash* did away with the scandal of private lunatic asylums. Probably the greatest immediate sensation was created by the appearance of *A Terrible Temptation*. This book was denounced alike by pulpit and by press as grossly immoral; and as it left partially unsolved a rather delicate question relating to one of the characters, it was enormously talked about all over the English-speaking world. These novels, together with the two short stories *Christie Johnstone* and *Peg Woffington*, have elements of vitality in them which will perpetually insure them against oblivion.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, who lately died at the age of ninety-two, wrote several

An Apostle of the Smug.

books that made his name known over the greater part of the civilised world. The most conspicuous of these was *Self-Help*, which appeared in 1859. It was addressed to young men and contained Dr. Smiles's theory of how to get on in life. Dr. Smiles regarded material success as the end and aim of human effort. How to make and save, how to push your way, how to get rich, in a word how to make

life one great sordid grind—this was the lesson which Dr. Smiles preached interminably. The publisher who rejected the manuscript of *Self-Help* and thus compelled Smiles to publish the book at his own expense, made a mistake from a commercial point of view; but his judgment did honour to his taste and to his faith in the finer qualities of human nature. He could not conceive that hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of men would really take this kind of a book to be their gospel, and pattern their lives after the smug and Scrooge-like



THE LATE SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY.
Photograph by Rockwood, N. Y.

model held up to them by Smiles. Such, however, was the case, and *Self-Help* was translated into seventeen languages for the materializing of a good many more than seventeen nations. Next to Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*, this book is probably the surest and most offensive expression of the trading, cheerless, bourgeois spirit to be found anywhere in print.

In a literary sense Edgar Fawcett, during the last ten or twelve years of his life, was more or less of an anachronism. He had cut loose from America, he was making London his home, and his later books about New

York had a flavour that was odd to the taste of a good many readers of the new generation. He was essentially a novelist of New York; but the New York that he knew, that he was never quite able to get away from, was the New York of thirty or thirty-five years ago, a great, big, growing town that reached up to somewhere near Central Park, and regarded Harlem, and Manhattanville, and Yorkville as regions remote. The visiting British nobleman or the travelling American in his novels always stayed at the Brevoort, and of an afternoon leisurely strolled up Fifth Avenue as far as Thirty-fourth Street. Mr. Fawcett had an eye for and an appreciation of local colour long before the term came to be so widely abused. He



FRANCIS LYNDE.

Mr. Lynde's novel "The Grafters" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

was one of the first to make use of the suburbs of New York. In *A New York Family*, one of his best novels, he brought in Hoboken and Greenpoint as backgrounds, and his description of the latter remains the very best to be found in fiction. Judged from present day standard, however, he was not so happy in the

pictures he drew of the New York slums. In his time we had no specialists in neighbourhoods, no experts on "Little Italy," "The Ghetto," "The Syrian Quarters," "Chinatown," none of the Norrs, Townsends, Cahans, Essings, Rosenfelds, Duncans, who of late years have been writing from the inside, so to speak. Mr. Faw-



THE LATE EDGAR FAWCETT.
From a Portrait in Possession of Mr. J. M. Stoddart.



A FAMILIAR GLIMPSE OF BOOKER T.
WASHINGTON at Tuskegee

Stereograph, Copyright by Underwood and Underwood,
New York.

cett's knowledge of the slums was at best superficial, and when he essayed to write of low life in *The Evil That Men Do*, he failed to impress the modern reader. Perhaps none of his books was more entertaining than *Social Silhouettes*, a series of sketches of types, which is well worth re-reading for itself, and which will be found invaluable to any one who wishes to reconstruct a certain period of New York life. In this book he shows humour and a keen observation. As a novelist he was far above the average of his day, and for his genuine effort to describe life as he saw it and to make use of American material at a time when it was not fashionable to do so, he deserves to be remembered.

■

Beatrix Demarest Lloyd (Mrs. Atherton Brownell), whose recent novel, *The Pastime of Eternity*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is a daughter of David Lloyd, for a

long time an editorial writer on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and author of *The Senator*, *The Woman Hater*, and other successful plays. After her father's death, the daughter became the ward of Edmund Clarence Stedman. A few

months ago she was married to Mr. Atherton Brownell.

■

A personal impression of the short stories of Mr. Robert Barr, whose new volume, *The Woman Wins*, has just appeared, is that after reading one, we lay it aside with the feeling that it is exceptionally good, but that after reading a dozen we are considerably disappointed because they have not been better. This does not imply that the last eleven are in any way inferior to the first, for Mr. Barr always writes up to a certain level and never goes very far above that level; nor does it imply monotony or a lack of variety, for this author is singularly happy and inventive in the matter of plots. It is probably because there is about each story a superficial brightness and cleverness and flashes of real humour which for the brief moment blind us to the real defects of the tale itself. This volume of stories may be summed up as a collection of magazine tales consider-



BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD.

ably above the average. As a book, to be read of an idle evening and then very promptly entirely forgotten, *The Woman Wins* may be recommended.

upon which a Glasgow tradesman feels that he may safely rest his business interests is a success, indeed.

To appreciate what Wee MacGregor meant to Glasgow a year ago, an American would have had to see the streets of that city. The youth's popularity was at its height at the time when King Edward was visiting Glasgow, and despite the garish and extravagant display made by the city for the occasion, it was rather difficult to determine whether His Majesty or the urchin was attracting the more attention. In front of every shop along the principal streets there was a flag flying ostentatiously attesting the Scotsman's loyalty; but in the shop windows behind the flag there were dozens of articles which showed the Scottish tradesman's appreciation of Mr. Bell's hero for advertising purposes. It was "Try a drap of the Wee MacGregor whiskey," "The Wee MacGregor boot, comfortable to the foot," "Don't miss the Wee MacGregor tailet," and "Wear MacPherson's Wee MacGregor trousers, 4s 6d." And a Scotch literary success

Now that Mr. Bell has given us a new series entitled *The Later Adventures of Wee MacGregor* it is worth while to stop for a minute to consider upon what the popularity of these sketches and this character rest. In the first place, it is doubtful if any but a Glasgow man or woman thoroughly appreciated and understood Wee MacGregor. The stories were read and enjoyed elsewhere in Scotland, in England, and in this country, but for all that Wee MacGregor was as local to Sauchiehall or Argyle Streets as Chim-mie Fadden was to the Bowery, or Martin Dooley to the Archey Road. Then, too, the sketches were of lower middle class people, told in a lower middle class way, and it was a lower middle class city which they roused to such enthusiasm. But for that matter a great deal of the very best humour of all literature has been lower middle class, and the figure of the irrepressible little Scotch urchin, with his round eyes, his inquisitive persistence, is interesting beyond doubt, and at least a good part of his popularity has not been undeserved.



MARIE CORELLI'S HOME AT STRATFORD.

The relatively slight attention which the recent death of Maurus Jókai called forth from our daily press is typical of a widespread sense of detachment, a lack of sympathy, springing from a want of personal knowledge of the author and his works. Jókai was admittedly a unique figure in contemporary letters, one of the small number of veteran writers of international interest. Yet it is a question whether any other novelist of similar importance has been accepted outside of his own country so largely upon hearsay, and read and studied so little at first hand. While there has been no dearth of translations, and good ones, too, of his principal works, it has been easier to accept the verdict of his own countrymen than to try to find out the reason of it for ourselves. Where a Russian would point to Tolstoy or a Pole to Sienkiewicz, a Hungarian would point with similar pride to Jókai, while the hold that he had upon the hearts of the people at large can be compared only to the vogue once enjoyed by Dickens in England, or by Balzac in

France. In the matter of fertile production he rivalled, single-handed, the output of the elder Dumas's alleged *fabrique de romans*, and in all modern literature Lord Beaconsfield furnishes almost the only parallel case of a novelist of any merit who was also a statesman and for upward of fifty years wielded an effective influence over the political history of his country.

■

Jókai's literary activity began just before the Revolution of 1848, a time when literature and patriotism had been made almost synonymous in Hungary by the fiery zeal of such writers as Alexander Petöfi and his followers. Petöfi's warm friendship was one of the earliest and most valued proofs of Jókai's first venture into print; and the practical outcome of this friendship was that the poet and the novelist soon afterwards became joint editors of a weekly publication called *Pictures of Life*. This venture did not last long, but the taste for political journalism which Jókai then acquired lasted for a lifetime. From the first,



JOKAI IN HIS STUDIO.

Jókai's attitude in politics was conservative. Even in the stormy days of 1849 he zealously preached moderation in the columns of the *Esti Lapok*, which he then controlled, thereby escaping many of the serious consequences which overtook his friends and associates after Kossuth's downfall. After the reopening of the Hungarian Parliament in the early sixties, Jókai was elected to a seat and remained an active member throughout the greater part of his life, zealously supporting the policy of Tisza, both in his

speeches and through the columns of the leading political journals like the *Hom* and the *Memzet*, which he successively controlled.

It is easy to understand why Jókai's novels have never been successfully naturalised in England or America. He was one of those many-sided geniuses whose ability to do many things well not only makes a final choice of a profession difficult, but tends to mar the product of



Maurice Jokai

the ultimate choice. He had in him the making of a fairly good sculptor or painter; necessity made him something more than a passable lawyer; and inclination, coupled with early success, eventually made him a teller of stories. This phrase is used advisedly; the particular story that Jókai had to tell was always to him of vastly more importance than the way in which he told it. His style was so much a matter of the moment, a chameleon reflection from the last foreign author whom he happened to be reading, that it has been seriously questioned by some critics whether he really had any style of his own. The most serious complaint which the Germans have had to make against him is that at one time he gives us a Dickens-Jókai, at another a Dumas-Jókai, at another an Ebers-Jókai, but never a Jókai pure and simple. Such a criticism as this has never come from a Hungarian, and for a very good reason. The best and most characteristic quality of Jókai's books is the very part which a foreigner is not in a position to appreciate. It must be remembered that the Hungarians belong to a non-Aryan stock; the rural and primitive life of the people is built upon a mass of customs and traditions and folk-lore in which the other civilised races of Europe have no share or sympathy; their peasant dances and music have in them something strange and exotic that separates them from those of France or Germany or Russia. Now of all the writers in Hungary it is conceded that no one has understood so well or reproduced with such unerring fidelity as Maurus Jókai the life of the people. His books are many of them a panorama of pictures straight from life; sometimes a mere phrase summing up an entire scene, or it may be a whole group of portraits given with a few rapid, inimitable strokes. Where he fails is in the psychology of the stories; even his most ardent admirers concede that he has never been fully successful in tracing the development of character. Now so long as a foreign writer, whether he be a Balzac or a Tolstoy, a Valdes or a Verga, has the gift of psychological analysis, it makes no difference how strange or alien the customs are that he depicts, because he makes you feel that in spite of the difference of race and en-

vironment, the underlying human nature is essentially the same all the world over. Jókai in his most characteristic stories—the stories upon which his reputation in Hungary rests—fails to give the foreigner this feeling. You must be a Hungarian yourself, deeply imbued with the national language and customs and traditions, in order to be in a position to appreciate the truth of his picture.



For these reasons it has never seemed at all surprising when readers have confessed frankly that they found such volumes as *An Hungarian Nobleman* disappointing, and in spite of the pleasure which some of the volumes are likely to afford to any reader who is not too exacting, Jókai is an author that one may well hesitate to recommend. There is, however, one volume which might well have been expected to have enjoyed a wider popularity. In Germany it is fairly well known under the title of *Der Goldmensch*. It has been translated several times into English, and under various names, such as *A Modern Midas* and *Timar's Two Worlds*. It is the story of a man who has everything that man could wish; wealth, position, honour, the woman of his choice, and who nevertheless cannot be happy because he feels that he is a thief. In the beginning Timar is poor, friendless, and with no definite prospects. He is making the journey up the Danube, through the dangerous rapids on a boat laden with grain from Turkey. His fellow passengers are the old man who owns that grain and his beautiful daughter, with whom Timar falls in love. There comes a terrible storm, the boat strikes a rock and sinks, and the old man, dying, pledges Timar to look after his daughter and the bags of grain and to remember "the red new moon." Burdened with the new responsibility of this young girl, Timar is led into temptation. A contract for furnishing bread to the Hungarian army is offered to the lowest bidder and the suggestion comes to Timar's mind to raise those bags of mouldy wheat and use them to fill the contract, trusting that the Hungarian soldiers would not know the difference between mouldy bread and good. But when the bags are raised there are

some that are stamped with a red new moon, and these bags contain a priceless fortune in diamonds and rubies and pearls. Now the girl has been intrusted in Timar's care; if he reveals the fortune to her, who knows whether her unscrupulous relatives may not rob her of it? Besides in one sense it belongs to him by right of discovery. Such at least is the sophistry with which he stills his conscience and decides to conceal the wealth and keep it for his own purposes. The purpose of the rest of the story is to show why happiness can never come to Timar until he voluntarily surrenders up that fortune and goes forth as poor as he was in the beginning.

■

Perhaps the wish is father to the thought, but we are inclined to draw a hopeful inference from the theatrical season just closed. It was, of course, a season of financial disaster, but this instead of being matter of complaint is proof rather that there is a just God in Israel. Most of the things that ought to have failed did fail. As students of demand, managers forgot that even the crowd's taste may improve. Signs of discrimination, even of sophistication, were not lacking in many New York audiences. Plays which were thought to be over their heads were found to be fairly on the general level. Bernard Shaw's plays, ventured as a forlorn hope, actually became the fashion and on all sides you could hear smartly dressed people telling the most fearful lies about their interest in them. Nat Goodwin's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* failed in spite of its most gorgeous setting simply because it was badly played. Mr. Ben Greet's *Twelfth Night*, presented in Elizabethan destitution, bare of every mechanical illusion, succeeded because it was well acted. Good commercial melodramas, market plays compounded of well-tried situations and staple dialogue, which ought to have succeeded because they were commonplace, failed for that very reason. Taken as a whole, it was a season of richly deserved damnations, and it would seem to show that poor plays are by no means so good an investment as had

hitherto been supposed. In New York, at least, the audiences of last season were unusually wide awake, and distinguished the good from the bad in a manner most disconcerting to the managers. There were signs of a healthy discontent.

■

In London, apparently, there is no such sign of awakening. That silly little play *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner*, which we all laughed at and let die, is taken there in all seriousness.

On the other hand, *The Arm of the Law*, one of the best plays presented there in several months, was taken off after a short run. It was a rather harrowing piece, adapted from the French, and turning on the temptation of magistrates to convict prisoners in order to further their own official advancement. A magistrate, whose only chance of promotion lies in the conviction of a man accused of murder, turns about because of a belief in the man's innocence and secures his acquittal. His ambitious colleague, who feels no such compunctions, meanwhile employs all his resources against the prisoner, and when his wife testifies to his innocence drags from her the story of her life before marriage, which she has kept from her husband. The latter when freed renounces her and she in revenge stabs the prosecutor and then herself. Miss Violet Vanbrugh played the wife's part with intelligence but with a degree of emphasis that made the emotional hammering of our leading ladies seem almost subtle. Critics have often remarked the tough nerves of our playgoers and we had always supposed that the passions of our leading ladies could not be too loud; but the powerful bass voice of Miss Vanbrugh would have sent any New York audience into the streets shuddering. Not only did the audience sit tight, but the more terrible the outbursts the better they seemed to like them.

■

The making of the modern novel has become in a measure a collaboration of author, artist, and publisher, in which the author is not always the chief factor. When the manuscript of a story has been read and

been found acceptable by the publisher, the work is only begun. If the tale is a good one, that much is gained, but the publisher still has to think of the very important work of presenting it to the reading public in the most attractive form. Binding, cover designs, and illustrations, are selling novels to-day for which, when we dip into the text, we can find no possible excuse. The part played by the illustrator is increasing steadily in importance. When a year or so ago a publishing firm brought out a new edition of *The Deserted Village*, it was not Oliver Goldsmith's poem that they were trying to sell, but Mr. Abbey's illustrations. The name of Longfellow is certainly a respectable one in literature, yet it was very much subordinated to the name of Howard Chandler Christy in a recent edition of *Miles Standish*. In the latter case, almost all the reports from the booksellers throughout the country upon which THE BOOKMAN's list are based referred to the volume as "*Christy's Miles Standish*." Now, under these conditions, since author and artist are equal accomplices, instead of the latter's being merely a *particeps criminis*, or an accomplice before or after the fact, it is inevitable that from time to time there should be very decided differences of opinion. Author and artist alike are notoriously sensitive; each has a pretty good share of *amour propre*, and each is very ready to believe the other's share in the collaboration to be more or less inadequate. Under these conditions we think it will be interesting to open the columns of THE BOOKMAN for a general discussion by those best qualified to speak, and to this end we have sent out to a limited number of distinguished American writers and illustrators, letters containing a certain number of questions. In this issue we are printing a few of the replies from authors. The discussion will be carried on through succeeding numbers of the magazine.

TO THE AUTHOR.

Recently there has been considerable discussion about the value of illustrating novels, and the illustrators have in many cases been severely criticised because they do not seem to have read the text of the stories which they illustrate, and in consequence have made some queer "breaks."

If agreeable to you, will you favour us with an answer to the following questions:

Do you prefer to have your books illustrated?

Do you consider that the illustrations add to the popularity of the story?

Does the artist give an adequate idea of your characters?

Do you think that the artist reads the story faithfully and interprets your meaning?

In arranging this symposium for THE BOOKMAN, we intend to give the artist an opportunity to express his opinion as frankly as he pleases, and we trust that you will also feel inclined to write us quite as frankly.

TO THE ILLUSTRATOR.

Recently there has been considerable discussion about the value of illustrating novels. The illustrators have in some cases been criticised and charged with not always reading the text of the story in question.

If agreeable to you, will you favour us with an answer to the following questions.

Is an opportunity given you to read the text before you begin to make the illustrations?

Do you meet the author and receive any points about the setting of the story or the dressing of the characters?

In other words, does all your information come from the author or from the publisher?

Are you hurried in such a way as to affect your work?

In arranging this symposium for THE BOOKMAN, we intend to give the author an opportunity to express his opinion as frankly as he pleases, and we trust that you will also feel inclined to write us quite as frankly.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN:

GENTLEMEN—I regret to say that your letter reached me when I was working night and day trying to finish my book, and I have not had the opportunity before to go through my mail.

In answer to your first question (do I prefer to have my books illustrated), I should say on the whole that I do not. My personal experience in the matter is, however good the artist, his conception is very rarely if ever the conception of the author. This is my personal feeling.

The answer to your second question (whether illustration adds to the popularity of the story), bears directly upon this. I think that good illustrations do add to the popularity of the story. The conception of a good artist is very often the conception of the majority of the readers. The artist forms his opinions from the text, just as the reader does. Good illustrations add to the attractiveness of a book on the news stands and in the shops, and very often are the deciding factors in a purchase.

In answer to your third question (does the artist give any adequate idea of my characters), Mr. Christy, on two occasions, came very near to my conception of the appearance of one of my characters. Judging from my experience, however, I have found it extremely difficult to describe, even in personal talks with the artist, my idea of a face.

In answer to your fourth question (whether the artist reads the story faithfully and interprets my meaning), I believe that all those artists who have illustrated my books have been most faithful and painstaking in this matter. However, they have in some cases sacrificed the text to the composition of their pictures.

In the light of a very recent experience I believe that if it were possible for the author to take the time and go into the street with the artist and find the actual types and secure them as models, it would be much better for both. I have great sympathy with the difficulties which confront artists in this matter. It seems unnecessary to add that there are a great many illustrators and a very few good ones. Most illustrators obtain the sheets of a book at the last moment and are hurried through the execution of pictures at the rate of one or more a week. It seems to me that this is one reason why so many illustrations are not satisfactory, and it is far from being the fault of the artist.

Very sincerely,
WINSTON CHURCHILL.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I prefer to have my books illustrated if there is reasonable assurance in advance that the artist is qualified to handle the story and its characters intelligently. The artists who have done the pictures for my stories, up to the present, have unquestionably treated them in a capable way. They have presented quite an acceptable idea of the characters as I have drawn them in my imagination. Illustrations serve to popularise a book, I believe, provided they are well done and the artist has given careful attention to the details and characteristics of people and things. Some of the books I have seen lately have been prettily but distressingly illustrated. The artists in these cases have utterly failed to follow the story and have idealised where they should have done precisely the reverse. It would be a deplorable thought to me if I felt that the artist did not read the story faithfully. I will do him the justice to say that he has done the best he could with the characters as they were drawn by the author. It strikes me that it is not always the fault of the honest, conscientious artist if he fails to picture the character as it should be drawn. Sometimes the author is responsible for the misconception. In this I am not speaking of the artists who

paint solely to advance their own popularity and vogue. Such as they should not be permitted to illustrate books in any shape or form. They should "do" calendars and advertisements for the suffering breakfast foods.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIR: In reply to your question as to the value of illustrations in books:

(1) and (2) I do not think that some of my collections of short stories would have gained by the use of pictures, as under the present system of illustrating, the typical western love story, the pictures merely represent the dress of the period, and in the case of the more famous illustrators have little or no apparent connection with the text; but in my most popular books, which have dealt with child life, I think the illustrations have materially added to the charm and popularity of the work.

(3) In the three books of mine which have been illustrated, the artists represented have produced the most delightful results, in one or two cases giving me a more definitely characterised picture than I had formed in my own mind, and in almost every case supplying the reader with a perfectly adequate idea; indeed, I am convinced that in the most successful illustrations my description and the artist's have been quite interchangeable in the reader's mind.

(4) In the case of the books referred to, I am sure that the artists have read the stories not only faithfully, but with a real interest, for the attention to detail is marked. But I am bound to add that I have never observed anything like this success or attention to detail in their work for other authors, and that I consider my good fortune in this regard not wholly typical. In my other magazine work I have never been able to discover that the illustrators of short stories and poems considered themselves under contract to do more than supply figures of a sex in accordance with the text. As I have confined myself uniformly to two sexes, figures of either a man or a woman in modern costume scattered through the text can hardly be said to give an impression entirely false; they merely render the author's descriptions a little obscure.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

GENTLEMEN: In reply to the questions you ask in your letter of April the 6th, I would say that I care very little for illustrations in my books—or, for that matter, in any of my favourite books by other writers. The only novel I can recall which seemed to me perfectly interpreted by the pictures was the

English edition of "Resurrection." Whether or not illustrations add to the popularity of a book I am in no way able to judge. This is a question for a publisher. No, I have never found that an artist was able to reproduce my own mental image of a character, but it seems unreasonable to expect this since, of course, the same words convey totally different impressions to two different minds. To the last question I can answer "yes." So far as my experience permits me to express an opinion, I believe that the artist generally reads the book very carefully. Where he differs from the author is, after all, in a distinct—one may say diverging point of vision. Very truly yours,

ELLEN GLASGOW.

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To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

GENTLEMEN—It would seem the natural wish of every earnest writer of fiction to have his work illustrated. Certainly I should like above all things to have pictures in my books and the more the better, were it possible to find an artist able and willing to draw and paint the pictures that I see in the story. But I doubt if such an artist can be found, for my limited search has already shown me how hard he is to find, and has almost led me to believe that the greater the artist's ability the less he is to be relied upon to draw or paint any other than the pictures that he sees in the story. And these are not like the ones I see nor like those that I wish the reader to see—nor, indeed, like anything that I ever thought of anybody's seeing. In saying this there is no sort of comparison, and no need that any should be made, since the artist's pictures may be either better or worse than the author's without altering the fact that the two are entirely unlike. And, in truth, neither the good nor the bad quality of the artist's work can ever have much to do with any author's feeling toward illustrations intended to illustrate his own fiction. That must depend almost entirely upon what he thinks of the likeness or the unlikeness of the illustrations to the people and scenes of his story. For my own part I do not like the pictures which have appeared in my books solely for the reason that they represent people and scenes that are strange to me. In addition to this there is a fear lest the lack of resemblance between the pictures—as they are and as I think they should be—may confuse the reader's impression of the story. Of course I have no means of knowing just what that would be if the story were left to make its own way—but I have the assurance of more than one reader that it would be different from the illustrations. Again it has been said that they brought out the characters and scenes wonderfully—and that was the hardest of all to bear. For there would be a grain of comfort in knowing that the reader really did feel some

of the surprise, the dismay, and positive indignation that I felt, on first seeing Mr. Pennington's Miss Judy making herself at home in the peaceful places that seemed to me sacred to my Miss Judy. I have not a word to say against the small gentlewoman of the artist's creation. She is worthy of the highest esteem and admiration, and no doubt quite as charming as the critics declared her to be—with hardly a dissenting voice. But she was a stranger to me. I had never seen or heard of her before. And so long as the pages of that illustrated edition hold together I can never regard her in any other way than as an amiable alien and an innocent intruder, who has no rightful place among the people of my books.

And yet no author could wish a more attentive and even sympathetic reading than the artist gave the book. And, indeed, I should say that the artists do read the stories whenever they are given the time. The lack of it is among the many sources of the discord, and both my books have suffered from haste. Mr. Grant having the greater cause of complaint upon this score. Had there been more time the artists might have felt that they had had a fairer opportunity and the results might have been somewhat different. But I doubt if any length of time could have made any difference that would have altered my feeling in the matter. It does not seem to me possible that an author—seeing his own people and scenes as distinctly as he must see them to win any degree of fictional success—ever can be satisfied with another's representation of them. Certainly it is impossible unless two different imaginations may be brought to see and portray imaginary people and scenes precisely alike.

NANCY HUSTON BANKS.

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The American Newspaper series now running in THE BOOKMAN did not seem complete without an article that should present the point of view of yellow journalism. The thoroughly characteristic (and, we may add, *ex parte*) paper by Mr. Arthur Brisbane in the present number will, we believe, be of interest to our readers. However we regard what yellow journalists are actually doing, we can not help being curious as to what they think they are doing. Men's views of their own deeds are often so delightfully romantic. Needless to say, later papers of this series will recur to a discussion of this topic from a somewhat different point of view. The next paper in the series will deal with "The Newspaper and Politics."

THE MAKING OF THE MODERN GUIDEBOOK.

WHEN the typical good American dies and goes to Paris, it may be assumed that it is to seek familiar haunts endeared to him in the flesh, and that he needs no guide to point the way. But on his first actual voyages of exploration to his as yet unknown Mecca, even before he secures the indispensable letter of credit and steamer ticket, he will almost certainly provide himself with the compact little volume which is to direct him in the choice of his route, his abiding places, his amusements, and his pursuits. This faithful companion of his wanderings he may, if he chooses, purchase anywhere, not under the name of a 'guide-book,' but as a 'Baedeker'; for among American tourists in Europe the terms have long since ceased to be differentiated. Such transfers of name from the person to the thing usually indicate that the object so named is the first of its kind or that it is widely and popularly known. In the first case the application of the name is apt to become obsolete; in the second, it may represent totally different objects to the minds of different persons. A "derringer" is not a generally familiar thing under that name to the present generation of Americans; and another well-known name means to a sportsman or military man a certain popular rifle, while to a stenographer it represents only a particular typewriter. But the American public knows but one meaning for "a Pullman" or "a Baedeker";—the transfer of meaning is complete.

Baedeker's guides have attained this highest form of recognition not because they were prototypes of their class, but because they embody in the highest degree the essential qualities called for in works of this character—reliability, accuracy, comprehensiveness, modernness, conciseness, and the absence of the purely personal element.

THE PRECURSORS OF BAEDEKER.

The line of Baedeker's precursors may be carried back, if one wishes, to the

picturesque descriptions of the credulous Herodotus and the more reliable first-hand accounts of Pausanias, whose guide to Athens, after the lapse of centuries, is still consulted by the elect few. The pilgrimages to the Holy Land produced many descriptions of the journey, some of which contained instructions for future travellers. With the invention of printing, and particularly with the growth of extended travel in the sixteenth century, the number of these works was greatly increased. These books, however, were traveller's guides only in a limited sense. Their titles—*Itinerarium*, *Viatorium*, and the like—were generally misleading, as the works were often simply accounts of journeys, geographical treatises, or archæological monographs.

The beginnings of the modern guide-book as such, date from the early years of the nineteenth century, and are to be found in some small English works issued for the benefit of Alpine climbers. The earliest types of systematic guide-books were those of Murray, still largely in vogue among the English. The first Baedeker resulted from an arrangement made about 1825 between Murray and Karl Baedeker, the then head of the famous German publishing house, by which the latter undertook to adapt for German use a guide to the Rhine issued by Murray. The success of this first venture encouraged Mr. Baedeker to embark independently in the work with which his name has since been chiefly identified. In 1839 he published the second volume, *Belgium and Holland*, which was followed in 1842 by *Germany and Vienna*, in 1844 by *Switzerland*, and in 1859 by *Paris*.

Mr. Baedeker's plan, though suggested by Murray's, was soon differentiated from its model by features which still remain its salient characteristics. Chief among these was the device of issuing editions of the guidebooks in English and French as well as German, the first English edition appearing in 1861. The editor set up a high standard of accuracy and impartiality, rigidly excluded all ad-

vertisements, and by means of the famous asterisks established a kind of roll of honour for hotels, tradesmen, etc., invaluable to the traveller for its authority and reliability. As the system grew, the treatment of special departments—art, archaeology, history, sports—was placed in the hands of responsible and recognised experts, and in all ways an effort was made to reach absolute reliability, the reputation for which has become an inheritance and a matter of personal pride with the publishers, who spare neither pains nor expense to justify it down to the smallest details.

THE SYSTEM.

The making of the guidebook is of necessity a growth. No plan could have been deliberately adopted which could have produced in the first instance such completeness and minuteness of information as modern travel requires. Still less could a single individual become personally familiar with so great a mass of details. From the nature of the field, the guidebook must be, and is, the product of long experience and the observations of many persons, and must, for the same reasons, always be in making and never made.

The system developed by the Baedekers in their long experience is simple but effective. It involves, first, strict adherence to the standard set up by the founder of the series; the greatest possible amount of personal investigation by the head of the firm, and his lieutenants; and a close watch on the numberless channels through which the great body of information in regard to details must be received. The latter labour is greatly lightened by the voluntary contributions of travellers, particularly among the Germans, who take an almost national pride in the standing of their fellow countryman's undertaking. The management is centred in the firm's publishing house in Leipzig, where all the mechanical operations of typesetting, engraving, and printing are carried on. This assures a homogeneous character and similarity in appearance for all the editions, whether German, French, or English. The guides are published originally in German, except those relating to France, Great Britain, and the United States.

For the preparation of these and for the English and French translations, or rather adaptations, of those written in German, an English and a French editor are respectively responsible. A large portion of the time of these gentlemen, as well as of Herr Baedeker himself, is spent in personal visits to important places. The early Baedekers were almost entirely the outcome of the editor's own observation; but, while his successors follow his example as far as possible, much of the actual travel is performed by agents trained in the system. The material contributed by these agents, with that derived from all other sources, then passes through the hands of the chief editor, and is tested and cast in the proper form. The preparation of a new guide and the revision of an old one proceed on practically the same lines. The new book, however, naturally demands more personal investigation by the responsible editor, both in arranging the plan and scope and in actual travel. Thus in preparing the United States and Canada the English editor himself covered over thirty-five thousand miles by conveyances of every description, selecting as his field the most important places and those calling for the greatest experience.

A good idea of the care bestowed on the preparation of a new book may be gained from the following, condensed from Herr Fritz Baedeker's account of the preparation of the guide for Spain. "The first manuscript, prepared by the well-known traveller, Ludwig Passarge, was revised by myself, and set up. With this printed manuscript an old colleague, Dr. Propping, travelled through Spain, making corrections based on his experiences, at the same time testing and revising the proof of Professor Justi's article on Spanish art. The article on Madrid was twice rewritten during the year by Mr. Dressel, German Secretary of Legation in Madrid. The description of the Prado picture gallery by the well-known art critic Dr. W. Bode was several times worked over because of the frequent rearrangement of the collection. After this the corrected proofsheets were submitted to a number of German residents of Spain and Portugal. As the treatment still seemed to me too broad, I once more worked

through the whole and made considerable reductions. For the second edition I secured the services of Professor Hübner in Berlin, who had criticised the archæological portions as insufficient. Dr. Dressel travelled through Asturia, Galicia, and other portions; Barcelona, Seville, Lisbon, etc., were revised by resident Germans; Majorca was visited by Dr. Arndt, who also corrected the treatment of antique sculptures at Madrid and elsewhere; and a number of art critics made contributions and revised the art statements for a number of the smaller cities which Dr. Propping had not been able to visit. I then re-edited the whole book once more with the utmost care."

OMISSIONS AND INACCURACIES.

With care so minute it would seem that few errors could find a place in these guides. As a matter of fact, the few that do creep in are almost altogether those due to changing conditions, which even with Baedeker's means of information can not always be detected at once. Thus hotels may for a time continue to be mentioned or starred though they may have disappeared or failed to sustain their reputation. Mistakes of this class, however, are sure soon to be discovered and rectified through the communications of travellers, whose voluntary letters to the editors form an invaluable, though not always reliable, aid to the publisher. In using the material thus supplied the editorial instinct has its severest test. The editor must be able to judge from the writer's letter whether the latter's complaint or description rests on a legitimate basis or represents simply a fancied slight, an unreasonable demand or an attempt to influence his judgment improperly. Where the latter elements are in evidence no change is made in the guide. If, however, several correspondents agree in their recommendations or complaints, an agent is sent to investigate, and his report is final.

Other apparent lapses may from time to time appear in matters of archæology, when new discoveries follow one another in rapid succession, as of late in the Roman Forum. Such occurrences, however, are not faults unless neglected,

and the effort to keep abreast of present conditions forms the reason for the comparatively small editions and the laudably frequent reissues of Baedeker. The work of revision never ceases, and forms the larger-part of the editor's duties. To facilitate it, all possible sources are laid under contribution. In addition to material gained from individuals, the daily press, railroad literature, advertisements, reports, and documents of many descriptions are consulted, the required information is extracted, and the results are carefully preserved in the proper pigeon-hole or transferred at once as corrections to the pages of the guidebook. As this method necessitates constant changes in matter, all Baedekers are printed from type, which is always kept standing, and the successive editions rarely exceed 5,000 copies.

STARRING EXCELLENCE.

Much facetiousness has been expended on the Baedeker device of indicating excellence by asterisks, yet no feature of the books has had more to do with their high reputation. The star before the title of a painting or a statue may sometimes only press the button which turns on the philistine's stream of perfunctory admiration; yet even then it is leading him unconsciously to recognise the standard accepted by the educated, and has thus a more far-reaching effect than the end it momentarily serves. Allowing for legitimate variations of opinion, the system as applied to art objects represents an accepted, permanent norm. As applied to tradesmen, hotels, and other matters which touch the physical comfort or enjoyment of the individual, it is less stable and calls for unremitting supervision and the strictest impartiality. The best evidence that these qualities are always present are the entire reliance of the travelling public on Baedeker's representations and the importance which the persons and establishments affected place upon them. Hotel keepers and others have long since learned that no inducement can be offered strong enough to influence Baedeker's favourable verdict except the one influence of merit; and, if any have not learned it, the lesson is quickly taught. The first step toward this end was the exclusion of all ad-

vertisements. In the early days many inducements were offered the editor to give high ratings. Special attentions were given and presents sent, the latter invariably returned, and the former fruitless. Whenever possible the editors still travel incognito, and in any case always pay the cost of entertainment, declining the not infrequent proffer of free accommodation. The recognition that Baedeker's star is unpurchasable has benefited the traveller and the general public not only by making it possible to select a hotel with definite knowledge of its situation, rates, and character, but especially by forcing the proprietors to reach or maintain a definite standard of excellence.

THE CASE OF THE AGGRIEVED ORIENTAL.

The rigid adherence to independence of judgment sometimes leads to amusing, sometimes to unpleasant, results for the publisher, but always to the benefit of the tourist. The chief obstacle to carrying out an absolutely honest and frank system of rating is found in the libel laws, occasionally invoked by the dissatisfied. The traveller has doubtless noticed that Baedeker commends, mentions without comment, or ignores, but rarely condemns. In so far as the guide fails to mention, the ratings are incomplete; yet it is scarcely an omission to ignore an establishment so bad that if mentioned it must be condemned. The publishers have at times suffered the consequences of what has been considered too great frankness. One of the guides was refused admission to France until the unfavourable rating of a French proprietor was altered, and other similar instances have occurred. In such cases the most effective course is found in the suppression of all mention. An amusing example is found in the sad experience of an oversharpe Oriental who, to his own cost, was successful in a libel suit brought against the publishers. One of the editions of Baedeker's Palestine and Syria, in referring to Howard's Hotel at Joppa, stated that it was kept by "one Awwad, an Arab," and, after giving the rates, added a note "Bargaining advisable." On the basis of this notice, the proprietor sued Herr Baedeker, alleging that he was not an Arab, but an English

subject born in Malta; that describing him as an Arab was an implication that he was untrustworthy and tricky; and that this implication was aggravated by the added note. The case came to trial in England and was strenuously defended as a matter vitally affecting the independence of the guidebook's characterisations. The appearance in court of the swarthy plaintiff effectually endorsed the publisher's ethnographic accuracy; but through the efforts of his counsel the jury was made to feel that the hint to travellers to have a definite understanding with the proprietor constituted a reflection on Awwad's character, and gave him £50 damages and costs. The amount was duly paid, the obnoxious description, together with all mention of Howard's hotels at Jerusalem as well as at Joppa disappeared from the pages of Baedeker, and the Oriental publican and his Oriental advocate enjoyed a brief triumph. In due time, however, came the sequel. The publisher received a fervid letter from a much-chastened Awwad, entreating him to restore the mention of the hotel, with any qualifications he might see fit to annex, and proffering the return of the damages and costs. But thereafter Howard's Hotel received its patronage through other sources than Baedeker, with the final result to Awwad (whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc*) of bankruptcy and disappearance from the hotel world. It was a fair test, and showed conclusively not only that tourists do govern themselves by the statements of a reputable guidebook, but also that even bare mention in its pages is a valuable advertisement for inn keepers—a fact which the latter thoroughly appreciate.

KEEPING THE GUIDES UP TO DATE.

Hotels known only by name receive this simple mention; those known only by a number of favourable reports receive the note "well spoken of," "well recommended," while the star is given only after personal investigation by the editor or a trusted correspondent, and may be withdrawn whenever the management falls below the standard. This complete impartiality could hardly be attained by any other method than that pursued by the Baedekers. Entirely independent of income derived from adver-

tisements, untrammelled by favours received, the publisher is free to aim at one result only—excellence. With commensurate returns for a relatively large cost of production, he can afford to issue small and frequent editions; while with great family pride in the family inheritance he can not afford to permit the guides to become antiquated or to depart in any particular from their standard. These elements make the Baedekers important factors in educating and elevating the artistic taste as well as in facilitating actual travelling. The contributions of great specialists in various departments, the constant scrutiny and revision by competent observers, the excellent maps and clear plans, which have contributed not a little to the Baedeker reputation, make a collection of these guides a complete survey in outline of the world's history, art, archæology, geography, and topography.

Not the least valuable feature of these works is their international character. The same independence that puts aside personal inducements rejects also any distinctive national point of view, thus fitting the guides equally well for French or English or German users. It has been said that "Baedeker has no soul," and in a sense this is a high compliment; for it is the province of a guidebook to point out, not to philosophise. It is a distinct credit to the Baedekers that they contain none of the rhapsodies, patriotic or artistic, which in British guidebooks so frequently offend a non-British reader.

It is not possible to decide in what proportion the sales of the English editions are divided between the English and Americans, since the latter often purchase the guides after reaching Europe. Enough is known, however, to justify the statement that the practical character of Baedeker's books is placing them increasingly in competition with

the English works. From the impossibility of separating the English sales, it is likewise difficult to determine whether English or Americans are the greater travellers; but the general sales indicate that the English-speaking nations take first place in this particular, and the French last; while the German, always a traveller within his own country, has of late become a full-fledged globe-trotter. The largest sales are reached by the guides for Switzerland, Germany, Paris, London and Italy. As the Germans are born archæologists, it is natural to find that the handbook for Italy has its greatest sale among them. The smallest sales are those of the French editions.

How far the modern guidebook is the cause as well as the measure of foreign travel is a question difficult of solution. Increasing wealth, leisure, and education are naturally the chief factors, but the guidebook also has its share in the result by making travel easier, particularly in less familiar regions, and by bringing new fields to the traveller's knowledge.

The guidebook was at first only a venture, then an incident, and always largely a labour of love with its publishers. Now, for the first time since the founding of the house in 1827, a Baedeker, the son of the present head of the firm, is being trained with the sole purpose of equipping himself as a maker of guidebooks exclusively. By the mastery of other languages and of details of the business by training in archæology and art under Professor Helbig of Rome and by wide travel he is fitting himself to take up the work so worthily sustained by his predecessors. With this training and with the momentum of almost a century behind the work, he will be looked to by the next generation of tourists for a corresponding development of the famous red volumes which, though "Made in Germany," belong to the travellers of all the civilised world.

Robert Arrowsmith.



HERE AND THERE.

The battle that was fought upon the banks of the Yalu on May-day rent apart at a single stroke the veil which had long hidden the military situation in the Far East from the eyes of the outer world. Certain definite facts became instantly apparent. In the first place, Russia's attitude in the final negotiations with Japan received an explanation. The Czar's government had put its trust in a gigantic and unsuccessful bluff. With probably fewer than 100,000 troops available for immediate service in the field, with a defective equipment of artillery, with no commander of proved ability upon the scene of action, and with a most imperfect commissariat, the Russian Viceroy spoke and acted as though all the forces of his master's Empire were massed in Manchuria and Corea. In haughty and self-confident harangues, he spoke of the "impregnable fortress" of Port Arthur, of the completeness of his preparations, and of the valour of his troops. He let it be supposed that, alike in men and munitions of war, he was ready for a vigorous and successful campaign. The Czar himself was misled by his immediate advisers, and in the cafés and clubs of St. Petersburg there reigned a spirit of supremely careless confidence.

The only persons who were not impressed by the boasting of the Viceroy and the imperious tone of Russian diplomats, were the generals and statesmen at Tokio. These, by means of a system of espionage that has perhaps never been equalled for efficiency, knew almost to a man the number and position of every Russian regiment in the East. Japanese spies had accurately noted all the weaknesses of the Russian armament, the difficulty of transportation, the inferior quality of the Asiatic troops, and the lack of ability in the Russian staff. Japanese officers of high rank had studied carefully the ground on which military operations were to be carried on; and, like the Germans in France, they knew the country better than did the actual possessors of it. And so, when Russian diplomacy

used the language of menace, and when the Russian negotiators with an insolence that was ill-concealed, delayed and let negotiations drag in leisurely *insouciance*, the subtle Orientals gave no sign, but hurried on the last details of their minutely elaborated plans, because they knew that their enemy was delivered into their hands. When the hour came for them to strike, the blow was like a bolt of lightning. On sea and on land alike, there moved forward in one great irresistible rush, the forces that had been gathering strength for eight long years against the need of this great crisis in their history. Not even then, nor all at once, did the Western nations fully realize the import of Japan's success. It was not until the swarthy troops of General Kuroki had smashed a Russian army in the field, and after blasting it with artillery, had swept its battalions out of their entrenchments at the point of the bayonet,—it was not until then that Europe and America perceived the deep significance of what had happened.

The opening of the war finds striking parallels in the Franco-German contest of 1870 and the Austro-Prussian struggle of 1866. Russian unpreparedness duplicates in every detail the unpreparedness of France at the time when General Leboeuf—an earlier Alexieff—told Napoleon III. that all was ready down to the last button on his soldiers' gaiters. There is the same melancholy story of vast supplies paid for but never delivered; of barrels of beef that when opened were found to be filled with bricks and cobblestones; of cartridges that are filled with sand instead of powder; of great stores of coal that will not burn; of shells that will not explode; of parks of artillery that never had any existence except in lying reports presented to the bemused and trustful Czar. Again, like the French of 1870, the Russians for some reason or other have been unable to mass large bodies of troops at important strategic points. Something has broken down; and so it was that in the battle on the Yalu, after weeks of preparation, only some 10,000 Russians were drawn up to

oppose the 30,000 Japanese who routed them. So it was in France at Forbach, and Wissembourg, and Gravelotte, and through all the melancholy list of battles in which the French fought with desperate gallantry against four times their number. The belief that General Kuropatkin had a deep laid plan for drawing on the Japanese to some great disaster is paralleled by a like belief which was entertained in 1866 when the Austrian commander, Benedek, fell back before the Prussian troops and let them penetrate into Bohemia without giving battle. "Benedek has a plan," said the sage military critics of the time; but when the great crash came at Königgrätz, the plan of Benedek was seen to have been as elusive and imaginary as the famous *plan Trochu* of 1870. The truth is, briefly stated, that the Russians did not want a war, that they were wholly unprepared for war, and that they made the fatal mistake of fancying that they could deceive their keen antagonists by empty boasts and fatuous mendacity.

Nevertheless, that person would be rash who should at the present moment make a confident prediction as to how this wonderfully interesting war is going to end. The man in the street, and the newspaper editors who write for the man in the street, talk lightly of a final victory for Japan. The Japanese themselves are wiser. There is little exultation in Tokio as yet, over what is after all a mere preliminary to the actual convulsion which must come when the Russians shall in reality have put forth their entire strength, and when the two armies, at last made equal, shall be locked in the death grip. The Mikado's generals know very well that they have merely driven in the outposts, so to speak, and that not yet have they encountered the Muscovite in the fullness of his power. The Russian has this trait in common with the Anglo-Saxon. He does not fight his best until he has been well beaten. When Frenchmen, or Italians, or Spaniards would be making up their minds that all is lost, Americans and Englishmen and Russians have only just begun to fight. Certain facts should be remembered in estimating the probabilities of the future. In the first place, Russia's credit is much better than Japan's, and this gives her an immense

advantage in a protracted war. Japan lately placed a six per cent. loan of \$50,000,000 at about 93½, while Russia easily placed a five per cent. loan of \$160,000,000 at 98. Moreover, the Russian imperial treasury contains some \$400,000,000 in gold, all of which could be used in an extreme emergency by suspending specie payments. On the other hand, Japan is burdened with an immense debt, and during the past eight years of military preparation the Japanese people have been taxed almost to the limit of their endurance. A long war, therefore, would lead to something like national bankruptcy. In the second place, Japan has put forth her whole strength in the first months of the war, and her success has been spectacular. Just what the staying power of her troops may be is something that time alone can show. The Russian regiments that were driven from the Yalu were not the picked and seasoned troops of European Russia, but were mainly raw Siberian levies and Asiatic Cossacks, ill-disciplined and ill-equipped, and with little of that sullen, stubborn, dogged resolution which is the racial characteristic of the European Muscovite. Moreover, among them were troops from Poland and from Finland, sent to the Far East in pursuance of the cruel policy which separates the soldiers of these provinces from their homes and friends. Their disaffection must have played as important a part in impairing their fighting efficiency as did a like disaffection in impairing the fighting efficiency of Austria's Hungarian regiments in Italy in 1859 and in Bohemia in 1866. Against them were pitted the flower of the Mikado's army—the regiments of the Imperial Guard and the very ablest of the Japanese commanders. Therefore, because ten thousand ill-trained Russian troops with only forty guns were driven back by thrice their number with nearly one hundred and fifty pieces of long-range artillery, it would be foolish to draw any inferences as to the mightier conflicts that are still to come.

Some deductions that have been made from what has already happened have a definite relation to our own military and naval policies. No sooner had the Russian battleships been shattered by torpedoes than the cry arose that battleships

are worthless and that our naval programme for the future must be altered so as to eliminate the provision for these floating forts and so as to build instead a great fleet of destroyers and torpedo boats. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, has taken the lead in advocating such a policy as this; and his speeches in the Senate upon the subject are on a par with his other speeches against the value of trained architects in the construction and alteration of public buildings. As a matter of fact, what do the Japanese successes at Port Arthur really prove? Nothing, of course, except that if a dozen battleships are anchored in a harbour, and if their officers are all ashore carousing, and if searchlights are not used or wise precautions taken, the ships may be torpedoed by a vigilant and energetic enemy. But surely we did not need a demonstration of a fact so obvious. The long blockade maintained at Santiago by the battleships of Sampson, where the searchlights played all night upon the entrance of the harbour, is vastly more convincing as a fact than the Russian bungling and the Japanese adroitness at Port Arthur.

Finally, the attitude of the Western peoples toward Japan in her new rôle of conqueror is very interesting. All of us felt at the beginning a certain sympathy with the Japanese, or perhaps a feeling of satisfaction that Russian insolence and duplicity had been smitten hard. It was delightful to read the Russian complaints of the "treachery" of Japan because the war had been begun without a formal declaration. It was delightful, because during the past five years there is scarcely any form of mendacity and deceit of which Russian diplomats and statesmen have not been guilty. They lied about China, and they lied about Manchuria. They tried to induce the Chinese government to break its promise to England and the United States. And they did this with a hardy shamelessness that turned the stomach of all decent nations. Therefore, no one was sorry when their prestige was shattered at a blow and their boastings were turned into a sort of rancorous whine. Nevertheless, in the long run the world will be no gainer from the ultimate victory of Japan. Four years ago we wrote the following sentences in these pages, and to-day we find nothing that we

desire to add to what we then wrote down:

"Japan has entered into the family of civilized nations. She has adopted occidental customs and occidental training. She has availed herself of all the instruments of occidental power. Yet, none the less, at heart and in the spirit and temper of her people, she is oriental to the core. She makes use of Western wisdom, but she dislikes the Western peoples. There never has been and, indeed, there never will be, any real sympathy between the Aryan and the non-Aryan, and they never can assimilate or be anything but enemies. Their modes of thought, their manner of living, their temperament, their ideals, are utterly antagonistic; and they cannot, in this world of ours, which is growing smaller every day, live side by side on terms of amity and mutual good-will; but rather one must dominate the other by the irresistible argument of physical force. In the long run it will be the white race against the brown race and the yellow; and it behooves the white race now to stop short of the perilous mistake of allowing the opposing races to unite. Give Japan a foothold in Corea or on the northern coast of China, and in twenty years she will have assimilated to her rule and to her training those millions that are now untaught, undisciplined, and, therefore, practically helpless against the power of the Caucasian. The quick intelligence of the Japanese and their gift for organization would soon convert these millions into a mighty fighting nation whose battalions would be equal in training and equipment to the troops of Europe and America. It is then that the Yellow Peril would be something definite and tangible, and it would be then that the battle of Armageddon would have to be fought out. Let no one think that the Japanese as a people are friendly to those Western nations that have been their teachers. They do not like us; they merely use us. Elated by their success against the Chinese five years ago, they feel themselves to be the military equals of any people in the world; and their national vanity is growing steadily into a national insolence which will know no check until the armies of Japan have met the armies of the West and have felt the shock of battle."

Americans should not forget that in 1898, when the United States annexed Hawaii, the Japanese government had the impertinence to make a strong protest against the annexation. The United States had exercised a protectorate over Hawaii long before the Japanese were dragged out of their semi-barbarous isolation. We had civilised and taught and protected the Hawaiian people, and then when we entered into the possession of what was our conceded right, these Orientals, situated two thousand miles away, took it upon themselves to question what we did. Let no American deceive himself as to what Japanese supremacy in Asia would really mean. It would not be many years before our fleets and armies

would be fighting to retain our hold upon the Philippines. Vanity is one of the most characteristic traits of the Japanese, and should it be blown into a prodigious conceit by a victory over Russia, Asia would be too small a place to hold at once the brown men and the white. The Western world should desire to see neither a Russian nor a Japanese hegemony in China. It may seem brutal, but it is undoubtedly the truth that what we ought to wish for is that Russia and Japan should both be so wholly broken and exhausted by the present war as to sink back for a hundred years at least into a condition of international impotence.

H. T. P.

LESE MAJESTÉ.

TO the average American the desire to speak insultingly of the President of the United States presents itself rarely, if ever. Even in the midst of party conflict, the due meed of respect is freely accorded both to the man and to the great office which he clothes. No statute attempts to enforce moderation of language with regard to him; indeed no one dreams that such a statute will ever become necessary. The penalties naturally attached to what would be regarded by all right-minded men as a lamentable breach of good taste are more than sufficient. Not so in Germany, where the majesty that doth hedge a king seems insufficient of itself to keep the tongues of majesty's subjects straight. Americans were once accustomed to find a satisfactory explanation for this state of affairs in the Emperor's over-indulgence in oratory, epigram, and telegram. Being "talked at" so much, it was assumed that even the patient Teuton must feel the need at times of "talking back" in spite of all the pains and penalties therefor duly made and provided. Since we have become better acquainted with William II.—or shall we be more precise and say, since the visit of Prince Henry,—our own respect for the Kaiser has appreciably increased and our former theories about him have been thoroughly

overhauled. Possibly also our recent sympathy for those who assailed him with insult has decreased. Still, it remains true that no feature of modern political life in Germany appeals to us as more singular than the attempt to prevent by statute and public prosecutor any irreverent utterance regarding royalty.

THE GERMAN LAW OF LESE MAJESTÉ.

The heinous crime of insulting majesty,—pity that the German language can find no more acceptable expression for it than the ponderous compound *Majestätsbeleidigung*,—is dealt with by Section 95 of the German Imperial Criminal Code. Imprisonment or confinement in a fortress for not less than two months nor more than five years is threatened those who insult the Emperor, the sovereign of their respective States, or the sovereign of the State in which they happen to be sojourning. According to the extremely broad and elastic interpretation of the courts, to "insult" means to say or do, either in public or private, with or without intention to offend, anything deemed irreverent to the princes mentioned. Thus the person who failed to rise in response to a toast to the Emperor would come under the provisions of the law as clearly as one who spoke disrespectfully of him. In addition to the penalty prescribed above, persons found

guilty under Section 95 may be punished by the loss of any public office which they hold, and by the forfeiture of any rights they possess as the result of any public election (Section 96). Thus the Social Democrat newly elected to the Reichstag whose overwhelming majority in a crowded city district should tempt him to express too candid an opinion of the Emperor might in consequence lose both his liberty and his office. By Section 97 of the Code, lighter penalties are provided for insults affecting regents, or other than reigning members of princely houses. It is, therefore, by no means politic in Germany to call even the grand-aunt of royalty an old goose, at least not without carefully considering whether the pleasure of relieving your mind in this elevated way is, after all, worth a month's imprisonment, to say nothing of the risk you run of receiving a sentence of three years for so harmless, and possibly so veracious, a remark. Not that the ability to prove the truth of your allegation would release you as in the case of an ordinary libel suit; indeed it would evidently have no other effect than to increase the enormity of your offence.

HOW THE LAW WORKS: MINOR INFRAC- TIONS.

Dead letter laws are not so common in Germany as they are in certain regions considerably less remote. The statute regarding lèse majesté is no exception to this rule. Statistics collected in 1898, at the end of the first decade of the present Emperor's reign, showed that since his accession to the throne much more than one thousand years of imprisonment had been inflicted upon offenders under Section 95 of the Code. Between 1898-1904, convictions have been notoriously more numerous than before. Scarcely a week elapses without the notice in the general press of the country of three or four trials of this character. Americans can well afford to laugh over the comic-opera effects of the few cases which find their way into our foreign news columns, but to the German lèse majesté is not entirely a laughing matter. Nevertheless it remains true that no section in the whole Criminal Code of the Empire is so frequently broken.

Of course, the great majority of the

infractions of the law occur under circumstances which render vain the vigilance of the officious policeman and the ambition of sycophantic prosecuting attorneys. Not all walls in Germany have ears; but the proverb regarding stolen fruit is as true in the *Vaterland* as elsewhere.

There are many Germans, even among the most loyal, who without a thought of malice are decidedly of the opinion that a good joke on the Emperor is all the better for the fact that it has to be told strictly *sub rosa*.

One favourite legend, usually related under the protection of drawn shutters and bolted doors, touches satirically upon the Kaiser's well-known propensity for travel. According to the story, part of the entertainment provided by an itinerant circus of the usual German kind consisted in a dialogue carried on by the performers somewhat after the fashion of the American minstrel show. The end-man of the troupe began by asking innocently: "What was the favourite motto of our first Emperor?" To this, the middle-man responded with William I.'s well-known saying: "I have no time to be tired." (*"Ich habe keine Zeit müde zu sein."*) Amid patriotic applause followed the question: "What was the favourite motto of our second Emperor?" Frederick III.'s pitiful note of resignation, "Learn to suffer without complaining," was the rejoinder. (*"Lerne leiden ohne zu klagen."*) Silence hung over the audience as the third question was propounded: "You have been good enough to tell us what William the Great and the beloved Frederick said; now please tell the ladies and gentlemen what is the favourite maxim of our present Emperor." "'Gusta, pack up your trunks!" came the irreverent reply in the tone of a man ordering his wife to make summary preparations for departure.

The audience which listened to this sally found it hugely amusing, less, perhaps, for its humour than because of its forbidden character. To the unfortunate middle-man, the joke may not have seemed so excruciatingly funny when the court gave him three months in which to meditate in the seclusion of a prison cell upon the dangers of misplaced levity. Apparently this punishment was not suf-



ON HANGING. PICTURES SHOWING PROGRESS MADE IN TWO CENTURIES.
 Frederick the Great ordered a caricature of himself to be hung lower than all might see it. In the present century the order is to hang the editor higher, while soldiers, prosecuting attorney, and ladies watch the sport. From *Simplicissimus*.



When in 1902, the Clerical majority in the Bavarian parliament refused to grant the government the usual annual appropriation of 100,000 marks for the purchase of works of art, Emperor William impulsively telegraphed to the Prince Regent of Bavaria offering to give the sum out of his private purse. So unwarranted an interference in the affairs of one of the federal states could not be passed over in silence by the German comic press. *Jugend* represents Emperor William holding a telegram as Jove might hold a thunderbolt, while the Clerical representatives file before him upon the dust of the arena shouting, "Hail Caesar, those about to be *blamed* salute thee!" Fortunately for the editor, the folds of the flag conceal the Emperor's head. The features of the Imperial Chancellor, behind him and to the left, leaves no doubt, however, as to the identity of the wielder of the telegram.

ficient, however, for shortly before he was to be released hand-bills were spread broadcast announcing that upon his return to the circus, he would resume his former rôle. As a result of this advertising an immense crowd attended upon the occasion of the ex-prisoner's reappearance. It goes without saying that the police were likewise on hand. In Germany they usually are. All the dialogue recited above was repeated without interference down to the last question; the great audience craned forward in eager and mirthful anticipation; the police took a firmer grip on their clubs, but to the pregnant query: "What is the motto of our present Emperor?" the chastened Thespian smiled idiotically, scratched his head, and finally succeeded in saying that he thought he had known the answer to that question three months before, but somehow, in the meantime, he had misplaced it. The roar of laughter that went up at this showed how well the audience knew what his former answer had been, and also how thoroughly the discomfiture of the police was appreciated. Thus were the authorities baffled of their prey, while actually, although not technically, William II. was advertised as a gadabout monarch.

No American whose relations with Germans have become confidential ever escapes the story of a fellow countryman's alleged encounter with the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. According to this more than twice-told tale, two citizens of the United States newly arrived in Berlin fell in with each other in the crowded Café Bauer, and very indiscreetly began a conversation on the merits and demerits of the reigning Hohenzollern. One of the gentlemen, whose views of majesty in general and of William's majesty in particular, were not of the most exalted kind, finally went so far as to remark that in his opinion the Kaiser was a d— fool. Although the words were spoken in English, they were hardly out of his mouth before a policeman stepped up and placed him under arrest. "Wh—what," gasped the astounded American, "you don't mean to say that you arrest a man in this country for saying a little thing like that?" "Oh! gourse," responded the vigilant guardian of the law, "*dot's Majestätsbeleidigung.*" There seemed nothing for it but to accompany brass buttons and spiked helmet to the station house pending an appeal to the Embassy. Suddenly an inspiration seized the offending American. "Oh,

that's all right," he said airily, "I wasn't talking of your Emperor at all; I meant the Kaiser of Russia." For a moment it seemed that the ruse would succeed, but the policeman was not to be eluded so easily. "Nein, dot von't go," he said, with the emphasis of complete conviction, "dere vos only vun Kaiser dot vos a d— fool!"

Altogether hundreds of such stories are in circulation in Germany. The narration of any one of them might be made the basis of a prosecution, yet only very seldom are they told in an insulting spirit. While, perhaps, no great harm is done by their constant repetition, it is evident that they do not tend to strengthen in the breasts of the people a proper respect for the crown and its august wearer. Of the great majority of such stories it must be said that they contain very little of the saving salt of humour, and were it not for their forbidden character would probably soon be forgotten. To this extent, then, the law

of lèse majesté evidently defeats its own purpose.

EVASIONS AND VIOLATIONS OF THE LAW BY THE PRESS OF GERMANY.

Far more serious than the offences of those who merely repeat disrespectful stories about the Kaiser are the constant evasions and violations of the law in the press and periodicals of Germany. Many political and journalistic opponents of the Emperor's policy are sufficiently embittered to be willing to make every effort in the way of insulting him. No doubt their determination to do so, at least so far as they deem it consistent with safety, is materially strengthened by the existence of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. To draw a cartoon so cleverly, or to hurl an epithet so deftly that every one knows at whom it is aimed, while at the same time no possible ground is left upon which the State's Attorney can begin proceedings, is a decided feather in the cap of the journal which accomplishes the

Der bayerische Löwe!



Da der pflichttreife Wächter beschlossen hat, das Thier knapp zu halten, geräth er über einen unbefugten Fütterungsversuch in begreifliche Aufregung.

THE BAVARIAN LION.

Kladderadatsch's Contribution to the Emperor's Bavarian telegram episode represents the Bavarian lion behind the bars of a cage. In defiance of the sign "Don't feed the animals," to which the Clerical keeper warningly points, a hand is seen offering 100,000 marks in bills to the royal beast. Prudential reasons explain the failure of the artist to present a full length portrait of the owner of the intruding hand.

feat. Private gain, as well as the desire for political revenge, plays a part among the motives which impel men to violate or evade Section 95 of the Code. Certain comic papers especially are currently reputed to owe no small part of their circulation to the confident and seldom disappointed belief of their readers that each issue can be depended upon to come

as near as possible to insulting the Kaiser without directly doing so. Some of the journalistic devices called forth by necessity in the guise of the law against *lèse majesté* are extremely ingenious, whatever one may think with regard to the veiled strictures they make upon the character or actions of the Emperor.

Probably no more brilliant achievement



NEWS FROM THE CAMP OF THE HEAVENLY HOSTS.

Kladderadatsch's Satirical Comment upon the Emperor's Announcement that no one could be a good soldier who was not a good Christian. (See p. 366). This cartoon cost the editor of the offending paper three months in prison, and the confiscation of the issue containing it.

was ever accomplished in this field than that of the *Berlin Post*. Commenting on the Kaiser's remarkable contributions to the recent *Babel und Bibel* controversy, the editor of that paper was moved to quote from Shakespeare's *Henry V.*:

"Hear him but reason in Divinity
And all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the King were made a
prelate."

Imagine, if you please, the state of dreadful doubt into which the guardians of the King's majesty must have been thrown by this ambiguous text! On the one hand, they were at liberty to disre-

gard the well-known political and religious proclivities of the *Post*, and take its quotation as a delicate compliment upon the monarch's ability in the rarefied atmosphere of the higher biblical criticism. On the other, it might be construed as the expression of a covert, but none the less fervent, wish that William II. should devote himself to pursuits which would keep him permanently out of political mischief. Unfortunately for the public prosecutor, however, he could hardly take the latter horn of the dilemma without exposure to the risk of being himself accused of interpreting in an insulting manner what outwardly bore the



HOW SHALL I MAKE MY NEXT DRAWING.

Artist Heine of *Simplicissimus*, at the time under arrest on the charge of Lese Majesty, portrays himself making his next drawing. Schiller's words. "Life is stern, but Art is joyous," accompany the sketch.

semblance of a charming and highly complimentary classical quotation bearing upon his majesty's theological gifts.

One might be tempted to pity the troubled lot of the political cartoonist in Germany consequent upon the limitations imposed by the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. Such sympathy would be sadly wasted, however, for nowhere is the art of caricature so abundantly pursued. The only apparent effect of the law is to increase the public demand for clever pictorial flings at royalty. Among innumerable cartoons of this character may be mentioned one representing a scene in an alcove of an art gallery. Two gentlemen are standing before the portrait of a stocky personage in a rich Dutch costume of the sixteenth century. "This," remarks one of them, "is a picture of William the Silent." "I didn't know William was ever silent," responds his companion.

Another cartoon which was much

laughed at and discussed at the time of its appearance dealt with the Kaiser's absurd statement that no one could be a good soldier who was not a good Christian. In the foreground of the picture is seen his Satanic majesty quizzically regarding a knot tied in his own tail. "Ah, now I remember why I tied that knot in my tail," he is saying. "It was to remind me to go after the old Fritz, since 'he who is not a good Christian is—not a good Prussian soldier, nor can he under any circumstances perform the duties demanded of a soldier in the Prussian army.'" The words of majesty thus quoted verbatim by the devil are being read with mirth and astonishment by Leonidas, Alexander, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great, whose shades appear outlined against the clouds in the background. Satan continues hopefully, "Now, perhaps I may succeed in securing a revision of St. Peter's judgment and thus be able to free the heavenly



MINGLED EMOTIONS.

Insults directed against other than reigning members of the royal house are also punishable. Prince Henry's reception in the United States as it appeared to *Kladderadatsch*, does not, therefore, represent the brother of the Emperor in such a way that he could be identified in court. The gentlemen to the left in the picture are anti-American members of the Reichstag, whom "Policeman" Buelow, the Imperial Chancellor, is striving to keep quiet during the royal visit. *Zolltarif*, the rising sun of protection, explains their desire to throw stones at Uncle Sam.

hosts from bad Christians and bad soldiers." Although the artist responsible for this masterpiece could easily have quoted almost any number of pagan or irreligious military heroes in addition to those portrayed in the cartoon, the argument was hastily dropped when the issue of the paper containing the "insult" was confiscated and its editor sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

It goes without saying that in the midst of the constantly repeated attempts of journalists and cartoonists to drive as near the edge of the precipice as possible, some of them, as in the last mentioned instance, occasionally topple over. Accord-

ing to the Press Law of Germany, every periodical is obliged to publish in each issue the name of some person as its responsible editor. In case anything contrary to law is then allowed to appear, the responsible editor is held liable for the offence. At first sight it might seem that this would afford the government so quick and secure a means of punishment that *lèse majesté* would rarely occur. It is asserted, however, that comic periodicals of the class that makes a business of insulting the Emperor regularly, utilize this very provision of the Press Law as a means of escaping punishment. Instead of publishing the name of the



On the occasion of the meeting between Emperor William and the Czar of Russia at Danzig in 1901, *Jugend* was bold enough to represent the Emperor introducing his six sons to Nicholas, who, it will be remembered, is yet without a male descendant. It is not by accident that, while the Czar is portrayed with his face to the reader, only the fiercely upturned edge of the mustache serves to indicate William as the proud father of the six sturdy boys.

person really responsible for their management, they secure by means of liberal payments the use of the name of some utterly irresponsible party who is then gazetted as *Verantwortlicher Redakteur*. Of course, only a short time usually elapses before the paper is deprived by legal process of his valuable services, but substitutes of the same character are readily obtainable, and the paper goes merrily on. In view of this expedient, is it not time to modify somewhat our

stereotyped conviction regarding the slowness and unprogressiveness of German journalism?

ONE-SIDED WAR BETWEEN EMPEROR AND SOCIALISTS.

Such devices to escape punishment as have just been described are not commonly employed by the Social-democratic press of Germany. As a consequence, nearly every editor and many political leaders of that party have served one or

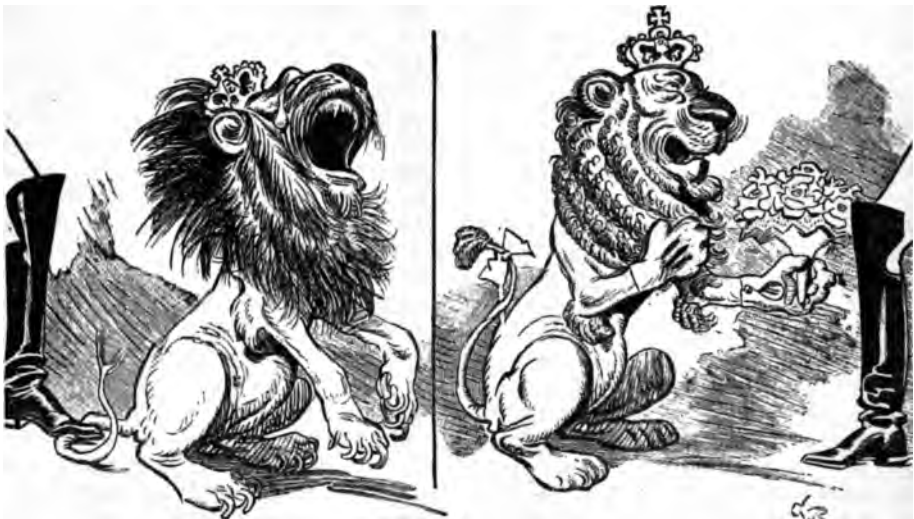


It is not Lese Majesty to ridicule the Lese Majesty law. *Kladderadatsch* takes advantage of this fact in a cartoon representing the Tower of Babel being constructed out of great bundles of Lese Majesty indictments. Up the steep ascent of the structure public prosecutors drag offending editors, burdened with the weight of the accusations against them, while Justice is being hanged at the side.

more terms in prison for lèse majesté or offences against the Press Law. To some extent, of course, this increases their prestige in the ranks of their comrades, and consequently they are not altogether losers by their martyrdom. The real motives of the Socialists go far deeper, however. It is something more than a conflict of social theories and social classes in which they are engaged. To the struggle between the present order and the future state of which the Social Democrats dream, there has been super-added a sharp personal conflict between the crowned and consecrated incarnation of the one and the democratic tribunes of the other. The determination of the present Emperor to rule personally, to be his own Chancellor as the saying goes, has greatly intensified the situation. One of the effects of this policy has been to widen the scope of the law against insult owing to the much larger number nowadays of imperial words and deeds upon which comment is dangerous. Under the circumstances, great personal bitterness

would have been inevitable even if both parties had been far more conciliatory than they actually were and are. There can be no doubt that the length to which the Emperor has frequently gone in denouncing the Social Democrats has added oil to the flames of passion. The official reports of his speeches confess to such phrases as "Agitators devoid of Patriotism," "Enemies of the Empire and of their Fatherland," etc.; and if the testimony of many of his hearers is to be believed, the heat of oratory has often carried him much farther. The Socialists would be more than human if they remained quiet under such taunts, but if they dare to reply in terms disrespectful to the Emperor's person, they must pay the penalty. In so thoroughly one-sided a conflict it is impossible not to feel a very considerable measure of sympathy for the editors and party leaders who are sent to prison for an offence morally no worse than that which the Emperor himself commits against them. He reserves the right of throwing stones at the Social-

Der britische Löwe.



1894

und

1899.

THE BRITISH LION.

Emperor William's truculent telegram to Oom Paul, in 1894, led to the publication in *Kladderadatsch* of the cartoon on the left. The reversal of his former policy in favor of England during the Boer war is caricatured on the right. Noteworthy in the two pictures is the fact that only the imperial boot is allowed to appear by the artist. To have gone further would have been to court the terrors of the Lèse Majesté law.

ists, but they may throw nothing harder than sponges at him.

HOW WILLIAM II. WAS COMPARED WITH CALIGULA.

Humourists and Socialists are not the only thorns in the flesh of majesty, however. Among the many shafts that have been aimed at the German Emperor none can compare with the work of L. Quidde, a well-known German professor and historical writer. A little pamphlet which he published in 1894 under the title, *Caligula, a Study of Roman Imperial Madness*, has all the earmarks of a severely scientific bit of research. Footnotes, copious references to Suetonius, Dio Cassius, and other Roman historians, and the general arrangement of the text all contribute to make it appear nothing more than a learned historical monograph. The only flaw which makes it ring conspicuously false to the scholar's sense is the lack of critical discrimination shown in following some of the wilder stories of the Roman chroniclers. This, however, only heightens the colour of the picture, and enables the writer to bring out more sharply the many superficial similarities between the lives of Caligula and William II. Not that he does so except by implication; for there is not a word in the whole monograph referring directly to the present ruler of Germany. Nevertheless the briefest summary of Quidde's work will suffice to show how irresistibly the minds of all its readers were compelled to complete the parallel of which he drew only one side.

The underlying theory illustrated in this ostensible life of Caligula is that weak-minded princes are liable to a peculiar form of insanity resulting from, and expressing itself in, the excesses which a knowledge of their power and the slavish adulation of their entourage lead them to commit. It is pointed out that Germanicus, the father of Caligula, was dearly beloved by the Roman people who expected freer and happier days from him. Germanicus, however, was not in favour with the old Emperor Tiberius, whose interest centred more in Caligula. The latter came to the throne while still very young, and as soon as he felt himself secure in his power began to dismiss the leading statesmen of the

Empire, notably General Macro. As a consequence of his ungrateful treatment of this faithful old servant he lost a large part of his popularity. Although with this exception his reign began fairly well, before long Caligula showed that he **was** possessed of a feverish desire to make himself conspicuous, he rushed impatiently from one undertaking to another, and attempted everything. Fully imbued with the notion of his divine right, he indulged in extravagance and unheard-of pomp; he built for himself magnificent yachts, planned gigantic public monuments and extensive canals, evinced a passionate fondness for army manœuvres, and spoke in public on every possible occasion. Numerous details are employed to fill in this picture of Caligula's character, and the monograph concludes with an account of the multiplying evidences of the Emperor's later insanity,—the delusion that he was a god, his delight in fiendish cruelties, and the sickening excesses of vice to which he devoted himself without restraint.

Substitute in the above outline for Caligula, William II.; for Macro, Bismarck; for Tiberius, William I.; for Germanicus, Frederick III.; for the Roman, the German Empire; and observe how far the parallel seems to hold. That is precisely what millions of German readers of this remarkable monograph did; nor can there be any doubt that the minds of many of them were poisoned by its misleading implications. So far is one carried along with the current of superficial suggestion that it is difficult even for the critical reader to fix the exact points at which the similarity in the lives of the two men ends. Yet there can be not the slightest doubt that to attribute to William II. any of the extreme vices, or even the entire list of the lesser faults of Caligula, is to do that monarch the gravest injustice.

In spite of the profound and unquestionably pernicious influence which Quidde's monograph exerted, the State was powerless to take action. He had written about Caligula, not about the reigning Emperor. To assume that he meant to describe William II. would be *lèse majesté* in itself, and so the hands of the public prosecutor were tied. Some newspaper editors were punished, it is

true, for hinting that the account given by Quidde was as applicable to the living German as to the long dead Roman Emperor, but this served only to advertise the work further. A number of ill-advised replies to it had the same effect, although there can be no doubt that the author of *Caligula* has been made to wince more than once by the outspoken condemnation of his professional brethren. In such an emergency, the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law itself was worse than useless. It could not remedy the harm done, it could not punish, while in so far as its existence had created a craving for the literature of insult it was indirectly responsible for the wide attention which the *Caligula* received. There was nothing left for the judicious but to grieve, and perhaps to hope that even such severe and exaggerated criticism as that of Quidde might have its uses in tempering the youthful impetuosity of the Emperor.

PROSTITUTION OF THE LAW OF LÈSE MAJESTÉ TO SERVE PRIVATE ENDS.

Generally unsatisfactory as is the operation of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law in political and journalistic cases, a much worse development occurs in its frequent prostitution to serve private ends. Some of the instances of this sort go far towards destroying one's faith in human nature. Examples have already been quoted of the numerous, yet on the whole innocent, witticisms regarding the Emperor which are current everywhere in Germany. The circulation of these stories affords ample opportunity to the depraved characters who for motives of revenge or profit are willing to play the part of informers. In this they are aided by one of the fundamental principles of German law which makes it obligatory upon State's attorneys to prosecute any criminal case brought to their notice. Not infrequently government officials themselves are filled with disgust at the evident motives of the tale-bearers who come before them, but they are, of course, obliged to begin proceedings without regard to their private feelings in the matter. One case, at least, is on record where a prosecuting attorney was compelled to act by an anonymous complaint published as an advertisement in a newspaper and instigated, as every one knew, by a business rival of the man accused

therein. Not infrequently discharged servants seek to even matters with their former employers by denouncing them for some imprudent utterance regarding royalty. Readers of German newspapers have long since become familiar with such actual instances as the following:

"In the Criminal Court at X—, Frau E— H—, of L—, was yesterday sentenced to three months' imprisonment for lese majesty. She was accused on the basis of a remark made in her own home during the Emperor's recent journey to the Holy Land. The conversation had turned to the alleged attempt upon the Emperor's life at Alexandria, and while she was reading the newspaper account of it some insulting utterance escaped her lips. Shortly thereafter she had occasion to discharge a sixteen-year-old stableboy named B—, who promptly informed against her. As the insulting words had also been overheard by the servant girl, T—, the court pronounced Frau H— guilty, and she was sentenced to prison for the term stated above."

What had the poor woman said? Probably nothing worse than that ancient joke comparing the three Emperors of Germany as *ein greiser Kaiser* (William I.), *ein weiser Kaiser* (Frederick II.), and *ein reiser Kaiser* (William II.); or to translate, which unfortunately destroys the jingle, an aged Emperor, a wise Emperor, and a gadabout Emperor. Yet for probably no more harmful an indiscretion than this the culprit, a respectable woman and the mother of a family, was sent to prison for three months!

According to the German statute of limitations, insults directed against private persons are barred after two years, whereas insults affecting sovereigns may be made the basis of prosecution at any time within five years. One of the consequences of this longer term in the case of *lèse majesté* is that blackmailer-informers are enabled to extort a living to much better advantage. Also, if the postponement of revenge makes revenge more sweet, in this particular the law leaves little to be desired. Five years is a long time, quite long enough to witness the transformation to vinegar of much of the wine of friendship. Incredible as it may seem, no inconsiderable proportions of the denunciations on account of *lèse majesté* are made by persons seeking revenge against former friends. There is

one case of this sort on record where the accusation was postponed till the last day of the time allowed: for five years did this noble patriot bear in his bosom the rankling memory of the insult to his sovereign, for five years was his tender conscience torn with conflicting ideas of duty, but in the end loyalty to the monarch prevailed, and as a consequence his former friend was sentenced to some months' confinement in a fortress.

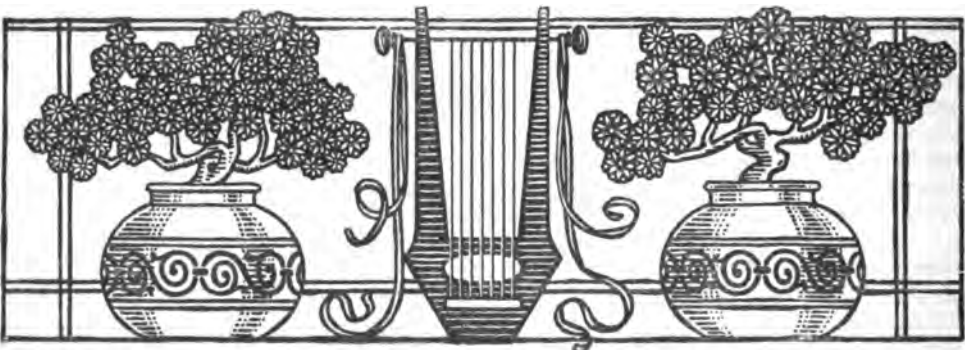
In the light of such happenings it is, of course, highly imprudent for any one to relate even the most innocent anecdote regarding the Emperor while on German soil. This applies to Americans travelling abroad as much as to any one else. So far as is known to the writer, no citizen of the United States has yet been convicted and imprisoned for *lèse majesté*, but one instance of an arrest for a rather aggravated offence is recalled in which the culprit only got off after proving that he was hopelessly intoxicated at the time the insulting utterances were made. Probably even this would not have saved him had not the American Embassy interfered in his behalf.

REFORM PROPOSITIONS.

It is hard to believe that a monarch so enlightened as William II. can view with complacency all the practical workings of the *lèse majesté* law. That he does so, however, would seem to be a fair inference from the fact that since his accession to the throne the pardoning power has never been used to the benefit of any person convicted of this offence. Moreover with the Emperor's growing fear of revolution the tendency is decidedly toward the multiplication of prosecutions

and the lengthening of sentences. Against this tendency is arrayed not only the radical, but also the whole liberal sentiment of the nation. The Social Democrats naturally demand the abolition of the law *in toto*. Their less advanced liberal friends would be satisfied with amendments shutting out minor cases of insult, and particularly those resting upon the contemptible foundation of business rivalry or private spite. It has frequently been proposed that all denunciations should be submitted to the Minister of Justice, who could then order suits to be brought whenever in his opinion the magnitude of the offence warranted such action. This would enable the State to pursue intentional offenders as before, while petty cases could be passed over in silence. Yet even this modest measure of reform has not found favour with the ruling element, probably because it is feared that the exercise of such discretion by the Minister of Justice might be made the basis of parliamentary interpellations and criticisms. Considering the general inefficiency and harmfulness of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law, the positive impulse which it gives to the circulation of irreverent stories; its egregious failure to prevent such monstrous, yet concealed, libels as the *Caligula*; the political bitterness which it has instigated; and the awful harvest of denunciation and hate ripening among the masses of the people under its influence;—considering all these evils in the State, it is indeed a sign of the times that some measure of relief has not yet been worked out by William II. and the allied princes of the German Empire.

Robert C. Brooks.



THE NAVY, THE PRESIDENT AND THE SECRETARY.

SOME thirty years ago, an American fleet was assembled off the coast of Florida. Not long before, a Spanish man of war, the *Tornado*, had captured on the high seas a steamer, the *Virginus*, flying the American flag, navigated by an American captain, and manned by a crew partly made up of American sailors. The *Tornado* took her prize into the harbour of Santiago. There a drum-head court martial was convened. The captain of the *Virginus* and fifty-six of his crew, were shot down by Spanish soldiers in the prison court-yard. President Grant cabled an emphatic protest to Madrid and received the haughty answer that Spain would decide this matter in the way that best befitted her national dignity. The American government sent despatches, the wording of which hinted at immediate war. The American Minister to Spain was ordered to deliver an ultimatum and to demand his passports if a satisfactory answer were not given upon a fixed date. Spain remained stubborn, yet the American Minister still stayed on. Not until six weeks had elapsed was an arrangement reached by which the *Virginus* was given up and Spain made a half equivocal disclaimer of any wish to offer an indignity to the American flag.

But it was the United States that had in reality backed down. And why? Simply because our coasts were without protection and because our navy did not possess a single ship able to meet the attack of any one of the Spanish armoured vessels. Yet, after the incident closed, our government ordered a naval demonstration to be made in Southern waters, partly because it felt that something should be done to allay popular dissatisfaction, and partly for the sake of finding out just what sort of a navy we possessed. But if the affair of the *Virginus* had been humiliating, this naval demonstration was almost more so. Such a collection of antiquated hulks had probably never been assembled by a first-rate power. Here were all the rotten old tubs

which our naval officers had blushed to navigate in European waters—wooden ships that had been disrated even during the Civil War, rusty iron ships that suggested nothing but the junk-yard, patched-up vessels upon whose repairs Grant's notorious Secretary, Robeson, had squandered sums sufficient to have created a splendid fighting fleet. The whole motley conglomeration could have been knocked to pieces in an hour by such a vessel as the Spanish *Arapiles*, and that at a range which could have made the old smooth-bores of the American fleet absolutely powerless to reply.

It was, perhaps, from the time of this humiliating exhibition that the true birth of the new American navy is to be dated; for it soon became impressed upon the American people that not merely a second-rate power like Spain, but even a third-rate power like Chile or Peru, would, in case of war, have all our seaports at the mercy of its guns. And so, just twenty-three years after the capture of the *Virginus*, the new American navy shattered the naval strength of Spain and sent a thrill of patriotic pride through all our countrymen.

It is the results of these twenty-three years of naval creation, which ex-Secretary Long describes in his very interesting book, *The New American Navy*, with a more particularly detailed account of just what that navy achieved in the war with Spain. It is a story of which we may all be proud; because each of the two great political parties has done its share toward the construction of a fleet that fitly represents the power of the American Republic. President Arthur and President Cleveland, Secretary Whitney and Secretary Tracy, Republicans and Democrats, all share the honour of what has been so magnificently accomplished. Not the least attractive feature of this book by Mr. Long is the account which he has given of the navy's *personnel*. In doing this, however, he has, as everybody is aware, inadvertently but irretrievably committed the awful crime of *Majes-*

tätsbeleidigung. We prefer the German term because its ponderosity is more likely to impress irreverent and frivolous minds with the enormity of Mr. Long's offense. When Mr. Long was Secretary of the Navy, he had as one of his assistant secretaries, the Personage who, at the present time is sitting in the White House and feverishly figuring out the next electoral vote. Mr. Long always liked the Personage, but somehow he never took him quite so seriously as does Mr. Jacob Riis, for instance. At times he even found the Personage amusing, and probably smiled a little to himself as he wrote the following passage:

"Mr. Roosevelt was an interesting personality as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as indeed he is in any capacity. There were several candidates for the place which President McKinley allowed me to fill. I selected Mr. Roosevelt who had had, and, indeed, has had to this day, a hearty interest in the Navy. His activity was characteristic. He was zealous in the work of putting the Navy in condition for the apprehended struggle. His ardour sometimes went faster than the President or the Department approved. . . . He worked indefatigably, frequently incorporating his views in memoranda which he would place every morning on my desk. Most of his suggestions had, however, so far as applicable, been already adopted by the various bureaus, the chiefs of which were straining every nerve and leaving nothing not done. . . . He was heart and soul in his work. His typewriters had no rest."

No one at first sight would suppose that this innocent paragraph was fraught with something verging upon treason. It gives, with a few inimitable touches, the whole Roosevelt kinetoscope. We can see the Young Man in multifarious

motion,—inventing, expounding, dictating, declaiming, haranguing. He makes every day wonderful discoveries in the art of naval warfare, and proudly describes them in memoranda which he places on his chief's big desk. These "discoveries," to be sure, were, one and all, "so far as applicable," known to naval officers before the Young Man was born. But that made no difference. He went on intrepidly, never weary, always fresh. "His typewriters had no rest." It is a beautiful *genre* picture of an impetuous landsman trying to become a naval expert in a hurry and by sheer boisterousness. Mr. Long has sketched it in with infinite delicacy and discretion. Yet he was playing with a stick of dynamite. No sooner had his book been read by those whose sacred privilege it is to be very near the Personage, than there went forth from the Navy Department a winged order forbidding those two volumes to be placed in the ship's library of any American vessel of war. Thus swiftly do the gods smite; and therefore, we have here the curious anomaly of an admirably patriotic book written by one who was not long ago a Secretary of the Navy, yet still a book which no sailor in the American naval service is (officially) allowed to read. Mr. F. F. Leupp declares that the President has a sense of humour; but like that sense in many others, it atrophies and shrivels when it touches any subject relating to Himself. We fancy, however, that ex-Secretary Long still smiles urbanely with a quiet satisfaction, as does one who has watched and been amused by the strivings of a rampant urchin.

Harry Thurston Peck.



THE AMERICAN COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

THREE distinct points of view with reference to the College Commencement season, now upon us, are presented in these three more or less well-known passages: "He considered it undignified to throw open the University to a rabble of women, to invite them to 'kick up their heels' in Memorial Hall and see them described in the evening papers as 'Harvard's Fair Invaders,'" says Charles Macomb Flaudrau, in his "Class Day Idyll," one of the "Harvard Episodes," of Beverly Beverly, who may be called the victim of the Idyll.

"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?

If there has, take him out, without making a noise.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!

Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!"

wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, Harvard '29, for his class, thirty years after graduation; and thirty years later still:

"We come with feeble steps and slow,
A little band of four or five,
Left from the wrecks of long ago,
Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they
Whose memories it is ours to share!
Spread the long table's full array,—
There sits a ghost in every chair!"

Each of these view points is typical, though the enthusiastic undergraduate's point of view is unrepresented. What the enthusiastic undergraduate thinks is well known.

Commencements are on a large scale now, as nearly everything else is at the big universities. Simplicity, whether or not it ought to be, is no longer the rule. The recent erection by a Yale society of a marble hall to meet in, a hall which cost many thousand dollars, and which has neither windows nor skylight, but is lighted by a refraction apparatus from outside through the cellar, is typical of the present spirit at the larger institutions. Another, and a somewhat similar,

modern tendency is to eliminate the literary factor at Commencements. The newly made graduates no longer gravely discuss "the influence of scepticism upon human happiness," as did Theodore Dwight Woolsey, valedictorian of the Class of 1820 at Yale, who later was Yale's president; nor the question "ought emulation to be encouraged," on which there was a "disputation," at the 1817 Yale commencement. Nor are "Forensic Disputes," on "the Question, Whether the Profession of Law ought to be abolished," so customary as they were once. Class Day exercises, with orations and poems, of chief interest to the students themselves, are often ambitious still, and at the planting of the class tree or the class ivy once in a while,—once in a great while,—something good is heard, but the gathering is after all one chiefly of pomp and pride. What is humorous in the exercises receives most attention, and best remembered, perhaps, of all that happened at a recent Harvard Class Day were the words of one of the speakers, Dr. Eliot being seated near by: "Whether you earn your living, or become the president of a great university—"

A change in the Yale Class Day exercises, due chiefly to the large size of the classes, is the abolishment by this year's senior class in the Academic Department of the individual class histories, brief sketches of each new graduate, his fellows holding him aloft while his biography, seldom entirely flattering, was read to the crowd. These, of course, took an extremely long time. A humorous class history is to be substituted. Another radical change in the Yale Commencement is the abolishment by the Faculty of the valedictorian honours. This is to take effect after the coming Commencement. The reasons for it are said to be the feeling that the award could not well be made with absolute fairness under an elective system and that the personal rivalry ought in any case to be removed.



HARVARD COMMENCEMENT SKETCHES OF THE LAST GENERATION.



THE DAISY CHAIN AT VASSAR.



THE IVY CHAIN AT SMITH.

It has long been a custom to invite men of prominence to the college commencements. At the Princeton Commencement in the fall of 1783, the Federal Congress, several foreign ambassadors and General Washington and his staff were present, and the valedictory ended with an address to the General. The graduating class that year numbered fourteen. In 1877 considerable newspaper discussion and even some bitterness at New Haven arose from the presence at the Harvard Commencement, and not at Yale's, of William M. Evarts, one of the best-loved of Yale's favourite sons, with President Hayes and others of his cabinet. Evarts had "gone back on the old gal," said the Yale men. That the advantages of the presence at Commencement of prominent men are felt to-day at every institution, and often called with engaging frankness "a good ad," is plain enough to see, and is easily enough traced to its source,—the fact that the large American universities are like the country, big, ambitious to be bigger, or at any rate richer, and practical.

Cornell gives no honorary degrees.

The policy has long been a settled one. Until the Commencement of 1902 members of the faculty did not wear their academic caps and gowns. Now, despite strong opposition, especially from those members of the Faculty who are Cornell graduates and used to more or less simplicity, the custom of appearing at Commencement in these costumes is being introduced. One professor, a Yale graduate, especially urges that Cornell abandon her policy of not giving honorary degrees. He is a warm advocate too of President Schuman's endeavours to have the Faculty appear in academic costume.

Whether or not honorary degrees should be granted has long been discussed, of course, and warmly. Ebenezer Baldwin, in his *Annals of Yale* (1838), called the practice "low and contemptible obsequiousness." In 1886, at the Oxford Commemoration in England, the word Commemoration being the Oxford equivalent of the American Commencement, General Pitt-Rivers, admittedly a scholar, received the D.C.L. He had just given the University a collection of



A RECENT HOUSE PARTY AT THE ZETA PSI FRATERNITY HOUSE, WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

primitive relics. When the words *causa honoris* were pronounced in the bestowal of the degree the students cried out "*non causa.*"

At the time the distinction, which is a somewhat nice one, though often heard in similar circumstances, was made that the gift was not the reason for giving the degree, but the occasion. Would it not be better, many ask, for universities to bestow their degrees a few years before or a few years after gifts have been made, or a few years before or a few years after an executive's term of office? The colleges' answer, however, is to-day a negative.

At this same "Commem.," the D.C.L. was given to Oliver Wendell Holmes. When he received it the students greeted him with: "Did he come up in the one-hoss shay?" This practice of "horsing," as American students would say, distinguished recipients of degrees, often reaches, in England, the offensive.

American commencements are on a large scale to-day, and consequently expensive. Expensive and elaborate is the

other great season of festivities also that is found at many colleges, called the "Junior Prom" or "Junior Week," or "House Party Week," the season at which one or more big dances are the chief attractions. Junior Week at Cornell last January cost the community approximately \$15,000, said *The Cornell Alumni News*, including from \$2,700 to \$2,800 for carriages. The receipts from the "Junior Prom," the biggest of the dances, were \$3,900. At Yale last February the "Junior Prom," one dance alone, cost \$6,103.67, \$1,700 of that sum being paid for supper. The gross receipts were \$7,232. As the author of a college "Mister Dooley" letter once expressed it, writing to a father: "Please send me th' money f'r these few bills, which the same was spint f'r sochel entertainment's required in th' colledge coorse."

The Commencement season is proverbially a season for love-making. On the other hand, your Commencement girl may upset your plans and become engaged to your roommate and not to you. *The Harvard Lampoon* said of a football



UNIVERSITY ARMORY, ITHACA, N. Y., DECORATED FOR CORNELL JUNIOR PROM

game what is often true of Commencement :

"She madly adores
The football man,
Sublimely ignores
Me.
I, of the midiron,
'Also ran'—
King of the gridiron
He.

A mere undergrad,
I stand no show
'Gainst him of the pad
And cleat.
Still by my side
She sits, you know,
For I provide
Her seat."

American Commencements have many other features in common. Class Day is nearly always observed. A special time is generally designated for alumni reunions. Fraternity or society gatherings, often formal, are held. At Commencement proper, well-known men speak.

Class Day exercises customarily include a poem, an essay, an oration at the planting of a class ivy or tree, and a class history or prophecy, or both, usually humorous. Often the class makes a circle of the campus, cheering each building, most of the Class Day observances being out of door ones. There are often boat rides and similar summer diversions, even such as *The Princeton Tiger* here speaks of :

"The boy sat on the moonlit deck,
His head was in a whirl;
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
And his arms were full of girl."

Harvard's Class Day comes on a Friday, a baseball game with Yale often being played the day before. Class Day exercises are held in Sanders Theatre in the morning and in the afternoon come the exercises at the John Harvard statue, including the wild scramble of the Seniors at their close for the flowers that are festooned about the statue. In the evening President and Mrs. Eliot are at home to the Seniors and their friends and there are illuminations and music in the Yard, dancing in Memorial Hall, and various spreads. Wednesday is Commencement Day, when over 1000 degrees are conferred in Sanders Theatre, whose capacity is far less

than that. An interesting reminder of past Commencement customs was the presentation by Ex-Mayor Samuel A. Green of Boston, a few years ago, to the Museum of Fine Arts of that city of a pair of satin breeches worn at Commencement by a Green of the Class of 1749 and a coat of elaborately brocaded black satin worn by a Green of 1784.

At the University of Pennsylvania many graduates are present at Commencement, and an especially distinctive feature is found in the "class camp fires," the reunions held by classes in big rooms in the dormitories, which on Alumni Day the undergraduates give over for the purpose.

At Princeton an exceptionally large proportion of the Alumni return for Commencement. A particularly successful custom there is for each class that is holding a reunion to rent a house for the week. Good spirits meet and good spirits flow and such men as can, sleep. The Alumni visit each others' reunion houses, and are sure to take part in the processions to the annual baseball game with Yale and to the Commencement proper.

Yale, too, draws many graduates back for Commencement, especially at the Class reunions. At the Bicentennial in 1901, five thousand Yale graduates, over half the living Yale men, were present. At Cornell's Commencement Week the great natural beauties of the University's site overlooking Cayuga Lake are at their best. Many guests are present and the fraternity houses and boarding houses are taxed to their full capacity. Class Day comes on a Tuesday, the Senior Ball being held in the evening; Wednesday is Alumni Day, when many Class luncheons and dinners are held; and Thursday is Commencement Day. At Columbia, the University being in New York City, an especially large attendance of Alumni usually is obtained. Luncheons, "kneipes," and other reunions of graduates are notable. New York University, too, has many graduates at Commencement.

At Brown, on the afternoon of Class Day, the fraternities give teas, and in the evening spreads, or dances, the whole campus being illuminated. At midnight all these affairs are over, and the Senior Class, accompanied by the other under-



THE SECOND REGIMENT ARMORY, AT NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, AS DECORATED FOR A YALE "JUNIOR PROM."



YALE CLASS DAY SCENE.

duates, marches down the college hill the Senior Class banquet, the whole procession carrying roman candles. As Seniors go into their banquet hall must run the gauntlet of the other undergraduates, each with the stick of a roman candle in hand. Old scores are paid off at this time,—the last one,—with a vengeance. After their quiet, which usually lasts till 4 A.M., the seniors march up the hill again and play baseball game. A distinctive Class Day feature at the University of Rochester is an attempt by the Juniors who are present to make the proceedings ridiculous. In a class graduated there has planted a tree at Commencement, with a marble next to it bearing the class numerals. Class reunions are held under these trees. An old Rochester custom, discontinued, was to have a "bone or" at Commencement. He was a senior and his duty was to hand down to the Junior Class a human skeleton. For the skeleton was out of his hands

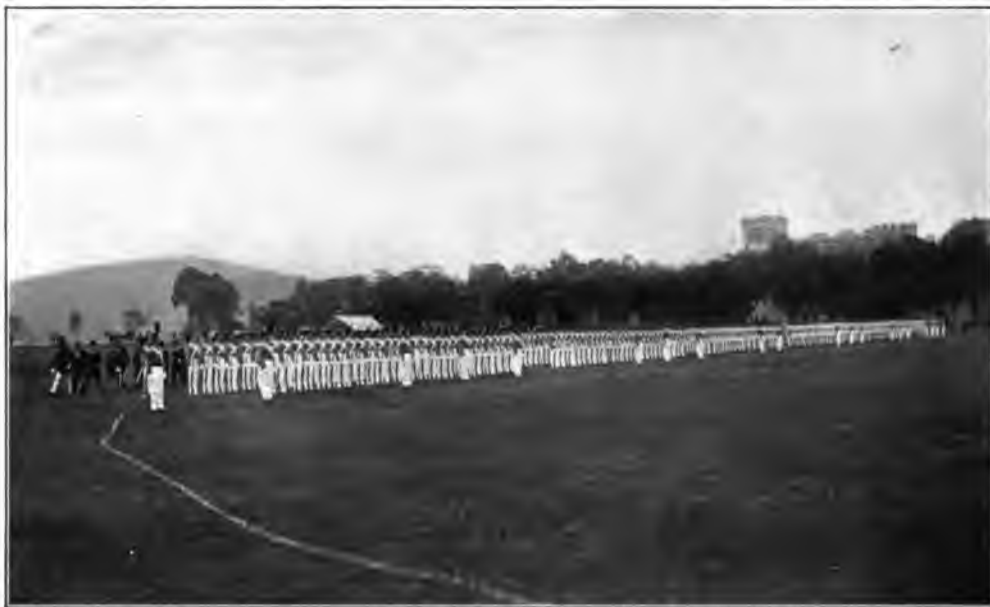
there was a rush for it, chiefly by the fraternity men among the Juniors, who sought as many of the bones as possible for their chapter houses. The following year a search for the bones would be made and the skeleton reconstructed for the next Commencement ceremony.

At the West Point and Annapolis Commencements the military and naval drills and other exercises are prominent.

The University of Vermont has an unusually elaborate Commencement Week programme, the exercises lasting from Sunday to Friday, inclusive. Tuesday begins with a Phi Beta Kappa meeting at 9 A.M. and ends with fraternity banquets that begin at 10 A.M. The Senior Promenade occurs the previous evening. At Columbian University Commencement for the departments of Medicine and Dentistry comes on Monday evening; for the Departments of Law, Jurisprudence and Diplomacy, on Tuesday evening; and on Wednesday evening for the Department of Arts and Sciences. As many as



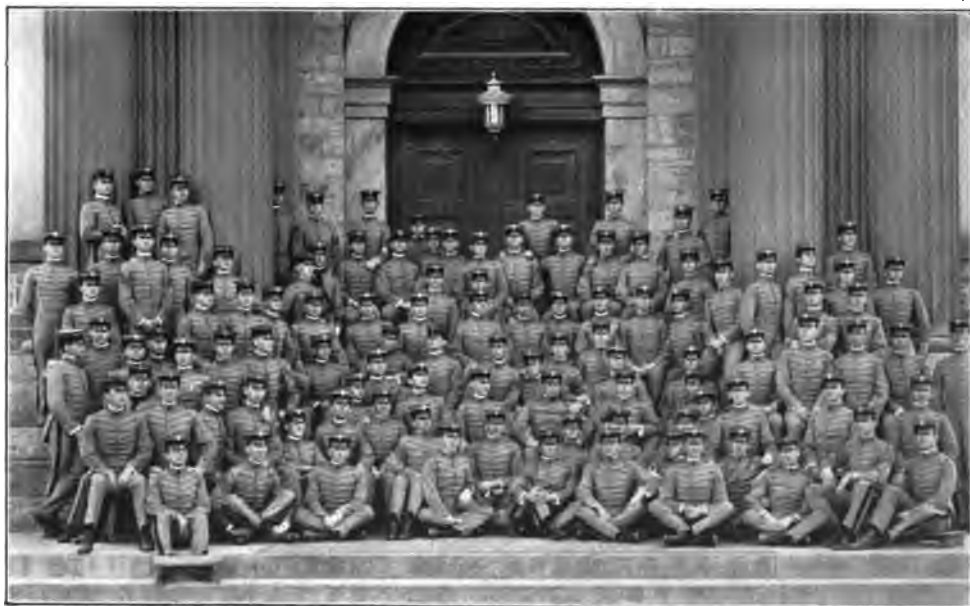
CLASS DAY EXERCISES IN THE TRIANGLE OF THE DORMITORIES, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



COMMENCEMENT DRESS PARADE AT WEST POINT.

four thousand or five thousand saddle horses may be seen at Commencement at Berea College in Kentucky. The gathering is supposed to be the largest stated one in Kentucky, and as many as fifteen thousand persons, one-seventh or more of them being negroes, often come to it.

Other more or less novel Commencement Week exercises are the smoking of a pipe of peace by the Juniors and Seniors at the University of Minnesota; concerts and oratories at Oberlin, which possesses an excellent conservatory of music; a Senior play at Kansas University; a reception



CLASS '04, WEST POINT.

Photograph by B. F. McManus' West Point.



"Long life to Old Nassau, my boys! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"
Her sons will give, while they shall live, long life to Old Nassau..
SINGING "OLD NASSAU" AT THE COMMENCEMENT GAME WITH YALE.



PRINCETON. PLANTING THE IVY ON OLD NASSAU.
Photograph by B. F. McManus, Princeton.

for the graduating class by the Associated Alumni of the College of the City of New York; various fraternity customs and meetings at Rutgers; a review by the Governor of the State of the student battalion at the University of Iowa, an institution where the Class Day exercises, it may be added, are held on the steps of the old capital, now a University building, but the seat of government when Iowa City was the capital of the State; "Prom night" at the University of Michigan, when the campus, the fraternity houses and the streets surrounding the campus are illuminated by thousands of Japanese lanterns; a Senior Promenade at Ohio State University; the award of a gift, intended to be characteristic of him, to each Senior, at the Hamilton College Class Day; receptions on the evening of Class Day at Amherst at each of the eleven fraternity houses, which are brilliantly illuminated for the purpose; and a Senior extravaganza at the University of California, usually touching on the college trials of the Seniors and held in the University's handsome new Greek amphitheatre.

At Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., a feature of Commencement time is Ivy Day, when exercises are held while all the students are linked together by a heavy daisy chain. The Daisy Chain at Vassar has a prominent part to play on Class Day. It is carried by the twenty Sophomores, who are supposed to be prettiest. So heavy is the chain that two who carried it at a recent Class Day fainted. At Smith an ivy chain instead of a daisy chain is carried at Commencement. The Senior Dramatics are prominent at Northampton. At Wellesley a review of the boat crews is held at Commencement time. At Mount Holyoke chains of laurel figure in the Commencement exercises. A distinctive feature is the "Senior Mountain Day." The Seniors, on the afternoon of the Tuesday before Commencement, go to the top of Mt. Holyoke, where, at midnight, they hold in secret their last class meeting. At Bryn Mawr Commencement, a garden party is given by the Senior Class. Refreshments are served on the campus, which is illuminated.

"Co-eds" at the Western Universities take a prominent part in the exercises.

At the University of Chicago, for instance, an ivy is planted by a man student or a woman student, alternating each year, while a Senior cap and gown is formally handed to some woman from the Junior Class. At Oberlin, on the evening before Class Day, at twilight, the women Seniors have their last "sing" on the college library steps, and the steps are formally handed over to the women juniors. A distinctive feature of Leland Stanford's Commencement Week is the laying of the Class plate. Every graduating class places one on the "Quad," the plate bearing the class's numerals in brass.

"The Prom" at Yale, usually held in February, has long been famous and is perhaps the best known college dance in the country. The "Prom" committee chairmanship is considered the highest social honour a man can receive. So elaborate have the festivities connected with it become that the Yale Faculty a few years ago limited them to two days. They begin on a Sunday, when nearly all the guests, girls and chaperons, who are in New Haven, go to service at Battell Chapel. After worship, the students without guests form a double line, between which the procession walks, an occasion that is made particularly embarrassing because this girl's bonnet and that one's dress and a third's face are commented on by no means inaudibly. On Monday night is the Glee Club concert, at which the Freshmen, who are not allowed to invite guests to any of the affairs, sit in the gallery, let banners down in front of those below, drop bits of paper and confetti, and in even less unobjectionable ways let the audience know of the Freshman Class's existence. So anxious are Freshmen to get the front seats of the gallery for this concert that they hire men to stand in line for the purpose at the theatre box office for twenty-four hours. On Tuesday afternoon there are elaborate teas at the homes of the Sheffield Scientific School societies, and on Tuesday night is held the "Prom" in the Seventh Regiment Armory. This "Diary of a Yale Freshman" from *The Yale Record* gives a good idea of the state of mind at New Haven during a "Prom" week:

Saturday, January 18. Queens coming down. Violets going up. Everybody rubbering. Not much doing. Morris praying for rain. Sophomore reported to have a dance for the Prom.

Sunday, January 19. Queens at chapel in full force behind bunches of violets. Juniors try to pretend they are used to it and look pleased when their best girl sits on their best hat. Later adjourn to Whitney Avenue. All rubber except queens. Faculty plotting to break down the rest of the fence.

Monday, January 20. New violets, same queens, teas, tea-gowns. Everybody riding around somewhere. Morris weeping tears of joy. Concert at night. Yelling, singing, cheering, queens, spaghetti, confetti, sailing cards, and freshman flag. More rubbering. Report denied that one Soph. has a dance for the Prom.

Tuesday, January 21. Nothing doing till noon. Three men reported to be awake in recitations. More teas, different violets. Everybody saving themselves till night. Off to the gallery. Hundreds of queens, myriads of Soph. stags, perpetual dancing, insufficient refreshments, constant collisions, outward apologies, inward swearing. Senior said to have worn concealed shin guards. Report finally confirmed that a Sophomore had a dance.

Similar to the Yale "Prom" are the Princeton "Prom," the Junior "Prom" and Ivy Ball of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Columbia Junior Ball. The latter was always held at Sherry's, New York City, until this year, when the custom was introduced of holding it in the University Gymnasium on Morningside Heights. A somewhat different type of midwinter festivities is represented by "Junior Week" at Cornell, "House Party Week" at Williams, and "Junior Week" at Amherst. The chief point of dissimilarity between the two types is that at the latter most of the girls who are guests occupy the fraternity houses of their hosts. As there are at Cornell twenty-four chapter houses of Greek letter fraternities, a good number of visitors can be accommodated. Most of the fraternity men seek temporary rooms elsewhere, for it is usually attempted to have your guest occupy your room. At Cornell the festivities proper last from Tuesday to Friday, inclusive, though the house parties are sometimes prolonged after Friday or begin before Monday, and the chief big dances are the Sophomore Cotillion and the "Junior

Prom." For the Cotillion and "Prom." the Cornell University Armory is elaborately decorated, so that practically no trace of its original interior remains. At the sides of the drill hall, "boxes," or little enclosures for non-dancers, are erected, the fraternities and other groups of students having one or more apiece for their guests. Fraternity dances, teas and theatricals are given, and often a girl will be a guest at four or five fraternity houses in a day, besides the one at which she is staying. At Williams and Amherst too the girls stay at the society houses, and various dances and receptions are held. At all three of these institutions, of course, there are many guests who do not stay at the fraternity houses, and groups of non-fraternity men often pool issues for the week and have house parties at their rooming houses. At the University of Michigan, another thriving home of Greek Letter fraternities, Junior Week comes between the two semesters. Examinations end on a Thursday, and house parties at the chapter houses and elsewhere last from then until the following Monday. A "Junior Hop," a matinee by the University Comedy Club and a concert by the University Musical Clubs are the chief features. Brown's "Junior Week" lasts three days, and is marked by fraternity teas and other social affairs, ending with a "Junior Prom." At Dartmouth, Rutgers, Hamilton, New York University, and Stevens, the fraternities also make much of "Junior Week." The University of Rochester, Colgate, Ohio State University, and Leland Stanford also have elaborate "Junior Proms."

Typical of the importance of the "co-ed" in the West is "Woman's Day" at the University of California. Various sports are held by the women, and a basket ball game is played on the University's open air court, which men students may see, if—chaperoned by a woman student. In the evening, still under the auspices of the "co-eds," a colonial ball takes place. The woman's edition of the weekly literary paper, *The Occident*, appears on this day. "Junior Day" at the University of California is the Friday after Thanksgiving. Members of the Junior Class give an original farce and the "Junior Prom" is held in the evening.

Contrary to the usual custom, the Uni-

versity of Chicago has a "Senior Prom" on Washington's Birthday and a "Junior Prom" at Commencement. At the University of Iowa the most elaborate festivities, outside of Commencement, centre in the election and initiation of men to the senior society of Scimitar and Fez, said to hold a charter signed by the Sultan Abdul Hamid II. At Oberlin, at Thanksgiving, each of the college classes, and the Conservatory of Music and other departments, have elaborate banquets.

At Vassar the chief social affairs during the year are the Philolothean Dance at Thanksgiving and the Founders' Dance on May 1, to both of which the students invite men guests. At Smith, there are men guests in March for the Musical Club's concert, and in May for the Junior "Prom." Teas and germans are given in the college dormitories in connection with the concert. At Wells a "Junior Prom" is held to which men are invited. A "John Henry" article in *The Cornell Widow* tells of a visit to it, and the description is typical of what often happens at the dances at women's colleges. This John Henry says, among other things:

"It was this way—I gets a letter from a girl that a friend of hers had lost her Johnnie for the Prom. and that I might consider myself

subpoenaed. I sends a hurry call for my laundry and wires that I was on.

"When we got to Aurora I beats the field to the tavern and asks for a room and a bath. Then the guy broke the news to me—no room that night; no bath any night. I fanned myself and picked out a dark corner where I did the quick change. Then I takes number twenty on a sad looking mirror in the office. Next, I ducks up to the college and gets out a habeas corpus for the woman that was to buy my supper. At last somebody found her and we gives each other the mit. A long row of faculty—male and female—sized me up and then on to glory for a few hours.

"After the dance we sped back to the hotel and boomed Milwaukee stock a few points. I picked up a Hobart man and we hires a parlor in a farm house that had not been opened since the last funeral in the family. The Hobart man drew a bum Larkin's-soap combination chair and I forced myself on a marble top table. With an antiseptic spray I could have done the body-in-the-Morgue tableaux fine.

"In the morning we got away quick, as the Hobart man had tried to pick some wax flowers when we came in, and did not have the price of the glass cover. I hunted up mine and told her I looked stronger than I felt. She took the hint and gave me a chance to rest.

"It was a dead smooth time. But say, it'll be a month before I gets that marble top table out of my system—believe me."

L. Guernsey Price.

MY HEART HATH TALKED OF THEE.

My heart hath talked of thee

All the soft hours of the slumbrous day,
As through the arch of tree and tree,

'Mid Springtime's wooing volubility,
One fuller, more insistent note,
From unseen, love-pained throat,
Comes down the leafy way.

Here, hour by heedless hour,

Upon the moss-stained fence I lean,
And wonder at the sudden shower

Of blossoms on the rippling green,
And watch the hand of God unfold
The poppy and the marigold.

The rose is lovely, and the fleur-de-lis,
And apple-blossoms, dear to thee and me,
But now I choose those richer-coloured flowers,
Lifting gold faces to the golden hours.
My fancy is robust as they: one sweet, warm kiss
Befits a day like this.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER.*

THE world has made its candid autobiographies classics and this latest is unique as the attempt of an earnest and acute thinker to write "a natural history" of himself as a useful accompaniment to the books which it was the chief occupation of his life to write.

Spencer at much length sets forth his lineage and the events and circumstances of his childhood, youth and early manhood, in order to trace and explain their influence upon his career. He came of a long line of non-conformists and whigs. His father, a school teacher, with advanced ideas on the subject of education and a special interest in mathematics and the natural sciences, and also something of an inventor, had the trait of independence in thought and action as a marked characteristic. Young Herbert, the only surviving child, and much of the time his companion, derived from him a special interest in these subjects and far surpassed his father in his disregard for all forms of established authority in intellectual matters. His school life, for the most part away from home, ended with his sixteenth year, with very modest acquirements:

"A fair amount of mathematics had been acquired; and the accompanying discipline had strengthened my reasoning powers. In the acquisition of languages but trifling success had been achieved; in French nothing beyond the early part of the grammar and a few pages of a phrase book; in Greek a little grammar I suppose, and such knowledge as resulted from rendering into English a few chapters of the New Testament; and in Latin some small ability to translate the easy books given to beginners—always, however, with more or less of blundering. No history was read; there was no culture in general literature; nor had the concrete sciences any place in our course. Poetry and fiction were left out entirely."

But by his father he had been taught

**An Autobiography.* By Herbert Spencer. Two volumes. D. Appleton and Company: New York. \$5.50.

not what to think but how to think, and, shortly after he left school and when in his seventeenth year, his love of mathematics manifested itself by the discovery of a remarkable property of the circle, not then known, and the theorem and its demonstration were published in 1840. After an attempt at teaching, he entered upon railway engineering, which he followed for some years with great success, shown by his advancement in position and compensation. At the age of twenty, he wrote his father that he would like to make public some of his ideas on the state of the world and religion, together with a few remarks on education, but added that he thought he might employ his time better at present. He was fond of castle-building, a habit which continued through his youth and mature life, and at this time his castles included a successful invention and a fortune made hereby.

As in the case of many distinguished men, the reading of a particular book marked an epoch in his intellectual life. In the course of his engineering work, his attention was directed to the fossils in the railway cuttings, and he purchased Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, then recently published. A chapter in this book devoted to a refutation of Lamarck's theory concerning the origin of species, had the effect of giving him a decided leaning to it, and from the time that he read this book his mind dwelt upon the subject of evolution, and when, years later, he became aware of Von Baer's formula expressing the course of development through which every plant and animal passes the change from homogeneity to heterogeneity, with this formula, in connection with his general evolutionary ideas, he began to work out the views which it was his life task to embody in a system of philosophy. He fixes the date when he adopted the general doctrine of evolution as not later than 1855. It is extremely interesting to note the mixed motives which influenced him to attempt and complete this task:

"Nor can it be denied that, in the prosecution of my chief undertaking, I have been throughout stimulated by the desire to associate my name with an achievement. Though from the outset I have had in view the effects to be wrought on men's beliefs and courses of action—especially in respect of social affairs and governmental functions; yet the sentiment of ambition has all along been operative."

During an earlier period of his life, he had reprinted a series of articles written for *The Non-Conformist*, under the title of *The Proper Sphere of Government*, and had reached the conclusion "that government is a national institution for preventing one man from infringing upon the rights of another." A copy of this book he sent to Carlyle, who acknowledged it in an appreciative letter, commenting upon which Spencer says:

"I quote the letter because, profoundly averse as I am from Carlyle's leading ideas, and strongly as I have expressed myself in reprobation of his despotic temper and resulting love of despotic rule, and in reprobation of his contemptuous utterances about various men, it is but fair to express my appreciation of the sympathetic feeling occasionally manifested by him."

Later, he made the acquaintance of Carlyle, through an introduction by Lewes, who had become an ardent admirer of Spencer, and he had also formed a deep and lasting friendship with George Eliot, then Miss Evans, and their intimacy resulted in gossip of love and marriage, but in fact no such ideas were entertained by either of them. A conversation between this appreciative friend and himself, relating to *Social Statics*, his first book, completed in 1850, is the occasion of a significant passage, indicating the method of his mental operations:

"*Social Studies* having, I presume, been referred to, she said that, considering how much thinking I must have done, she was surprised to see no lines on my forehead. 'I suppose it is because I am never puzzled,' I said. This called forth the exclamation—'O! that's the most arrogant thing I ever heard uttered.' To which I rejoined, 'Not at all, when you know what I mean.' And I then proceeded to explain that my mode of thinking did not involve that concentrated effort which is commonly accompanied by wrinkling of the brows.

"It has never been my way to set before myself a problem and puzzle out an answer.

The conclusions at which I have from time to time arrived, have not been arrived at as solutions of questions raised; but have been arrived at unawares—each as the ultimate outcome of a body of thoughts which slowly grew from a germ."

He completed his *Psychology*, his second book, in 1855, under great difficulties, carrying on other literary work at the same time, and struggling with persistent insomnia, the result of his highly nervous organisation. In a letter written at this time, he thus describes himself:

"You are doubtless perfectly right in attributing my present state to an exclusively intellectual life; and in prescribing exercise of the affections as the best remedy. No one is more thoroughly convinced than I am that bachelorhood is an unnatural and very injurious state. Ever since I was a boy (when I was unfortunate in having no brothers or sisters) I have been longing to have my affections called out. I have been in the habit of considering myself but half alive; and have often said that I hoped to begin to live some day. But my wandering, unsettled life, my unattractive manners towards those in whom I feel no interest, my habit of arguing and of offending opponents by a disrespectful style of treating them, have been so many difficulties in my way."

In March 1852, he had published an article on the Development of Hypothesis, and, when in 1857, Darwin and Wallace, in papers read before the Linnæan Society, presented their views on the subject, Spencer sent to Darwin a copy of his volume of essays containing that on the Development of Hypothesis. In the Autobiography the following remarkable passage occurs, relating to this incident:

"The following is Mr. Darwin's acknowledgment: No, it is not as follows; for on considerations I decide to omit it. Notwithstanding the compliments it contains, which seemed to negative publication, I was about to quote it, because it dispels, more effectually than anything else can, a current error respecting the relation between Mr. Darwin's views and my own. But the reproduction of it would be out of taste, and I leave the error to be otherwise corrected."

The second volume of the Autobiography is occupied in large part with the incidents connected with the composition and publication of the *Synthetic Philo-*

ophy, the scheme of which he announced in 1857-58. This work, which he fortunately lived to complete, although at times he despaired of so doing, practically engrossed the remainder of his long life. Under what physical disabilities and other difficulties this was done making its accomplishment sheer heroism, can only be appreciated after reading this book.

He tells us that he never was able to read Kant through, because he found that he disagreed with his fundamental hypothesis; that Comte fared much the same way, because he disagreed with the Classification of the Sciences; that he could not read Plato either as philosophy or literature, and yet he tells us that this disregard of the philosophical literature of the past aided him in the accomplishment of his life-work:

"Lack of regard for authority, and fearlessness of the consequences entailed by dissent from other men's opinions, have been part causes of what success I have had in philosophical inquiry. Such reverence for great names as most feel, and resulting acceptance of established doctrines, would have negated that independence without which I could not have reached the conclusions I have. Never stopping to ask what has been thought about this or that matter, I have usually gone direct to the facts as presented in Nature, and drawn inferences afresh from them—occasionally, it may be, untrue influences, but in other cases inferences which are true."

It is evident that his inherited qualities, his remarkable intellectual development, and the exclusion of the philosophical thought of the past, enabled him to attain an intellectual isolation practically equivalent to that of a recluse. This isolation clearly rendered possible his achievement and determined its character, and may determine its ultimate value, which will depend upon whether future philosophic thought will have to resort to the great thinkers of the past or will prove self-sufficient, on the lines that he has laid down.

Throughout the Autobiography, it is made apparent that there was in Spencer an extraordinary development of his intellect as contrasted with his emotions; excepting on the side of social justice, his emotional nature seems to have been but slightly developed. Nowhere is there a

suggestion that he had any interest in animals or any especial appreciation of the beauties of nature, and it was with great satisfaction that in his later years he discovered that he had a marked affection for children.

Interesting as it is to follow the application to his own life, thought and work, of the methods he employed in his Synthetic Philosophy, and to observe the growth and development of his philosophic ideas, these are not the sole attractions of the book. It abounds in inspiring and noble thoughts; in keen and characteristic descriptions of persons and places; in charming anecdotes and bright passages of wit, humour and satire, and the "Reflections," the closing chapter, written after the main portion of the Autobiography, and completed in 1893, is a most suggestive, profound and impressive piece of writing, expressing his views, not only as to his own life, its conduct and its lessons to him and others, but also his views upon the broader questions of the purposes and possibilities of human life in general.

The book will live, not as the other great autobiographies, by virtue of the emotional element in them, their intense humanism, but by reason of its intellectual elements, and because it is the candid record of the life and thought of one who has made a great contribution to one of the most remarkable and important movements in the intellectual history of the race.

Edward M. Colie.

II.

THE HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.*

Most books that deal with the subject of caricature attempt too much or else too little. Caricature itself being so very ancient a form of human art and its subjects being as multitudinous as life itself, no single book can adequately trace the history of its complete development. Everything in which men and women take an interest has been taken as a theme by the satirist who indulges his wit, his humour, or his hate through a pictorial

**The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature.* By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

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m, religion, war, philosophy, fashion, virtue, and that Juvenal has summed immortal couplet—have in an exaggerated or dis-caricaturists from time

at we shall never find in any single treatise an adequate account of this bastard form of art. The monumental works of Champfleury and of Flögel-Eberling, bulky though they be, are in reality mere monographs compared with what one would expect from an exhaustive history of caricature. As for such books as that of Parton, which attempts to trace within the compass of a few hundred pages, the history of caricature from the earliest times they are simply grotesque in their inadequacy. On the other hand, limited works like those of Grand-Carteret, which have to do with special periods or restricted themes, do not individually possess an interest so nearly universal as to attract the casual reader.

The authors of the volume now before us have judiciously restricted their field so as not to be overwhelmed by the embarrassment of riches, while they have at the same time selected one that is broad enough to attract every intelligent person. The caricature of the nineteenth century is, in fact, the very cream of all caricature. In that period comic art obtained its most perfect form and its supreme recognition. The caricaturist, indeed, has at last come to be regarded as a power to be seriously reckoned with, and the cartoon exercises an influence hardly second to that which is wielded by the press. Messrs. Maurice and Cooper have undertaken the task of tracing the political history of the nineteenth century as it has been recorded by the sharp pencil of the contemporary cartoonist; and their book begins with the coarse but powerful drawings of Gillray and Rowlandson, and ends with the work of Caran d'Ache, of Oppen and Davenport and Bush. The text of the book is based upon a series of articles which appeared not long ago in the pages of *THE BOOK-MAN*. This text, however, has been revised and amplified, while the illustrations which accompanied it have been lavishly augmented in number.

Both text and pictures are extremely interesting. To turn the pages over is to read the record of a marvellous century, a century in which the modern world was revolutionised; and this record is essentially a popular one, showing how the spectacular events of a hundred years were viewed, not by statesmen and philosophers, but by the man in the street, to whom the caricaturist must first of all appeal. It is history expounded by wit and oftentimes by malice. It is pictorial parody. Here the stateliest of figures, the most powerful of men, are stripped of all their trappings of state and held up to the irreverent gaze of millions with an impishness which very often goes unerringly to the very heart of things and lays bare the truth with sublime audacity and an utter unconcern for consequences. Many of these caricatures have won a place for themselves as secure as that which is held by works of higher art. The famous *Poire* of Philippon, the impressive drawing by Leech entitled "General Février Turned Traitor," Tenniel's cartoon of Bismarck and the Kaiser when the latter "drops the pilot," Nast's scarification of Tweed, and Gillam's hideous conception of "The Tattooed Man" are sure of immortality, while not a few of the other inspirations of the political caricaturist deserve to be ranked with these.

Criticism of the volume must be mainly of a negative character. The authors have confined themselves for the most part to the political history of France, Germany, England, and America; and caricature of other countries finds little place or mention. Italian history from 1848 to 1866 has failed to interest the authors, although it gave birth to a swarm of clever skits. The great Hungarian outbreak of 1848, and the meteoric career of Kossuth have apparently been forgotten, while Spanish caricature is represented by a few small drawings made at the time of the war in 1898. Therefore, properly speaking, the book is incomplete; though probably the average reader will not be troubled by these omissions. Another feature of the work that mars its excellence is the fact that the illustrations do not follow a strictly chronological order. Thus, a cartoon illustrating the end of the Chino-Japanese War in 1896 follows another which has to

do with the march of the Allies on Pekin in 1900; and both of these precede a cartoon concerning the Chinese Exclusion Act, as does also a caricature of Boulanger. This arrangement is confusing and quite unnecessary, and it interrupts a natural sequence which ought to have been maintained throughout the book. Among the famous drawings that have been omitted are some which appeared during the Blaine-Cleveland campaign and which would have testified vividly to the bitterness of that struggle without descending too far into the depths of the objectionable. In enumerating the various "breaks" which political cartoonists have made in publishing pictures of events which failed to come off, there should have been included the famous one which *Judge* committed, if we remember rightly, at the time when Mr. Cleveland overwhelmed Judge Folger in 1882, though the publishers of *Judge* were so confident of Republican success that they went to press with a victorious cartoon which appeared a day or two after the Republican *débâcle*.

It would have added to the value of the book had some account been given of the evolution of national types through caricature—for instance, the figure of John Bull, those of Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan, and the origin of the Russian Bear as a symbol. Here and there the authors have mistaken the actual meaning of a drawing either through carelessness or through unfamiliarity with the subject. Thus, on page 353, there is a cartoon from the *Humoristische Blätter* of Berlin. It is entitled "Between Scylla and Charybdis," and relates to the ministry of M. Waldeck Rousseau. The text describes this picture as follows:

"On one side of the narrow waterway, a treacherous rock shows the yawning jaws of the Army. On the other side, equally hideous and threatening, gleam the sharpened teeth of the face typifying the Dreyfus Party."

Now as a matter of fact, the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry was in danger only because it was anxious to do justice to Dreyfus; and the face in the caricature which the authors take to represent the Dreyfus Party really depicts the Clericals, a fact which ought to have been obvious from the general appearance of the

face, not to mention the characteristic clerical hat above it. Minor slips such as the omission of accents, the spellings "Dreyfussard," and "Philipon," and "Pigot" for Pigott (the Parnell forger) are minor matters and can be readily corrected in the next edition, which we hope the authors will furnish with a complete index and thus greatly enhance the value of their work for reference. Taken as a whole, the book is one of unique and general interest.

H. T. P.

III.

MR. LYNDE'S "THE GRAFTERS."

MR. LYNDE'S *The Grafters*, as might be expected from the title, has for its serious purpose the discussion of certain political conditions which are to-day a menace to the very existence of popular government. And it must be assumed that the author has not approached his task without due sense of responsibility, for the problems involved are too real and vital to be employed—like Greek brigandage or South American revolution—merely to supply motive power for a story of adventure.

Granting all sincerity to Mr. Lynde, the picture he draws is not one tending to increase our satisfaction in free institutions. A western state is at the mercy of a gang of corruptible officials alternately in conflict and in "cahoots" with a corrupting railway company, and between the two we find the hero of the book afflicted with what seems to us an unheroic moral astigmatism.

"Is it any worse to take a bribe than it is to give one?" asks Miss Elinor Brentwood of the young attorney of the corporation. "You have just admitted that you were going to buy the neutrality of the Governor, you know."

"I don't see it in that light at all," is the reply.

David Kent, who has left New England for the West in the hope of winning fortune and ultimately the hand of Miss Brentwood, is at the opening of the story a legal representative of the Western Pacific Railway, a corporation in which the entire fortune of the young lady, together with that of her mother and sister, Penelope, is invested. A victory for the

Populist party at a State election so depreciates the stock that the Brentwood family, unable longer to maintain their high position in Boston society, also migrate westward, happily to the very town where Kent is living. With the ladies travels Mr. Brookes Ormsby, a young millionaire, and Kent's most dangerous rival for the affections of Miss Brentwood.

An insight into the character of Elinor is given in her reply to the suggestion that the doubtful securities be disposed of:

"If we were to sell now," she retorted with prompt decision, "it would be because we were afraid it might prove a bad investment. Therefore, for the sake of a presumably ignorant buyer, we have no right to sell."

Mrs., Brentwood, who was by the way "a thin-lipped little person, plain-spoken to the verge of unfriendliness, a woman in whom the rugged Puritan strain had become panic-acidulous," accepts her elder daughter's point of view without question, and the lovers are again brought together.

The meeting took place in a Pullman car. David "hoped there would be no absence-reared barrier to be painfully levelled," and found none, for Elinor "was by turns unwontedly kind and curiously silent," and presently the lawyer "dropped informally into place as one of the party of five." From this on to the end of the book no note of discord appears to have marred the pleasant relations thus established. And no wonder, for the members of the group had one absorbing taste in common; a passion for local politics. Mr. Lynde has been no less successful in his attempts to interweave a love story with one of political intrigue than many others who have laboured in the same direction. But the result is not always convincing. One feels disposed to question the psychology which impels young men and women to turn their thoughts to State affairs on moonlit balconies or in the cheerful atmosphere of evening parties.

"She had taken his arm and was edging him through the press in the parlours toward the entrance hall. 'You haven't paid me yet,' he objected. 'No, I am trying to remember. Oh, yes, I have 'it

now. Wasn't someone telling me that you are interested in House Bill Twenty-nine?' They had reached the dimly-lighted front vestibule and her hand was still on his arm. 'I was interested in it,' he admitted, correcting the present to the past tense. 'But, after it went to the House committee on judiciary you left it to more skillful or perhaps we'd better say to less scrupulous hands.' . . . He stopped her with a sudden gust of feverish excitement. 'Tell me what you mean in one word, Miss Van Brock. Don't those fellows intend to stay bought?' She smiled pityingly."

Portia Van Brock, though but a secondary heroine, differed little from Elinor in character and conversation, and like Elinor she was as well bred as she was well-informed. Her red and white corpuscles must have left the powerhouse of her affections at regulated intervals, and we are sure they got back on schedule time, even when David Kent dropped local politics long enough to bestow upon the other girl the single chaste salute recorded in the volume.

If the author betrays a greater interest in the doings of the Grafters than in the romance he should not perhaps be blamed. For in truth the politicians are much more human than the lovers. The characters of Bucks and his confederates are evidently based on actual observation. And when dealing with them the action of the story moves often with no little dash and spirit, notably in the "rail-roading" of the party of officials to justice across the boundary of the State.

Mr. Lynde's narrative is, in the main, told simply, though marred at times by superabundant hyphens and unusual words—"dispiteously" for example, or "successfulist." But the chief merit of the book rests on its study of the ways and manners of Populistic statesmanship. It would be interesting to read a review of *The Grafters*, from the pen of the editor of *The Commoner*.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

IV.

MISS JOHNSTON'S "SIR MORTIMER."*

Miss Johnston's latest romance has for

*Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. New York. Harper Brothers.

a setting Queen Elizabeth's court, the Spanish Main, treasure galleons, islands, and an immense deal of scenery. Drake and Sidney appear in secondary rôles, also one thorough dastard, the Inquisition, the love of a man for a maid, and much friendship between heroic adventurers. Sir Mortimer, an honest but singularly ill-starred gentleman, is successfully experimented upon by the Holy Office, which with fiendish subtlety substitutes a disgraceful moral death for mere physical destruction. There are sea fights, tropical journeyings, and some Elizabethan verse. But this is not all! There is a style so remarkable that soon the very gentlest reader cannot possibly see the wood for the trees, and rather loses hold upon Sir Mortimer, Damaris Sedley and "a wild blue-jerkin'd Ariel filled with tidings" named Robin Robin-a-dale, in the acute excitement of seeing what will next happen to the English tongue.

The author's recipe for Elizabethan prose is systematically to invert. Unless absolutely unfeasible, let the subject always follow its verb. This undeniably lends quaintness, as "With all their vigilance, not every hall and crevice could the English stop. Spanish was the town . . . etc." And again "In cohorts to and fro went the coloured birds . . . along the sandy shore crowded the flamingos. The Captain of the Cygnet held too high his head." Another rule is, never let adverb stray into the neighbourhood of the qualified word, except when by this device only an infinitive can be irrevocably split. Also, bring Sir Philip Sidney up to date by ignoring his precept that "Those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge," and above all discard the Horatian maxim "*Denique, sit quid vis, simplex dumtaxat et unum.*"

Seriously, there are two logical methods of meeting the difficult problem of narrative style in historical fiction (unless the question is begged, as in *Esmond*, by using the first person). In Scott, Kingsley, Théophile Gautier, etc., while dialogue may be archaic to taste, the writers' point of view remains frankly retrospective. Narrative is consistently modern, or only so lightly formalised as to keep it in key with their stories. The second

and more difficult method is that of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who evolves his own medium for narrative and dialogue alike, something which, without obscurity, produces the effect of an ancient tongue. Here, of course, the point of view never wavers, no kindly twentieth century author puts in parenthetical comments on the people of bygone days. Mr. Hewlett's prose may or may not be archeologically correct. That is unessential, since it is all of a piece, clear, picturesque, and favourable to illusion.

Now, Miss Johnston, unfortunately, uses both of these methods simultaneously. She may be justified in permitting her characters to speak blank verse, though it is not customary in prose romance ("If prayer with every breath availeth, no doubt your Dione will bring your safe return"), but there can be no license for indulging on one page in pure retrospect—"A caress of which being Elizabethans neither was at all ashamed" and shortly after to come out with "Tempered to a fine agong," which, emphatically, is no living author's mode of speech. The objection to this confusion is neither academic nor pedantic, but rational, since such leaps and bounds in the author's standpoint of necessity destroy any possible atmospheric illusion. In Miss Johnston's case, this is all the more jarring as she does not possess that abounding force which carries through a tale of adventure by dint of sheer vitality; neither does she attempt closer characterisations than if her people were vague figures in a soft-hued tapestry.

As it appears to be upon word-painting and style that she relies, it must be by style that we judge her. At times a sentence will be clear, direct, and full of a very beautiful gift of sound and colour, and then, just as you draw a breath of relief, she lapses into every unimaginable dislocation of natural order, into a wild jumble of relative pronouns, and such an orgie of split infinitives as would cause satiety in Mr. George Woodberry himself. Even the Elizabethan poets performed no such feats, and I've vainly searched Sidney, Bacon, and those highly colloquial letter writers, the early Vernes, for a trace of similar juggling. It is fair to say that since writing this I met a cultivated and intelligent lady who was

in raptures over *Sir Mortimer*. Its interest held her to the last page, and she revelled almost guiltily in its charm of diction, only fearing that nothing so beautiful could likewise be praiseworthy. She was, however, reassured by a professor of English literature in whose expert opinion Miss Johnston's style could hardly be distinguished from that of the best Elizabethan prose writers.

Mary Moss.

V.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM'S "THE MEMOIRS OF A BABY."*

"NEVER to have had a manuscript rejected" must be a heavy handicap for an author, when one considers how pathetically most of the masterpieces of literature have had to be peddled. Possibly, though, Mrs. Bacon's reputed experience may refer only to ultimate rejection, which would give her a saving chance to slip into the class with the fellow who sent a story to twenty-five editors, waited a year, and then, beginning over again, had it accepted by the one to whom he had sent it first. All this by way of preliminary to *The Memoirs of a Baby*.

It is not difficult to see why a story of this kind should be accepted at an early stage of its career. It is excellently calculated to be popular—perhaps to win a place among the "Six Best Sellers"—nor will its vogue be due to the militant bad taste of "the average reader," as some recent popularities would seem to have been. *The Memoirs of a Baby* is very bright and clever, and the characters in the pretty little domestic comedy—child, father, mother, maiden-aunt, and nurse—are all admirably done with convincing realism and compelling humour.

**The Memoirs of a Baby*. Josephine Daskam. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

There is the humour of true things—ininitely more humorous than the humour of exaggeration affected by most craftsmen, possibly because it is more obvious, and the humour of truth carries with it a suggestion of the philosophy upon which it impinges. He who can see the simple, exuberant fun, of which even the grim side of life is full, can snap his fingers at Fate; which makes it all the more pitiful to note how most men and women—even among those accounted appreciated—must have their humour emblazoned with the union label, and how many of them are quite ready to adopt the union maxim of adjusting their standards to the capacity of the poorest workmen.

Mrs. Bacon is none of this. She is so genuinely unmechanical in her light vein that one cannot but wonder that she conceives it necessary to employ a claque. When I read something, chuckling gently and most healthily, I am naturally offended to find, in the next sentence, that several of the author's creatures have the intrinsic impertinence to burst into raptures of mirth over what has very properly amused me. It is a poor trick; much worse than that of the fellow who laughs loudest at his own witticisms, because the latter may be moved by a spirit of catholic appreciation, but the other thing savours much too broadly of the professional dead-head, and a man who can see the point unaided dislikes having it rammed down his throat for purely mercantile reasons. A writer with so keen a sense of true humour as has Mrs. Bacon might well avoid such lapses, but then, I suppose the rarest quality of all is to be able to laugh at one's own weaknesses. The self-centered attitude that inordinate success tends to engender is a dangerous peril, and I sincerely hope the author of *The Memoirs of a Baby* will be saved to us by having a manuscript rejected some day without any such fishy anticlimax as proved the undoing of her classical prototype, Polycrates of Samos.

Duffield Osborne.



THE HACKNEYED PLOT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS.

It was William Black who once said that he could not understand why novelists were ever at a loss for new plots, because so long as there were two girls and a man, or two men and a girl in the world, there would be material for an infinite number of novels. It is a wonder that some critic with a satiric turn of mind has not used this dictum as a convenient means of classifying Mr. Black's own novels, because with scarcely an exception they fall neatly into one or the other of the two groups, his earlier volumes, such as *The Princess of Thule* and *Madcap Violet*, being mainly stories of two men and a girl; while a majority of the later ones, like *White Heather* and *Donald Ross of Heimra*, are stories of two girls and a man. And for a writer with Mr. Black's genial gift for combining an easy flow of dialogue with sentiment, sunsets and salmon fishing, there really ought not to be any difficulty in turning out a practically limitless number of books built upon this convenient triangular principle.

Consciously or unconsciously, however, the author of *Madcap Violet* touched upon an important truth. There is a vast amount of energy wasted in straining after novel situations, brand-new central ideas, startling denouements, anything thoroughly bizarre or gruesome or uncanny, that no other novelist has ever happened to think of before. As a matter of fact, there are plenty of good plots in existence already; the only trouble is to find writers with ability to make effective use of them. At the hands of a novelist of the first rank, there is no such thing as a hackneyed plot. A Balzac or a Hardy, or a Tolstol, may take a theme as old as humanity itself and make it new. He may take a plot that a dozen minor writers have for years been industriously trying to spoil; and he will so transform it with the infusion of a magic something that is not local colour nor psychological vivisection, nor any of those things for which we have convenient, ready-made labels, that you will never

stop to question whether the particular man and woman he writes about are the first pair since the world was created, or the ten-thousandth, to live and love, and suffer in precisely this manner.

The secret seems to lie, so far as it is possible to define a quality so elusive, in the ability to make an effective personal appeal, to bring a story home personally to each one of us as we read. In one sense, every event in life is more or less hackneyed. Fire and flood, war and pestilence, loss of life and limb, are such a familiar feature of the day's news that we have grown callous to them. Our wives and daughters read with equanimity in the morning paper details of gruesome horrors which a hundred years ago would have thrown their great-grandmothers into hysterics. It is only when fate invades the little circle of our own acquaintance that the cold black and white of a printed paragraph, the bald announcement of a ten-word telegram, seem to flash into sudden eloquence. Have you ever noticed a similar difference in the ability of books to stir your pulses? There are writers who can move you profoundly with the simple tale of a child's transient grief over a broken toy; while another will picture a whole battlefield, with screaming shells and struggling, shrieking horses, and humanity mown down in wide swaths, and he will leave you interested, perhaps, but unshaken. And the difference is not a question of fidelity to life; in each case, every detail may be taken from actual observation, photographic in its accuracy; but in the one case the writer has known how to enlist your sympathy in his characters, to make you share in their joys and sorrows; and in the other case he has not known how. That is the whole difference.

Somewhere in *The Virginian*, Owen Wister has said that out of the eyes of every stranger you meet, there looks a future friend or enemy. This is so simple and yet so true, in real life, that the wonder is that it has not been said

a great many times before. But it is seldom true in the world of fiction. Every time that you take up a new story, you are meeting a group of strangers. In how many cases can you say truthfully that these men and women are drawn so vividly that they seem to look out of the pages at you, either with friendly or with hostile eyes? If the proportion is as much as one in a hundred, then your course of reading has been exceptionally fortunate. The great majority seem to avoid meeting our gaze directly; we cannot read their souls, we do not know whether they are people we would care to meet in life, or not. We know what they did, in a given case, because we have the author's word for it. We do not know what they would do under some other combination of circumstances, because they have remained strangers to us to the end of the chapter.

A simple test, and yet one well worth applying to books about which you are in doubt, is to ask yourself frankly whether they have added to your circle of friends in fiction. Every reader possesses such a circle, more or less extended, more or less select, according to individual taste and education. In most cases, there is a special corner of a certain shelf reserved for them, from which you can take them down for a half hour's interview in the same casual way that you would drop in upon a friend in the flesh for an afternoon's genial chat. A curious and motley gathering they would be in most cases, if you could summon them all together in one general reunion. Colonel Newcome would probably be there; and, as likely as not, touching elbows with him would be the illustrious trio, Athos, Porthos and Aramis, with D'Artagnan never very far behind. It is safe to say that many a fastidious reader has a cosy corner especially reserved for Miss Austen's people, for Miss Bates, and "poor Miss Taylor," and gentle, apprehensive Mr. Woodhouse and all the rest. But it would come as a surprise to find how many authors of recognized importance would, on the score of old acquaintance's sake, be denied admittance. To take but a single case, Zola is a writer who would usually find himself shut out in the cold. It is easy to think of a dozen reasons for reading the Rougon-Macquart series, but

friendship for the characters in it is not one of them. From all the thousands of men and women whom Zola drew with such unerring sureness of touch, such vivid portraiture, such spendthrift prodigality of detail, it is hard to name even half a dozen whom it would have been a privilege to know. Denise, perhaps, in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, who comes out untainted and victorious, after her long struggle with Mouret; Pauline, whose courage is one of the few bright spots in the disheartening pessimism of *La Joie de Vivre*; and old Chanteau, in the same book, who has reached the last stage of all, before his time, and crippled, helpless, almost without sight, taste or hearing, living in a perpetual atmosphere of death and disease, and morbid dread, can still cling fondly to his pitiful remnant of life, still say with philosophic optimism, "how foolish to kill oneself, when it is so good to live!" There may be others, but those are the only names which have come to mind spontaneously.

Robert Hichens is not an author who can be looked to to increase our circle of desirable acquaintances in fiction. Nor, on the other hand, does he give us anything essentially new in the way of plot. His themes are world-old problems modernised and warmed over, so to speak, with something suggestive of the French culinary art, a sort of decadent flavour with a garniture of *Fleurs de Mal*. If you have read Henry James's *Ambassadors* you will of course remember the sensations of Mr. Strethers during his first afternoon in Chad Newson's apartments when he is listening to the conversation around him and wondering helplessly whether they really mean all the unspeakable things they seem to be talking about, or whether his own mind has suddenly become strangely perverted. You will always remember the passage when you read Robert Hichens's stories, because that is precisely the impression that he leaves and means to leave upon his readers. As a matter of fact, most of the startling thoughts which he suggests form no part of his plot; he contents himself with misleading the reader to thinking about them. These comments have no especial application to his latest story, *The Woman With the Fan*. On the whole it sins rather less in this respect

than most of his books. In addition to the odd title, it has a somewhat startling cover design—the nude figure of a woman apparently going through a sort of drill with an open fan. This figure which proves to be a marble statuette known as *Une danseuse de Tunisie* plays a rather important part in the development of the story. It is the fan which makes the statuette wicked, one of the characters is constantly asserting, and the thought which is symbolised by the statue is that of the eternal feminine, degraded by the artificial and the tarnish of mundane life. In his attempt to apply the symbolism to his heroine, Lady Holme, Mr. Hichens is by no means clear. Lady Holme's friends constantly identify her with the statuette, and beg her to throw away her fan, meaning apparently that there is the taint of wickedness about her, and that she is capable of higher things. As a matter of fact, however, the facts in the case scarcely fit in with this theory. Stripped of its symbolism, the book is simply a study of the two elements which go to make up of love, the physical attraction and the psychological. Viola Holme is a woman in whom the finer elements of character lie dormant. She is married to a man who apparently satisfies her ideal of happiness. He is a big, athletic, primitive sort of a man, "a slave to every impulse born of passing physical sensations." She knows that of poetry, music, and all the finer things of life he has not and never will have the slightest comprehension. She knows too that he loves her only for the surface beauty of her hair, her eyes, her delicate complexion, and that if she lost that beauty to-morrow his love would go with it.

And yet she loves him, in spite of his crudeness and his many infidelities, because he satisfies the demands of that side of her nature which is strongest—the side "that holds the fan." Other men, the men who want her to "throw the fan away," offer her a different kind of love, because there are times when they see in her eyes, and hear in her voice when she sings morbid little verses from D'Annunzio, the promise of deeper emotions than her husband has ever dreamed her capable of. The reason that Mr. Hichens's symbolism is confusing is that he has

apparently confounded the distinction between the physical and the spiritual elements of love with that between vice and virtue; and while these distinctions often overlap, they are of course not synonymous. The symbol of the lady and the fan, if carried out to a logical conclusion, means that Lady Holme would be a better woman, mentally and morally, if she discarded her coarse-minded husband and replaced him with a lover of a more artistic temperament. But even if his symbolism is all wrong, Mr. Hichens's knowledge of human nature does not betray him. He knows that a woman of Viola Holme's temperament will never voluntarily "throw aside her fan"; only an accident in which the statuette is broken will accomplish this miracle. And so fate intervenes, in the form of an overturned automobile, and lady Holme struggles back to consciousness, to find that her famous beauty is gone forever. In its place is a mere caricature of a human face, a spectacle so repellant, that of all the men who formerly professed to worship the "inner beauty of her soul," only one has the courage to renew his vows, and he a poor, broken-down inebriate, as sad a wreck as herself.

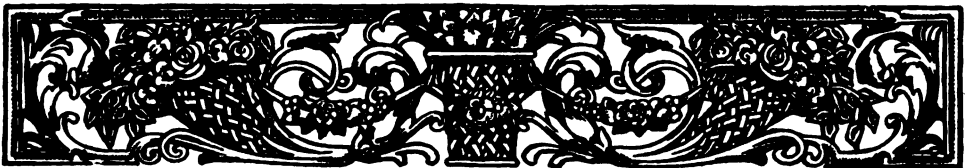
A kindred volume which in last analysis also falls under William Black's convenient subdivision of "two men and a girl," is *The Rat-Trap*, a new novel by the lady who chooses to sign herself Dolf Wyllarde. The plot hinges upon the same old familiar situation that has done duty a hundred times before—a woman of fine instincts, culture and intellect, who is wasted upon a husband of just the average sort, a clean, healthy, athletic young Englishman with a mind that never rises above horses, and cricket, and tennis. The book is redeemed from being commonplace, first by the frank and at times rather subtle analysis of the woman's thoughts, and secondly by the novelty of the background. It all happens on a little island off the coast of Mozambique, one of those "governmental rat-traps," as someone in the book defines it, in which the British government finds it convenient to bury alive such of its diplomatic servants as are either dangerously clever, or hopelessly incompetent; and they spend their years like so many caged animals in a wheel,

running round and round, vainly seeking an outlet. This atmosphere of tropical heat, governmental red-tape and blighted ambitions, Dolf Wyllarde has rendered with quite an uncommon degree of power. There are passages and episodes which suggest that she has studied with profit Mr. Kipling's early stories of official circles in India. But she has squandered material for at least two novels, if not more, upon this one book. First she has studied the problem of a young wife's gradual awakening to the knowledge that the man she has married is destined to be a failure in life. Leeline Lewin married her husband for no better reason than because she had known him all her life, and because he is a good specimen of the tall, fair, robust type of Englishman who looks as though fighting his way through difficulties would be the most congenial occupation in the world. She herself is endowed with such an amount of superfluous vitality that she cannot understand the fatal streak of inertia in his nature, which leads him constantly to shirk his duties as secretary and go off swimming or fishing, or riding, when he might instead be helping his superior, the Administrator, fathom out plots for a popular uprising among the natives. As Lewin goes from bad to worse, under the enervating influence of the climate, and when the crucial night comes and the threatened uprising takes place, he is found too far befuddled with drink to be of any practical use, the young wife's sensations would be worth studying, if only she had ever really loved him. It happens, however, that she never did. She comes to the island fancy-free, though she does not realise this, and from the instant that she meets the dominant glance of Gregory, the Administrator of the island, she succumbs to his influence. The sequel is obvious from the first, almost as obvious as was the title under which the book appeared in England, *Uriah the Hittite*. One has only to re-

call the lines of the verse beginning "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle . . . that he may be smitten and die," in order to understand how Gregory solves the problem of this particular triangle of the sexes. The second problem of the story is, whether a man and a woman can find happiness together, with the weight of another man's death upon their conscience; and in the solution of this second problem lies the weakness of the book.

To vary the monotony, a story of a man and two women may be taken up next, *The Pastime of Eternity*, by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd. This time it is the man who is endowed with an exceptional temperament, the soul of a musician, and an uncontrollable aversion to loud colours, loud noises, and the froth and inanity of fashionable society. How Oliver Holbein, with his nervous sensibility and his wonderful gift for music, ever came to marry the loud-voiced, overdressed, and over-blond young woman, whose very presence is a perpetual torture to him, is one of the problems which the author fails to make us understand. But, accepting the possibility of such a marriage, it is easy enough to understand how such a man might be caught on the rebound by the sympathetic understanding of the other woman in the story, Léa de Bésarique. Like Holbein, Léa also possesses her full share of "artistic temperament," and when the two awaken to a realisation of the fact that they love each other, the author intimates very plainly that the existence of a wife and the condemnation of society would not weigh with Léa for a single instant. The motives that keep her and Holbein from any irrevocable step are of a very different sort. The De Bésariques are an erratic family. The author does not seem aware just how abnormal they are; but more than one reader will suspect the existence of a taint of insanity somewhere in their family tree.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

IV.

YELLOW JOURNALISM.

By Arthur Brisbane.

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

"For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

"For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

"But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."—James I. 22-25.

FROM this text, every yellow journalist should preach.

It is the text of action, as opposed to inaction, of responsibility as opposed to indifference.

Yellow journalism is the journalism of action, and responsibility—when it is the real and the right Yellow journalism.

Yellow journalism is simply Real journalism.

The other kind of journalism—that which barks as the Yellow Journal engine goes by, is the journalism of the past.

Each great newspaper in its turn is yellow. While it is in the ascendant, passing the others and setting new standards of action and of public spirit, it is yellow.

Success and prosperity combined dull the edge of the yellow editor. Then conservatism comes—"respectability" comes also, with a fine house, fine friends, social ambition, new interests, children that dread snubs.

Everybody knows that—in America especially—a man is largely what he owns.

The average American newspaper out much money. Then he is a real newspaper man, for it is a newspaper that he owns, and he works as a newspaper man, with his mind on nothing else.

Journalistic success brings money. The editor formerly has become a money man, he thinks and works as a money man. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." When the treasure has been accumulated it is in Wall Street

or that neighbourhood and there the editor's heart is also.

The editor with his heart in Wall Street ceases to be yellow. He takes on a superior dull golden hue—and that is reflected in the changed tone of his newspaper.

This is not meant as unkind criticism of the changing editors. The thin bird of the North changes into the fat rice bird when feeding among the Southern rice fields.

The thin, keen editorial bird, of real convictions and a desire to help other thin birds, changes into a morally fat and sleepy money bird when prosperity comes. He then thinks, acts and looks as the other fat birds do. He cannot help it, and he should not be blamed for it. Nature is stronger than man.

That editor was the sincere friend of other thin men when he was one of the thin. He is the sincere friend of other fat prosperous men now that he has become fat. He conscientiously adapts himself to the needs of his new class. But in doing so he betrays his thin readers and they find it out. Along comes another thin editor. He cries out that the people need saving. He makes a success which changes *him* into a fat editorial bird, and so it goes. The yellow newspaper of to-day becomes the conservative newspaper of to-morrow, and the DEAD newspaper of a little later, because money changes the editor's character, and with his character his newspaper changes.

William Randolph Hearst's appearance as an energetic, and consequently yellow editor, is interesting, because he began his work as a rich man. He did not enter journalism to make money. If he ever changes into a conservative "respectable" editor, with a newspaper slowly dying, it will be for some new reason.

It is impossible, of course, to discuss yellow journalism without discussing



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

Hearst, the owner and editor of the New York *Journal*, and of eight other newspapers, ALL YELLOW.

Hearst is the yellow editor of the day. Nobody disputes his claim to the title, although not a few imitate him more or less ably, without ceasing to decry his objectionable activity.

Yellow journalism is perhaps yellower in Hearst's newspapers than it has been in any other. That is partly because he is the latest of the active editors—the "doers of the word." He makes himself especially offensive to the "hearers only," because he started out with unusual energy doing things, and had the means to do them.

Hearst's kind of yellow journalism is not entirely new.

Stanley died a few days ago. When James Gordon Bennett sent him into Africa to find Livingston, that was yellow journalism. Conservative, respectable journalism would have waited for Livingston to find himself. It would then have written mildly about him, or about his corpse, if he had been found dead.

There hasn't been any Livingston for Hearst to send after. If there were, he would send. He did send an expedition to get a Cuban girl out of prison. He got her out, and while that was not, perhaps, as important as the finding of Livingston, it was interesting, it was moral, and it was YELLOW.

A child named Marion Clarke was kidnapped in New York City. The case caused great excitement, and especially great apprehension among parents.

Yellow Journalism, represented by Hearst, offered and paid five thousand dollars reward for the recovery of the child. She was found through one of many thousand posters with which Yellow Journalism plastered the country. The kidnapper was convicted and sent to jail. The child returned to its mother. What was far more important, it was made evident to would-be kidnappers that they had something more than the police to deal with. They learned that a yellow newspaper could set to work a million amateur detectives among its readers, and that even amateur detectives are to be dreaded when they number a million.

The New York *World*, which in its day

was the leading yellow journal of America, and very useful, offered no reward for Marion Clarke and had nothing to do with finding her. But it did accuse Hearst of having caused the child to be stolen in order to create a sensation. That accusation was probably the last dying flicker of the old yellow enthusiasm gone wrong.

Dead or dying Yellow Journalism often shows traces of old activity in attacks on the yellow journal of the day.

Yellow Journalism attracts attention largely through deeds of active energy. The detection of crime, the sending of relief trains and relief boats at the editor's expense to flood victims at Galveston or elsewhere, the hiring of halls and organising of mass meetings to protest against franchise steals—such are the physical and externally visible good work of Yellow Journalism.

Far more important than anything else is the work that Yellow Journalism does in influencing the community in its *thought*, stimulating and supporting it in fighting the encroachments of class or of capital upon the popular rights.

The rich men, with their race tracks and their bookmakers, ignore public morality and the law because they want the pleasure and excitement of gambling. They debauch the public with their betting ring, that the public may pay for this pleasure. To denounce this, is to be a yellow journalist.

On the Stock Exchange, and in all sorts of Wall Street schemes, the respectable class rob the public respectably, while the little poolroom keeper, the petty swindler at the country fair must go to jail.

To criticise Wall Street gamblers, to bring criminal suits against Gas Trust extortion, against Ship Trust thieves, to fight the Coal Trust up to the Supreme Court and win—all that is Yellow Journalism.

Yellow Journalism is important to the great public because it does frighten, to some extent at least, the big public plunderers.

Yellow Journalism is important to the peaceful stability of society, *BECAUSE IT ACTS AS A SAFETY VALVE FOR PUBLIC INDIGNATION.*

There are among us perhaps ten millions of people very rich or fairly well to do, seventy millions who have not yet succeeded in entering the class of the rich, fat, human rice-birds.

While the great majority feel that they have a yellow journal to speak for them, while they see each other reading with approval the opinions of an editor who fights their battles, they know that their side is heard.

One of the greatest and ablest of railroad men in America—perhaps the ablest—told his counsel, a United States Senator, not long ago, that the social problems of this country could be settled only by a bloody revolution—the bloodiest in history—and declared it useless to hope for any other kind of a settlement.

That great railroad man was wrong.

There is no need of any bloody revolution, while the people realise that their



THE ELDER JAMES GORDON BENNETT.
In His Day a Pioneer in Aggressive Journalism.

side gets a hearing, while they are constantly reminded of the fact that with their votes they can do what they choose, that they don't deserve better conditions if they are not willing to vote for them.

What is Yellow Journalism?

It is the power of public opinion, the mental force of thousands or millions of readers utilised with more or less intelligence in the interest of those readers.

The yellow journal is the successor of the open spot where citizens of the Greek republic met to settle public affairs.

Those Greek citizens jostling each other's elbows were no more closely united in thought or purpose than the vastly greater crowd that makes up the power of the yellow journal.

I have no doubt that Hearst and his influence on public thought and action is the most powerful man in the United States to-day. That is because he owns the present meeting place of the people—the yellow journal—and he presides at all the meetings.

As to the faults of Yellow Journalism—they are numerous. But I think others can be trusted to point out these faults.

Let the mummies come out of the tombs of respectable journalism, and point their fingers at Yellow Journalism's defects. They can be trusted to do the work of criticism well and patiently.

Yellow journalists see the defects and deplore them. They remedy some of them, they neglect others in attending to more important matters.

Yellow Journalism is war, war on hypocrisy, war against class privilege, especially war against the foolishness of the crowd that will not think and will not use the weapon that it holds—the invincible ballot.

All war is noisy, unpleasant, sensational. It often lacks taste, it does things rudely sometimes.

We may say the same of Yellow Journalism.

But war and Yellow Journalism are going to be necessary for some time to come. They will not die out until all the wrongs shall have been righted, all questions settled, all men filled with respect for justice, and the rights of others.

UNTO THE DAY.

I.

MARTIN leaned across the dusty parapet, ridden by that singular depression which one may know in strange cities. The fervour of the August sun, giving an intolerable vividness of outline and detail to the curving perspective, did not serve to cozen his mood. The ragged gully of the Arno, sunken between the ordered stone embankments, the wider curve of parallel façades with their indefinable touch of dignity and age, the dainty miniature of Santa Maria della Spina, the crenelated pile of the old citadel behind the Ponte a Mare, gave him the sense of something known and wearied of long ago. He looked down as from an infinite height upon a group of boys shouting below. They were splashing in a shallow pool or chasing each other naked on the sands, with an abandon enviable alike for its disregard of

nature and of man. Beyond, where a rivulet of the shrunken stream made some pretense of motion, a row of women knelt above their wash-boards. They beat their hapless linen with a vehemence which at such a temperature would have been preternatural had their chatter not made it miraculous. The theatrical vivacity of the people, their unaccustomed faces, their foreign speech, weighed again on Martin's humour. He rose impatiently and turned his back to the river.

The quay was hardly more engaging in the pitiless morning glare. White pavement and stucco façades danced together in the quivering silence. Scarcely a living creature was visible. A man passed with a panier-laden donkey, uttering a harsh unintelligible cry. The straw hat on the beast's head, through which two long ears protruded comically,

provided a fleeting object of interest. In the distance a woman approached. She was dressed in white, and Martin felt a personal resentment against her for not affording some contrast to the intolerable monotony of light. Had she come forth in sky-blue or bottle-green, she would have been a public benefactress, worthy the freedom of the city.

Wondering miserably what he should do with himself, Martin cast an indifferent glance at the building in front of him. It was one of the high dark-browed Tuscan *palazzi*, broad-eaved and strong-barred like the great houses of Florence. The entrance was open, giving a glimpse of a shady courtyard within. Above the massive archway was a device that attracted the young man's attention. A fragment of chain was riveted there and under it, cut in the dark stone, ran the legend:

ALLA GIORNATA

Martin's interest was caught. The bit of chain, the enigmatic inscription—what did they signify? He studied the open gate, the marble benches beside it, the forbidding windows, the iron torch-sconces, as if for a clew. As he did so the sound of steps intruded lightly upon his survey. Glancing about he remarked the offensive person in white. He noted, furthermore, that her offense extended to and included her shoes, but not her hair—which was dark; that she twirled a white parasol over her shoulder in the most obvious and irritating satisfaction; and that her eyes were upon him, with an expression which closely resembled amusement. At his look she turned them to the palace gate.

A moment later his resumed inspection of the writing in the stone was interrupted by the transit of the parasol. Something of the butterfly assurance with which that cloud of lace and chiffon blotted out the dusty inscription prompted Martin to wonder whether it had a secret which was denied himself. From a sudden whimsical impulse he demanded aloud:

"What does it mean?"

To his intense astonishment and no small dismay the parasol slowly turned, revealing a pair of eyes which no longer dissembled amusement. Yet it was not

the parasol nor the eyes, but the owner of them who answered:

"It means everything. It means the whole of life."

Then the parasol resumed its rotatory orbit up the Lungarno Regio.

Martin stared after it, not knowing whether to be more astounded at his own temerity or at the sound of his native tongue. But everything in him cried out against the solitude of that sun-smitten quay; and he called, desperately:

"Thank you, but I wish you would be a little more explicit—considering that I have been after that formula a good many years, and don't happen to have my phrase-book about me."

The parasol hesitated, came gradually to a standstill, and once more performed an axial revolution of forty-five degrees. This time—had Martin not been too eager to perceive it—the amusement in the eyes was mingled with curiosity:

"They don't put it in phrase-books. People have to translate it for themselves."

"But I don't know Italian!" protested Martin, hastily, taking off his hat: "*Giornata*—Is it like *journée*? The day? That which happens between dark and dark?"

The lady still faced the river, looking back at him over her shoulder:

"Yes."

"And the chain!" pursued Martin: "Is it a whole chain or a broken one?"

"Whichever you like."

"To the day—and a chain! Why is that the whole of life?"

"Why is it not the whole of life?"

"Because it's only a part. And it's not the best part, the part that gets things done, the part that one likes to remember."

The parasol eddied lightly in the scorching sun:

"You have been reading phrase-books too much. That is exactly what it is: the best part, the part that gets things done—if things ever are done—the only part that one likes to remember. The rest is merely padding."

"But that chops things up so!" objected Martin, polemically: "And it makes too much of the chain."

"O! I beg your pardon," responded the lady, bowing slightly: "I thought it was

information you wanted." She prepared to gather up her skirts.

"I suppose you are right," admitted Martin, precipitately, "in a way. But would you really have people live just for the day?" As he stood there with his back against the baking stone of the parapet, his head uncovered to the sun, he became aware that the point of his interest had somehow shifted from the writing above the gate to its interpreter with the parasol. She was not so young, he observed, but neither—on the other hand—was she so old. He felt that he would gladly suffer a sunstroke if he could succeed in prolonging the interpretation.

The lady laughed outright:

"They do: I'm not responsible for it! But what have you against me? An inoffensive person walks down the street, at peace with all the world, when she is suddenly waylaid by a defiant young man whom she has never seen and is forced into the heat of argument—as if the sun were not bad enough already!"

Martin laughed too, albeit not so lightly, for he perceived that the interpretation was at an end:

"I beg pardon for waylaying you. I can only offer you my word that it is not my habit to go about distressing and destroying all ladies, like Sir Breuse Saunce Pitie. I suppose I fancied myself the sole person cognizant of the English language in this town, which I have never seen and which I already hate."

To his relief the lady did not take instant departure, but laughed again:

"If it comes to apologies we shall be quits. I can only beg you to believe that it is not my habit to stop and chaffer with strange gentlemen. I suppose it was the novelty of your attack that undid me. If you had begun with so harmless a remark as 'Good morning' I would have known you at once for an objectionable character, but since you immediately engaged me in the ultimate problems of existence you surprised me out of my conventions!"

"I will offer you any reparation in my power—even to the point of a card!" eagerly rejoined Martin, who detected signs of unrest in the parasol.

"I will not exact that proof of you," said the lady: "Names are necessary in

complex societies only—of three or more." Although she said it lightly, she said it in a way that made Martin put back his card-case and hastily button his coat. "But you mustn't hate Pisa," she went on: "There are charming river curves in it, and narrow streets with overhanging eaves. And, if you don't mind my mentioning things which are so ordinary as to be starred by Baedeker, I know a cloister in a quiet corner of the city wall where the Middle Ages are buried. Or I could even show you the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them from the top of a tower."

"I wish you would!" burst out Martin, before he knew what he was about. The next instant, remembering the card-case, he damned himself.

But after looking across her shoulder at him for a moment she gave her parasol a jerk of decision.

"I will!" she smiled, facing him at last: "Now that I have hopelessly compromised myself it is too late to assume a forgotten dignity and sweep away with an outraged stare! Why should I not practise what I preach—*alla giornata*? I was just wondering what to do with this long hot morning. And do put your hat on. I am already smouldering, even under my parasol."

II.

They crossed the quay to a dark little alley that skirted the flank of his palace, and Martin could scarcely realize how it was that his mood had so completely changed.

"Be warned in time!" he said: "It is not too late to repent. I don't want to lure you away under false pretenses. I'm just a common tripper and I have a Baedeker in my pocket."

"I knew it!" she rejoined: "That is why I am throwing my reputation to the winds. I always wanted to know what trippers did. Do tell me!" She put down her parasol as they entered the cool of the shadow. Martin was glad, for it enabled him to see her better.

"Must I be butchered to make a Pisan holiday?" he asked. "Know then that I am on a poetical pilgrimage. I am walking—figuratively, and a trifle anachronously—in the footsteps of Shelley. Rome has known me; also Venice,

Ravenna, and the Euganean Hills. I have been to Spezia; I have pensively ridden bicycles up and down behind every villa at San Terenzo, wondering which was the one; I have sailed boats on the Seno di Lerici; I have gone swimming at Viareggio; I have haunted the harbour of Leghorn; and early this morning I wheeled up here. I am now prepared to make a brief but comprehensive survey of the city and environs—particularly of the *pineta* at Bocca d'Arno. There I shall compose a sonnet, sitting with my back against a sea-viewing pine, and then I shall go home. The anatomy of tripping is laid bare before you!"

The lady laughed.

"I wish I could boast as good a reason for being here! It is the dentist that brings me." Martin noticed that she did not say from where. "But I am afraid I have thrown away my reputation for nothing. You will hardly do for a type of the hordes that pour through this country with their red books in their hands, as regular as the birds in their seasons. Why do they do it, do you suppose? Have they no lives of their own to live?"

"You are rather hard on us!" laughed Martin. They turned out of their alley, a mere crack between the houses with a strip of blue hung high above, into a cross street that led to a small square. "It is very simple. No American woman is quite happy until she has a sealskin coat and has been to Europe—and just now Europe seems to be a little more the thing, since chinchilla came in! And then there is Culture, with a large C, which is making terrific inroads among us. And then there is—'*Kennst Du das Land*'—you know? Not many of us are so lucky as to stay, like you in the different colonies." He looked at her to see how his guess would catch.

"I remember I had ideas about them once," she said in a tone that made Martin wonder. "But I know them too well now."

"What about them?"

"They have most of the characteristics of Botany Bay at its flourishing period. There are a few workers and loafers, but most of us are hiders! Don't ask me which I am!" she laughed, as Martin looked at her. "I used to think that dis-

reputable people would be more interesting than reputable ones," she went on, "because they had at least the courage of their convictions. But I have discovered to my sorrow that they can be just as dull as anybody. Of course there are glittering exceptions. But I have even met people of the most unquestionable virtue who were really worth knowing! I have come to the sad conclusion that existing classifications do not classify."

Martin laughed with her as they went up the wider street into which their cross-way had led them. But the interest which her very first word had aroused grew stronger in him than amusement. This dainty white person whom he had never seen before to-day—who was she? Where had she been, what had she done, yesterday, all the other days that went before their chance meeting by the Arno? There was something in the lightness of her remarks, in the simplicity with which she had accompanied him, that was not of common days.

The street opened out in front of them into a space of sun that widened as they advanced, disclosing the famous *piazza* with its group of white buildings under the city wall.

"Isn't it nice?" she asked. "They always remind me of a little convoy of ships becalmed—these lonely white things with their broad shadows in the sunlight. But don't look at that tower. I detest it for having tried in such a stupid way to be different from all the towers in the world. Nothing is nice about it but the view from the top. Which it is too hot to get at. Let's go over to the Campo Santo and see the shadows of the tracery on the pavement. It is always cool and old there."

She raised her parasol again and led obliquely across the great square, between the cathedral and the baptistry, to a canopied door in a low wall. Martin looked curiously about him as they went. The burnt grass between the hot flagstones gave a curious impression of the solitude of the place, of its evident separation from the life of the city, which contrasted singularly with the splendour setting it apart for one of the world's shrines of beauty. They rang at the canopied door and were admitted.

It was like stepping into another century—so calm, so cool, so of itself, was that resting place of the *quattrocento* in a forgotten corner of the world. Of a different quality was the very sunshine which illuminated the fresh green of the central quadrangle and threw at the feet of the archaic frescoes the outlines of the marble lace-work between the slender pillars. Martin was without words as they walked the quiet round of the cloister, noticing the faded old pictures, the sarcophagi, the bits of sculpture, the commemorative tablets. The place seemed to him part of the magic of this woman who had so unexpectedly released him from the intolerable mood of the morning.

He suddenly called her attention to one of the tablets which caught his eye. It was in old French, with a flavour of Italian, and together they picked out the quaint lettering:

*Cy gist Achilles Gribert re Chevigny,
fils de
Pierre Gribert, Escuier, Sieur de Chevigny,
Conseiller
Secretair du Roy, Maison, Couronne de
France
et de dame Claude Griet Gallard dela
paroisse Saint André dela ville de Paris
lequel
Achilles, av sortir del Accademie et des
mousquetaires du Roy voulovst faire le
voiage
D'Italie et sen retournant de Rome en
France, estant
tombé malade a Livorne, pour changer
dair se fit
porter en cette ville de Pise, ov, apres
avoir receu
les saints sacremens ordonnez par nostre
mere saint
eglise il mourut et fust enterré en ce
saint liev le
XXI. iour daoust MDCLXXXIV agée
de XXVI. ans
Priez Dieu pour le salut de son ame
Fait par le tres cher amy dela nation et
Maison de France, Labbe Gaetani archi-
diacre dece diocese.*

For a moment they were silent. In the stillness of that sunny place the pathos of the forgotten story seemed to live again. Then Martin put his finger to the stone:

"See!" he exclaimed. "It was the twenty-first of August, and to-day is the twenty-first!"

His companion turned her eyes to his, with a curious smile.

"And I came to show you! If I had any qualms about *les convenances* I have none now. It was appointed."

They were silent again, looking at each other and at the white tablet. There was something in the little coincidence which seemed to Martin strangely significant.

"*'Lequel Achille voulût faire le voyage d'Italie.'*" How near it makes him seem, poor boy! I did not think of there being trippers then," he said with a smile. "There was no Shelley; not even a Goethe and a Mignon—two hundred and eighteen years ago!"

She made no reply at first. Then she said, softly:

"I wonder how it was with *dame* Claude. There were other things that lacked then, beside your poets. It must have taken time for the *abbé* Gaetani's letter to get to Paris."

"However it was then, it happily makes no difference now," returned Martin. A rising elation filled him, springing from the utter unexpectedness of the situation, from its picturesqueness, from the infinity of possibilities which it might promise. He was accordingly amazed at the vehemence with which his companion turned upon him.

"Why do you say that?" she exclaimed. "You who brought me here, and on this day! Have you forgotten the gateway by the river? Now is not the time. The time was when the horseman clattered up the cobble-stones of St. André and into the courtyard of the *hôtel de Chevigny*; when *dame* Claude seized the packet from the page at the door and ran with it to the *secrétaire du roi*; when he broke the seal, read the first lines of the *abbé* Gaetani, went white to the lips, looked at *dame* Claude, and turned away. It was then that it made a difference. It was then that nothing else made a difference. Things come, and then other things come. Time is only a chain to hold us to them—or away from them. It is mere chance whether it breaks all at once or by degrees. . . ."

Martin watched her keenly as she spoke, white in the shadow of the cloister,

her hair dark against the wan frescoes. There was a curious contrast between the vivid modern figure and those faded images of a life so dim and far away. And recalling the palace gate he wondered what there might be of consistency or inconsistency between what she said so lightly then and what she said so intensely now. And why? Where had she been, what had she done, yesterday, all the other days that went before their chance meeting by the Arno?

She stopped abruptly, as if reading in his eyes. Then she touched the white stone softly.

"Good-bye, Achilles," she said.

She did not speak again as they passed on. But at one of the openings into the green quadrangle a sudden impulse seized her. She stepped down into the grass and picked some crimson-tipped daisies growing there. Then she went back and laid them on top of the tablet.

"That is for *dame Claude*," she said, "and two hundred and eighteen years ago to-day."

III.

They sat where they could follow the shining river coils that wound down out of the hills, dived under the red of the city roofs, and wound on again into the iridescent plain. Through the haze of the Maremma the glint of the sea at last began to burn, and out of the north issued ghostly the apparition of the Carrara mountains. The day had somehow flamed away, there in that leaning gallery in the corner of the city wall, where the storied marbles stood alone with their shadows—a little fleet of ships becalmed in a quiet haven of the world.

"I am like the wicked in Scripture," she said. "I love groves and high places."

"I would say rather that you were like the Empress Elizabeth," rejoined Martin. It seemed to him that they had always been there, that they would always remain there—he and this woman whose very name he did not know. In the intimacy which had been accorded him he found enough of his own experience to invest that which was to come with a poignant expectancy.

"Why am I like the Empress Elizabeth?" she asked.

"Haven't you read Christomanos?"

"What is that?"

"Your ignorance is the first gratification my vanity has had to-day!" laughed Martin. "Christomanos is the hero of one of the most charming fairy stories I know—which is the more charming for being true. It is a kind of inverted Cinderella. He was a little Greek student in the university of Vienna, who lived in a garret in an alley. You know the kind? With stair gables, and bread shops, and clothes lines? Imagine a Greek there! And one day a court carriage rumbled up, just as if it had suddenly come out of a pumpkin, and carried him off to talk Greek to the empress. The carriage came every morning after that, and he would spend the day in the imperial part at Lainz and go back at night to his stair gable. And at last he went to live in the palace altogether, and talked to the empress while she had her hair combed, and walked leagues with her, and went to Schönbrunn and Miramar and Corfu. Of course the ladies-in-waiting were scandalised, but she was used to that—and he was something of a poet."

"And after she died he wrote a book about it. Which shows how true a poet he was!"

"Wait till you read him. The thing was that people said such things about her, and he knew better; and it hurt him. Of course he couldn't help seeing the picturesqueness of it all, but he isn't nasty about it. Most of it is what she said about things."

"What did she say about things?"

Martin smiled.

"You remind me of the lady who asked Heine what he thought of Goethe!"

"I hope you won't be so rude as to answer me in Arabic—although one must respect Heine for resisting such a temptation to a lying epigram. Was the empress a Goethe?"

"Yes. And a Heine, and a Walt Whitman. And they made her wear a crown, and she wanted to pick daisies and none of it came out right."

Martin watched the profile beside him, touched faintly by the glow of the western sun and outlined against the pallor of marble.

"Why am I like the empress, then?"

the lady asked, her eyes on the distant sea.

"Among other things," answered Martin, with a look of which she was unconscious, "because you like high places. Christomanos says that she always liked hills because there are so few untrampled places in the world."

"It was unkind of her to want to trample them herself, then. And your Christomanos sounds as if he lacked humour."

"I fancy he did," uttered Martin.

Something in his tone made his companion look at him.

"Don't be teased," she said. "Tell me more about them. How did it end? Did he run away, or did she send him away, or what?"

"O dear, no! The day of his going was set before he came."

"O! I begin to approve of your empress." She was silent a moment, looking out toward the sea. "How was it, do you suppose?"

"Why, she was ages older and wiser and everything else. It was only that she was terribly lonely and bored, and he could do things that she couldn't ask of a maid of honour, and was likewise *incliné à comprendre*."

"O! And what about him?"

"He was so dazed that I don't suppose you can tell anything about him. He must have been dazed all the time—by the enormousness of the distance between them, by her tragic history, by her personality, her eyes, her hair, everything about her. And to drop out of it all—to go back to being a simple Greek student, and live in a stair gable, and be despised by bakers and washerwomen when he had been the familiar friend of their empress, must have been hard!"

"Well, he had his moment," she mused. "Did any one ever have more?"

"Likewise," chanted Martin:

*"Après le plaisir vient la peine;
Après la peine, le bonheur!"*

"But it's a high price," she commented, simply.

"It's worth it," asserted Martin.

"You have not sat enough upon towers!" She looked at him a moment, with a half smile, and then across the plain again. "No; it's not because this place is untrampled that I like to come

here. But you can see over everybody's walls. You get some kind of proportion. And I like to think of all the people—under these roofs, in that haze. Common life is what pleases me, and common people—simple people. Our ideas for ourselves are so single. They shut out so much that might be, and they hardly ever 'come out right.' Our lives are generally made up of two or three real days, with years of waiting and remembering between. Common lives and common things are better, just as they happen, from day to day."

Martin studied her, half wondering what lay behind her words and half taken by the charm of her slow inflection. She turned under his eyes and he asked at random, to cover his embarrassment:

"Do you come here often, for the tower?"

"Not very. I have one of my own, near Naples, where I have sat much and seen many things."

"Think of having a tower near Naples! And I have to sail in a month!"

"Would you like to exchange?" she asked, smiling.

"Wouldn't I!"

"Very well, we will!" she said, playfully. "I will throw in a view of the city and the bay, with a bit of Pozzuoli, and a big garden, and all the statues you can talk to, and an olive orchard that runs down hill to the sea, and a frog pond. . ."

"There are worse things!" interrupted Martin.

"What?" she demanded, eyeing him curiously.

"New England!" he exclaimed, with a laugh.

"I suppose you will think so," she rejoined, gravely, "until you have sat by yourself in a tower and listened to frogs in a pond. For that matter, though, the frogs are what I like best." She looked out again across the Maremma. The sea began to widen in the sunset, toward which the Arno ran in links of brightening fire. "No," she said at last. "It is not for us."

"What?" he asked.

"This!" she answered, waving her hand against the golden space before them. "We are of the north. We belong to mist and pallor and dreams. Here

they have no dream. What is there left for them to dream about? They live. But we don't know how to live. We are always waiting—or remembering."

"As a background, however, I would prefer Campania to Vermont!"

"No, it is not for us," she repeated. "Our roots are not here; how can we grow? But it is curious how it catches us all, and how it is typical of desire fulfilled. What does one ever really attain, really possess? Things are too great or too unresponsive, and always too mysterious. Even a little gem that you can hold in your hand and never let escape, how much is it yours—that strange indifferent fire? There is no possession. Instead of getting something else we lose something of ourselves. After all, people like Achilles down there are happiest, who live their moment so intensely that they lose themselves all at once instead of by slow shreds and patches. The moment is everything. After that——" She put her hand to her cheek with a motion of weariness. Then she suddenly looked at Martin and laughed. "Do you see that sun? I presume the police have already been notified of my disappearance! I must beg your pardon for having given you such a day of it, and ask you to take me down."

She sprang to her feet and Martin followed, reluctantly.

"I suppose I shall wake up," he said, as they descended the winding steps, "and find that you were a dream. When I feel as I do, that I have known you all my life, and then reflect that twelve hours ago I had never set eyes on you—that even now I know no more about you than that you have a tower in Posillipo—I am inclined to doubt the so-called realities of existence."

Again she laughed.

"Why? The actual matter of prolonged passions has occupied less time! I don't see what more I could possibly tell you. The rest would be merely frills. But people waste so much time in these things. Don't you think so? They miss so many chances, waiting for each other to begin and manœuvring each other to the proper point. That is why I came with you this morning, because you lost no time. Think how different it would

have been if you had not waylaid me so unpardonably!"

Martin did think so. The consciousness of it suddenly overwhelmed him as they came out into the deserted square and crossed to the Via Santa Maria. He would not even have looked back, but for his companion.

"See!" she cried.

The dome of the baptistery, the roof of the cathedral, the top of the tower where they had been, were alight with a delicious rose glow which contrasted extraordinarily with the cold white in the lower shadow. The spectacle was to Martin symbolic and revealing. He saw as if apart from himself the romance of their day. Could it really have been he to whom this adventure had fallen? He glanced furtively at his companion. Was she the intimate stranger with whom he had been? It pleased him that he had known herself before knowing things about her. There would be so much more significance in making last the steps of acquaintance which usually come first. But she looked weary, and a thousand uncertainties, a thousand concerns, assailed him. He could not find courage to say the things which rose to his lips. His thoughts, however, wove themselves into a tissue of dreams.

So they went silently down the crooked street which at last left them on the Lungarno Regio. Martin hardly knew where he was. Through the gateway between the houses where the Arno wound out to the plain the splendour of sunset streamed into the city, touching the ancient façades with a fairy glamour, filling the sandy river bed with undreamed secrets of colour, transmuting the parcelled water into purple and gold. The quay where Martin had that morning discovered two persons was crowded with carriages and pedestrians enjoying the cool of the day. The theatrical vivacity of the people, their unaccustomed faces, their foreign speech, gave a new poignancy to his mood of exaltation.

One of the carriages in the slow progress caused some confusion by driving out of line. Martin noticed the handsome horses, the correct footman, the old lady with a black parasol. She eyed him narrowly as the victoria drove up to the curb.

He called the attention of his companion, who was looking toward the river.

She turned.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a bow and a smile to the lady in the carriage, "I am afraid I must go." He looked blankly into her eyes as she hesitated a moment. "It was a nice day! It was so long since I had seen anybody. And the cloister—that was nice. I shall always think of you there. It would have been so different if we had not been ready! Good-bye, Achilles."

The footman held open the emblazoned door.

"Good-bye—Elizabeth!" said Martin, too dazed to think or utter more.

The door clicked, the footman leaped to his box, the coachman started the horses. Beside the black parasol a white one went up, hiding the figure behind it. Martin's first impulse was to follow, to

see where the carriage went. He began to walk hastily in the direction it had taken, watching the two parasols. Then he stopped and turned resolutely away. "*Lequel Achille voulût faire le voyage d'Italie,*" he said to himself. "*Priez pour le salut de son âme.*"

Wondering miserably what he should do with himself, Martin cast an indifferent glance at the building in front of him. It was one of the high, dark-browed Tuscan *palazzi*, broad-eaved and strong-barred like the great houses of Florence. The entrance was closed. Above the massive archway was a device that attracted the young man's attention. A fragment of chain was riveted there and under it, cut in the dark stone, ran the legend:

ALLA GIORNATA

Harry Griswold Dwight.

THE DIALECTIC OF FANCY.

IT was the perennial joy of a professor of philosophy under whom I once worked to poke fun at the Hegelians. On a time, he made Hegel the topic of a talk—doubtless to a women's club, for there were fair auditors; and at the close, one of them besought: "Doctor, won't you give me the gist of Hegel in a word?" His response: "The very *Ideal*!" was a neat turn, though, as the case proved, ineffectual. Hence it is, that I have long possessed an inner and uncompromising conviction of the deadly incompatibility of humour and Hegelianism—Hegelianism *an sich*, as being-for-itself.

My professor's concern as to my own philosophical future took the form of reproof for an incipient lack of seriousness in matters metaphysical. This weakness, I rejoice to say, is now lived down, and yet at a cost (with blushes confessed) of coy rapprochement with Hegelianism. You see it is necessary to save one's metaphysical face; one really must proffer a front of cosmical solemnity. I prided myself—as how else should a philosopher?—on a certain syllogistic inevitableness and ratiocinative certitude in the devious engineering of thoughts. Whence

conceive my mental anguish, forced to recognise not only an unconquerable appetite for Carrolline nonsense (*per se* not so bad, since nonsense *qua* non-sense is the indispensable "other" of sense), but also to a dire passion for all those impalpable wizardries of rhyme which yield to no syllogism and submit to no deft extraction of reason.

Herein—is it not plain?—lies the very damnation of reason and the hapless fall of logical ambition. Not all the rules of all the schools . . . ah, but Hegelianism! Indeed, the salvation is temptingly irresistible: Being (*Sein*), obsessed with its own nude futility (as identical with *Nichtsein*), goes a-grailing after its Other (*Anderssein*); it encounters but the determined cold Reality (*Dasein*); and so sinks back (*sich an sich selbst*) to sad self-realisation in the Idea (*die selbstbestimmte Idee*).

Is it not the veritable dialectic of fancy? For on the morrow and the morrow and the morrow there are other and yet other Others to be sought, with the Absolute Idea ever a winless Grail.

After one has long unavailingly pursued, it becomes positive rest to know that all pursuit is vain. Sooner or later

every metaphysician is beset with the weariness of words. He has toiled with ideas (only the unfeeling say "juggled") and has bewildered himself with those close-shorn terms which the logicians dotingly label exact, until he begins to yearn for the accommodating looseness of the plain man's speech and the genial irrelevance of the common man's common sense. He comes horribly to suspect that the whole system of nameable ideas is only a stilted and conventionalised mental etiquette—rather a cure for thinking than its instrument. And in sooth, is it not absurd: this attempt to bound one's world with a definition and indite in cold blood the message of one's life? Only the daftest logomaniac could put up with it.

Besides there is that exasperating sense of imminent significance. There is a richness and glory and marvel in the world, beyond present sight and touch to be sure, but surely seeable, surely graspable! On the verge of the great realisation, atiptoe with big expectancy, living already the more vivid life in the foreglow of its wonder, one is gloriously convinced of the attainment of ineffable, unutterable wisdoms. What, then, this encumbering Now and Here? No more than the darkness of yon Reality; the jargon of the schools, no more than apish chatter, and we philosophers the gibberingest of shades!

In the glow of a mood like that, the toil of names and ideas shrivels and warps, and the haughtiest logical pride is humbled. Salvation at any source is

not to be scoffed, and if Hegelianism suffice. . . . For conceive: You, or I, or, let us say, $X-X$, then, is a hatching chick, in a shell oppressively close-fitting, but innerly luminous with opalescent promise of vast cosmic altitudes outside. So X , in his downy exuberance, pecks and batters, seemingly reducing mighty obstacles, but all the time wearing his poor beak blunt. Finally, *wall*-consciousness is all that is left; the opal glory infinitely fades; and X —jelly that he is!—sinks back to doleful realisation of hopeless bipedality. Have we not here the true *Momenta* of the dialectic? Pricked to consciousness of one's Other, one pursues that Other, until—such is the transmuting virtue of desire—one becomes its very self. If at this juncture, one finds that one's old self, selfestranged, is become the Other of one's Other, and giddy with self-diremption, one succumbs to the sickening swoop back to self-realisation, still there is always a comforting other Other radiantly challenging chase—for the egg is yet to hatch.

Indeed, it is a snug formula. With it, secure of logical integrity, there are long sunny lazinesses to be daddled away and meaningful I-know-not-what's to be solved. *Quæstio subtilissima, utrum chimæra in vacuo bombinans possit comedere secundas intentiones*. Surely it is a delectable question; and why may not X , too—lazily bombinating in the sun—have a wholesome, honest appetite for objects of reflection quite irrespective of their categories? *H. B. Alexander.*



THE AMERICAN NOVEL

AT the appearance of a new novel in this country the critics seem to hold their breath—perchance this may be the American Novel. It is a sort of a promised Messiah which some maintain has already arrived while others look forward hopefully to its advent. That the American Novel must be written seems to be a foregone conclusion. And yet, the seasons come and go, the Six Best Sellers rise and fall, young authors grow old, and we still hear the eager cry, When, O, when will the American Novel come!

This Messianic hope is cherished not because the critics feel that there are certain American characteristics, phases of life, national problems, which must find expression in fiction but merely because they know, or they think they know, that there are French and Russian and German novels, hence the American Novel. For just as we imitate manners and customs so do we likewise conceive ideas according to standard patterns. One straight line given, we draw another line parallel to it. Moreover, the American often looks for the first line in the Old World and places the other accordingly. This is not a sign of lack of originality, but rather an indication of conservatism. All rampant statements to the contrary notwithstanding, the American is not radical; far from it. Not only as regards modes of living but even in matters touching belief and ideas. So is the idea of the American Novel an imported product; it was smuggled in between the covers of foreign novels.

Novels—such as are worthy of the name—are the interpretation of thought, of action, of situations, emanating from man. Without the thought, the action, or the situation no novel can come into existence. True novels, no less than landscape paintings, are mere copies. The true artist in fiction is he who copies most truthfully. Literary art lies in copying, not in creating. The trained artist may give a better finish to his work, but no novelist, however ingenious, ever creates. Shakespeare never created,

nor did Balzac. It therefore often happens that two great masters unconsciously produce the same character, but from different points of view, which largely depends on the writer's temperament and visuary power. By means of genius, known as the creative faculty, a novelist may disclose or portray phases of human nature hitherto unknown or unobserved, but no novelist, however romantic, ever creates; and the novels purely creative, like those of Marie Corelli, do not come within the classic definition of either novel or romance. The term creation as applied to writers of fiction signifies the act of reproducing, not of producing.

Novels of all countries fall in two classes: national and cosmopolitan. The former possesses the characteristics of the latter plus certain other elements. They have in common human passions, but the class I categorise as national becomes such by reason of its distinctiveness and individuality. In other words, a character, or a group of characters for that matter, is national only when it retains its identity even by a change of "local colour." For characters in books may have French or German names, may drink wine or beer, as may become their national habits, and still be cosmopolitan. Nor do novels belong to one class or the other simply because their authors are English or Russian; the beings that people the books are the sole criterion. King Lear is no more English than Père Goriot is French. Both of these characters are mere actors in the human comedy. They are universal, cosmopolitan if you will. Père Goriot, in fact, is the complement, so to speak, of King Lear. The embryonic conception of both of these comedies, or tragedies, is the same. But while Shakespeare emphasised the ingratitude and selfishness of the daughters, Balzac focused his camera upon the paternal affections, which amounted to a passion, leaving the daughters somewhat in the background. The characters differ only in station, in rank, in costume, but the characteristics aimed at by both of these masters are neither restrictive to their countries or to their nationalities:

their faults and virtues are such as do not typify the class of people they come from; they belong to all countries and all races; they are simply species of humanity. The characters could be changed around and Goriot could be English and Lear French.

Another illustration is presented in *Madam Bovary* and *Anna Karenina*. I couple these two for the same reason I have joined King Lear and Père Goriot; both stand for the same thing. Flaubert and Tolstoy struck the same tune on different instruments; both painted the same picture with different background. Guilty passion and female character are the keynote of these two novels. However, not the guilty passion and female character of a French or Russian woman, but simply of woman. Furthermore, a close analysis proves one the prototype of the other; they are moved by the same impulses, actuated by the same causes, tried by the same circumstances; their fatal endings are also similar. Hence the moral, if there is one, is the same. Here again, as in the case of Goriot and Lear, the social stations of the characters differ. That is, the frames are of different material, the picture is the same. By a mere rearrangement *Madam Bovary* could turn Russian and *Anna Karenina* French. Owing to her race, Anna is more impulsive than *Madam Bovary*, the latter more fickle than the former, but these differences are mere artistic touches, not a part of the raw material. The characters laid bare are almost identical. They are identical, because they were not intended by their copyists to represent Russian and French women as national types but simply as types of women.

In fact, a glance at the galaxy of characters in the dramas of Shakespeare and in the novels of Balzac—perhaps the two best representatives of fiction—reveals only too clearly that none of their productions are national. They merely arranged their characters in clothes fitting the time, place, and occasion, but stripped from their disguise they remain types of mankind, neither French nor English.

On the other hand there are characters and novels peculiarly national. These possess qualities inherent to them by reason of the people of whom they are a

part. They cannot be modified or transplanted and thus become naturalised. As a striking illustration I shall refer to the characters of Gogol, one of the greatest of Russian novelists. The three books that represent his genius most saliently are *Dead Souls*, *The Government Inspector*, and *Taras Bulba*. All of them are distinctly Russian. They speak as only Russians would, live as Russians, love as Russians, hate as Russians, even laugh as Russians. You cannot disguise them; their Russian nature will always crop out. They are not types of men but are types of Russians. The same can be said of most of Turgenieff's and Dostoyeffski's novels, and still more emphatically of *Foma Gordyeff* by Maxim Gorky. The scenes, the incidents, the characters, the situations, even their very passions, are distinctly Russian. In French literature we must go to George Sand, and in a few instances to Balzac, to find French novels. Maupassant is only French in style and in detail, but the conception of his characters is cosmopolitan; for he probed into the mysteries of heart and brain, and the heart and brain belong to all countries and all climes.

However, no novel is national in the sense that our critics are apt to use when speaking of the American Novel—a sort of gigantic creation the embodiment of everything American. In this sense there has never been a French, Russian, or German novel. There were only fragments of the English Novel or of the French Novel, like volumes of a complete set, the sum total represented a national character.

Now, what are the features that make novels national? Only such characteristics in a people that no other people possess; or a national event or problem that finds expression in fiction. For in discussing fiction we really discuss man and woman. Fiction is the mirror in which peoples and times are reflected. So when we speak of the Russian or English novel we mean the Russian people and the English people.

But not all people are national. By national here I mean the possession of peculiar characteristics different from characteristics of other people. For nationalism in the strict sense of the term

is a relic of barbarism. I do not mean the nationalism which is synonymous to patriotism; I refer to that nationalism which inculcates ideas of seclusion as regards modes of living from other people who are equally human, equally civilised, equally cultured. Nationalism in the former sense is simply the love that knits together the members of a family, while the latter—though it is still regarded by some as a virtue—is but a crude conception of humanity and a feeling altogether foreign to true culture. A country's civilisation can be measured by the latter kind of nationalism. The more a people makes for progress the less it is national; it drifts toward cosmopolitanism. China and Turkey are typically national; Japan, progressive, more cultured, is less national. Of European nations Russia is the most national, because, generally speaking, it is less civilised than her sister countries. Following this analysis, we can readily see why the United States is growing more and more cosmopolitan. While it is true that America does not surpass England or France in artistic refinement and bookish culture, it is nevertheless true that the United States appreciates more keenly the rights of man and his duties, and such an appreciation is the very height of civilisation. In other words, the American is instinctively interested only in one issue—the issue of life; life in the broader sense, which comprises a righteous, ethical existence and the effort to obtain such existence. There may be certain phases in the make-up of this nation which might justly be termed American, yet as compared with other nations it is cosmopolitan. For the true democratic liberal spirit is cosmopolitan.

Consequently, since the novel is the mere echo of the people, the echo cannot differ much from the voice that produces it. The novel can only be national to the extent that the people are national. As concrete illustrations I shall take up Russian and American novels. I have chosen these two because they represent two extremes. Of course in considering novels I shall only take notice of those coming from representative novelists.

The representative novelists of Russia are Gogol, Dostoyeffski, Turgenieff, and Tolstoy; Maxim Gorky may perhaps be added as the latest exponent. It is more

difficult, however, to name American representative novelists. Not so much because of their disparaging inferiority by the side of the Russians, but because of their unstained art as masters of fiction; like unsteady lights they come out twinkling, then grow dim, and for a minute flicker again. With the exception of Hawthorne there is no American novelist who could be decorously entitled representative. In the case of the Russians I have mentioned each of them stands for a distinct feature in the art of fiction, but no American, with the one exception named, has followed up a definite phase of fiction. However, for the purpose of drawing a parallel to the other class, we shall name Cooper, Hawthorne, James, and Howells; and as a set-off against Gorky add James Lane Allen, who is most likely to stand aloof as an American representative of the finer art in fiction.

All of these Russian novelists have written the Russian Novel; and they have done so because Russia as a nation has had something to tell, something to interpret, some problems to solve. In ancient Judea each period produced the prophet it needed. Isaiah was the product of his time, Jeremiah of his, and Ezekiel of his. In the same sense the great novelist is the product of his age and country. The supply of good fiction meets the need, not the demand. This is the reason why France and England had greater novelists during the past generation than at present.

Russia has ever been vexed with live issues, most serious problems. The issues and problems were of a nature that concerned her alone; they were national troubles. With the dawning of civilisation Russia began to observe, to feel, to question. That is, the mighty nation needed interpreters, so the feeling of the people found expression through her gifted sons. Gogol was the product of his time. The evil of serfdom was then at its height and Russian civilisation had not yet advanced far enough to hide its corruption to the extent it does now. So Gogol's genius, or rather the voice of the people that echoed through him, exposed the evil of slavery and corruption by his brilliant satire—peculiarly Russian satire—in the character of

Tchitchikoff in *Dead Souls*; then came the *Revisor*, or the Government Inspector, a satirical drama so distinctly Russian that readers who are not thoroughly familiar with the Russian people and Russian government can neither appreciate nor understand it. Later came Dostoyeffski and Turgenieff. They were the spokesmen of the second half of the last century. Nihilism and Culture were the chief problems then, so we find their canvas filled with pictures of Nihilism and Culture. Tolstoy, however, addresses a larger audience; although he speaks from a Russian platform he raises his voice loud enough for the benefit of those who do not stand near enough. Hence, his tone frequently rings cosmopolitan. And the very last, Maxim Gorky, possessing the virility as well as the courage of Dostoyeffski, with a heart beating for his enslaved people, adds new chapters to the Russian Novel.

America, on the other hand, has never had issues or problems such as concern her alone; her problems and issues are simply human problems, human issues. The only great national problem was that of Slavery; it then found expression through *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; as soon as this problem was solved there was no more need for Mrs. Stowe's prophecy, and her voice as an interpreter of life was hushed. Since then there were no national problems; that is, the problems we term national are universal; there is nothing in the national life of this country that must needs give expression through novels. The trust problem and that of capital and labour are universal problems, human problems; the tendency of certain Americans toward an aristocracy is not serious enough to give vent to genius as an interpreter of this apéry; should it become threatening an American Gogol will surely arise. So these weak problems give rise to weak novelists, weak novels. In Hawthorne we find an abundance of artistic expression,

romantic vision, and flawless purity of style, but not the writer of the American Novel. He is only American—I had almost said New English—in atmosphere, the rest is cosmopolitan. *The Scarlet Letter* is not an American Novel; it only has American background; but background alone does not make a novel national. Of Cooper there is little to say, for after all he is merely an extravaganza, belonging nowhere. Henry James is an avowed cosmopolitan. Howells has for almost half a century made a valiant effort to do for American literature what Turgenieff did for Russian, but alas! all he has accomplished is an acquisition of the Russian master's buoyancy, but as to richness of colour, depth, the romantic expression of youth, artistic finish, the American Dean is still a mere pupil who has much to learn. However, as I have said, the fault is not in Mr. Howells, it is in the American people. Mr. Howells has indefatigably tried to write the American Novel, but he sadly missed the point that the American Novel cannot be written. And where Mr. Howells has failed James Lane Allen has succeeded; perhaps because he never aimed at the American Novel. If Mr. Allen had written *The Kentucky Cardinal* only, without writing another line, his claim to a seat among the Great would have been warranted. The reason of his success is his consciousness of his limitation.

The critics' cry for the American Novel is simply the longing for an American Novelist. Not one to write the American Novel, but a novelist to write human novels such as Balzac did and Maupassant and Turgenieff and Auerbach and Dickens and Thackeray—a novelist who does not ponder how to make a book of the Six Sellers—a novelist to copy nature and thus teach and amuse at the same time—a novelist to whom humanity and art are one. When, O, when will the American Novelist come!

Ezra S. Brudno.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

AN esteemed subscriber in Chicago has a fatal fondness for bibliographical information. This is her letter:

I am trying to obtain information concerning certain books in which I am interested. I should like to know how many editions of Shakespeare have been published and the names of the publishers. Can you tell me? My reason for wishing to know is that I should like to find out how much money has been spent for copies of Shakespeare in England and America, or in America alone.

I shall be very grateful for any information you can give me concerning this.

The lady probably does not realise the immensity of the sea upon which she is embarking. To give her the information that she requires, even in a condensed form, we should have to get out a supplement. By way of opening her eyes, we venture to refer her to the following works relating to the subject of Shakespearean bibliography: Thimm, *Shakespeareana* (1871); *Shakespeareana*, published by the British Museum (1897); and the catalogue of the Barton Collection in the Boston Public Library.

II.

Our correspondent in Evansville, Ind., who had trouble with a literary syndicate, as described by him last month, continues his pursuit of knowledge.

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

I beg that you will accept my sincere thanks for your kindness in answering my letter through the Letter Box of THE BOOKMAN.

You will probably remember that I asked your advice about sending a story to a magazine, which had already appeared in a syndicate sheet. Your answer was to the effect that unless the story was copyrighted by the publishers of the sheet I had a perfect right to offer it elsewhere.

They claim that their sheet is copyrighted, and their printed matter describing this sheet says: "The fact that one sheet is copyrighted does not destroy the author's right to republish his manuscripts in book form, nor to

copyright them in his own or his publisher's name."

As I am not familiar with the ground which copyrighting covers, I would like to ask you if it is possible to copyright manuscripts more than once. I am hoping that, after all, this sheet is really not copyrighted and that this may prove a loophole.

I would like to say further that I wrote these people, when I learned that my manuscript had not been accepted by any one to whom their sheet was sent, that I intended to offer it elsewhere, and in the answer I received they did not refer to this part of my letter at all. Does it not appear plausible that they would have warned me against doing this, if they had felt justified in doing so?

Answering this letter as concisely as possible we would say:

(1) If the "syndicate sheet" is copyrighted you can determine that fact by examining it to see whether or not the statement that it is copyrighted appears in it, as required by law.

(2) If it has been copyrighted you can publish your story on your own account only in case you have a written agreement with the syndicate to that effect.

(3) If the syndicate should give up its copyright to you, you could copyright the story again in your own name.

(4) If the syndicate sheet is not copyrighted and your story is published without any copyright protection, no subsequent copyrighting of it would protect your interests; since anyone would be at liberty to republish it.

III.

The following bit of special criticism comes from Bryn Mawr and explains itself.

Dear BOOKMAN:

Truly the blind have not ceased to lead the blind. In your May number "B. H." says, apropos of Miss Margery Williams's novel: "No Bryn Mawr girl gets a 'first in Euclid,' but an 'excellent in geometry.'" A Bryn Mawr girl gets "high credit in geometry;" that is, a few of her do.

Sincerely yours,

BRYN MAWR TYR.

IV.

The following letter is also self-explanatory.

The Editor of the LETTER BOX :

In the April Letter Box appears a note from a Cantab. B. A. anent the use of English in Yankee speech. "We (i.e. Englishmen) have not yet got," says the Cantabrigian, "to the delectable and all-pervading barbarism of 'gotten.'" In which statement he of Cambridge is in error, as he would know had he not forgotten (or forgot) S. Butler's *Hudibras*. In Part I, Canto 3, of that poem the "vandalism" is committed. Perpend :

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active ranting, etc.
The rhyme seems a bit forced—a vandalism, in fact, even for satire.

D. L. H., B. A. Yalen.

V.

An individual in Brewster, N. Y., sends us two pages of miscellaneous criticism. He also informs us that he does not take THE BOOKMAN himself, but that he occasionally receives sample copies from the publishers, and it is these sample copies that he is criticising. We don't approve of a person who knows us only through the medium of sample copies, and therefore, we pass him by unanswered.

VI.

Another individual sends us a cleverly vituperative poem which we should like to print were it not for the fact that it mentions names, a thing which we regard as exceedingly bad form, especially when the names are those of the editors of THE BOOKMAN.

VII.

A Western person, whom we take to be a cowboy with literary intervals, sends us a letter plentifully besprinkled with profanity. As the letter itself is written about nothing in particular, we infer that

he has sent it just out of curiosity to see whether we will publish it or not. We don't mind gratifying curiosity, and therefore we remark, as we pass along, that we shall not publish it.

VIII.

The gentleman in Denver, whose Soul has Polka Dots, and who was honoured last month in being made the subject of a poem by Miss Carolyn Wells, retaliates as follows :

Dear LETTER BOX :

After thinking it over I have decided to remain. My reasons are somewhat as follows :

I stand in the door of my little shack,
And pensively gaze toward the setting sun,
Wishing, alas! I could go way back,—
Way back to—New Jersey, and then sit down;

For I see it written—"Misunderstood,"
And my doll seems stuffed in a straw way,
For 'tis not to laugh when one gets the gaff
From the Ready Rhymer of Rahway.

I thought when I penned that harmless note,—
The lady will surely see
That under the breast of my cowboy coat
Is a heart that beats for She;—
But they say the result is ever the same
When one tries to butt into another man's game.

I became so tired of looking on
That I thought I would take a hand—
(It is awfully slow being chaperon!)
But I never shall have the sand
To buy a stack and play the same
Since She has called me that horrible name.
Still, I stand as before in my cabin door
And look toward the setting sun;
And I have to confess that it tickles me more
Than most anything I have done;—
For I got a rise—(to my great surprise)—
In a manner by no means otherwise
Than those who angle in Norway;—
Just a nibble slight
From the Editor bright,
A gentle tug from the Soul with a Stripe,
But the hardest kind of a good, hard bite
From the Ready Rhymer of Rahway!



THE BOOK MART



READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Appleton:

College Training and the Business Man.
By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

In this book, Dr. Thwing considers the business man in general administration, in banking, in transportation, in insurance, and in human relations.

Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour. By the author of "Handley Cross" and "Jorrock's Jaunts."

This edition, founded on the one published in 1853 by Bradbury and Evans, is illustrated with ninety wood-cuts by John Leech and thirteen coloured plates.

The Complete Angler. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton.

A new edition embellished with engravings on copper and wood. These two volumes belong to the series of classics which the Messrs. Appleton are republishing from old editions.

Baker and Taylor Company:

Social Progress. A Year Book and Encyclopædia of Economic, Industrial, Social, and Religious Statistics. 1904. Josiah Strong, Editor.

This work will be issued annually on March first. Dr. Strong is well known as head of the American Institute for Social Service.

Barnes and Company:

The House in the Woods. By Arthur Henry.

The story of a country home which the author has made for himself in the Catskill Mountains. Mr. Henry will be recalled as the author of that charming little book, "An Island Cabin."

The Journey of Coronado. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, by George Parker Winship.

The first volume in a series, entitled "The Trail Makers," of which Prof.

John Bach McMaster is the consulting editor. This journey of Coronado, the first explorer of the West, as told by himself, took place in 1540-42 from the City of Mexico to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and the Buffalo Plains of Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska.

Brentano's:

The Quintessence of Ibsenism. By G. Bernard Shaw.

This little book of Shaw's estimate of Ibsen was published in England a few years ago. In his preface the author states that this work "is not a critical essay on the poetic beauties of Ibsen, but simply an exposition of Ibsenism."

Tristan and Isolde. By Louis K. Ans-pacher.

A dramatic poem in five acts, founded upon the famous legend.

Century Company:

Four Roads to Paradise. By Maud Wilder Goodwin.

There are four men in this novel who are admirers of the charming young widow, whose love seems the paradise which they all desire. One of the men is rector of a fashionable church in New York, another a physician and scientist, while the other two are lawyers. Mrs. Goodwin may be recalled as the author of "White Aprons" and "The Head of a Hundred."

Roof and Meadow. By Dallas Lore Sharp.

A nature story of city streets and country byways by the author of "Wild Life Near Home," which John Burroughs commended so highly at the time of its publication.

Cooke (Robert Grier):

A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin. By Francis Aymar Mathews.

A collection of short stories, some of which have already been dramatised. It is said that Robert Lorraine is to star in "A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin" in the autumn. Mrs. Mathews is the author of

"My Lady Peggy Goes to Town" and "Pamela Congreve," and as she has a keen dramatic instinct the stories from her pen are usually written with an eye on the stage.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper.

This work, which as a serial ran through seven numbers of this magazine last year, appears in book form very much expanded in text and illustration. It has been the aim of the authors to present the great events of the most striking hundred years of all times from an entirely new point of view. Thus, Austere-litz, or the Crimean War, or the Emancipation Proclamation are shown not as they are viewed to-day by the conventional historian, but as they left immediate impressions upon the passions of the moment. This subject is so wonderfully rich in material that the man or men who undertook to cover it thoroughly would have to give twenty years of labour and many thousand miles of travel to the task.

Japan. Described by Great Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

Miss Singleton calls this a "bird's-eye view of Japan," and in the book she publishes nearly fifty articles by men of high authority. They are divided under the following headings: The Country and the Race, History and Religion, Places and Monuments, Manners and Customs, Arts and Crafts, Modern Japan.

Charm and Courtesy in Conversation. By Frances Bennett Callaway.

The title explains quite clearly the aim of this little book.

Saga of the Oak. By William H. Venable. There are a number of poems in this collection, and the subjects are varied.

Outlines of the History of Art. By Wilhelm Lübke, Professor at the Polytechnic Institute and at the Art School in Stuttgart. Edited, minutely revised, largely rewritten and brought up to the present time by Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D.

A standard work of art in two large volumes, richly illustrated. Each volume contains a table of contents, a general index of subjects and artists, and a separate index of illustrations.

Pamela Congreve. By Frances Aymar Mathews.

A romantic and theatrical novel of old London. It is in somewhat the same vein as the author's earlier story, "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town."

My Commencement.

A book uniform with "Books I Have Read and Plays I Have Seen." It provides for the keeping of a record of commencement days, places being provided for an account of the exercises, brief sketches of the teachers, classmates, newspaper clippings, etc.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Poems That Every Child Should Know.

Edited by Mary E. Burt.

The editor and compiler of this little volume has made very wise selections in that she has chosen the poems which children really love. They are nearly all short enough for children to commit to memory. The publishers have also very wisely placed the book at a low figure, ninety cents net.

How to do Bead-Work. By Mary White.

An illustrated monograph on bead-work by the author of "How to Make Baskets." Miss White explains effectively the work achieved by the Indian bead-workers.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

The Folly of Others. By Neith Boyce.

A volume of short stories by a writer whom THE BOOKMAN welcomed most cordially when her first book, "The Fore-runner," appeared. There are but nine stories in the present collection; the first one, "A Provident Woman," is an excellent study of two commonplace girls. A review will appear in a forthcoming number.

Fenno and Company:

Trusts Versus The Public Welfare. By H. C. Richie.

A study of Trusts in the present day, including remarks on the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Havemeyer and the Tariff, the Distilling Company of America, the Otis Elevator Company, and the Protective Tariff.

Modern Arms and a Feudal Throne. By T. Milner Harrison.

A tale of romance and adventure of an unexplored sea. The story opens on board a ship in the Pacific Ocean in February, 1891.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena. By I. K. Funk.

About a year ago a New York daily published a story entitled "The Finding of the Widow's Mite Through the Spirit of Henry Ward Beecher." This statement created considerable comment, and Dr. Funk published a letter in which he announced that he was making an exhaustive examination of the facts and that he would publish a book on the subject of psychic phenomena. This work is the result of that promise.

Grafton Press:

Forestfield. By Robert Thomson Bentley.

A story of the South before and during the Civil War. The scene is laid in the Tennessee Valley, and the author gives a picture of slave stealing and slave selling, and of the devastation which followed the war.

Harper and Brothers:

The Inventions of the Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs.

The Idiot, one of Mr. Bangs's best-known characters, boards at Mrs. Smithers-Pedagog's "High-Class Home for Single Gentlemen," and with these boarders he holds discussions on the betterment of the human race.

Later Adventures of Wee Macgregor. By J. J. Bell.

It is just about a year since Wee Macgregor come over the water to amuse the American readers, and in this second volume Mr. Bell continues his stories of the small Scotch laddie. Further mention may be found under this month's Chronicle.

The Steps of Honour. By Basil King.

Mr. King, the author of that divorce novel, "Let Not Man Put Asunder," has chosen Harvard College and Cambridge as the background for his new story. It deals principally with an act of plagiarism committed by a college instructor, which act leads to a termination of his love affair. A review appears elsewhere in this number.

Holt and Company:

The Transgression of Andrew Vane. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

This last novel by the late Mr. Carryl deals, as did "Zut," with the American Colony in Paris. The book will be reviewed later. Mr. Carryl died just as the book was going to press.

Uncle Mac's Nebrasky. By W. R. Lighton.

Mr. Lighton's new story is written in

the form of an autobiography. Uncle Mac, a genuine Westerner, went from Indiana to Nebraska in 1855, and in the yarns that he tells he exhibits considerable humour and philosophy. Mr. Lighton's earlier story, "The Ultimate Moment," was also a novel of the West.

The Micmac. By S. Carleton.

A novel founded upon a short story entitled "The Ribbioned Way," which appeared in "Ainslee's Magazine." The Micmac swamp in Nova Scotia is the principal scene of action, for it is in this swamp that the hero chooses to camp out.

In the Dwellings of the Wilderness. By C. Bryson Taylor.

The adventures of three American engineers who explore the heart of an Egyptian desert. There is mystery in the tale as well as a thrill or two.

The Romance of Piscator. By Henry Wysham Lanier.

Another tale of adventure of an entirely different order. It is dedicated to "every one who has harkened to the siren song of the reel." Young Piscator's heart is divided between his love of fishing and his love of the Peri, and there are a number of amusing situations.

Introduction to Economics. By Henry Rogers Seager.

The author of this volume is Adjunct Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University. In his preface, he says: "I have tried to explain the productivity theory of distribution and have made free use of the writings of my honoured colleague, Professor Clark." The introductory sketch touches upon the rise and progress of modern industry in England and in the United States.

Napoleon the First. A Biography. By August Fournier. Translated by Margaret Bacon Corwin and Arthur Dart Bissell. Edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne.

A brief history published in one volume, accompanied by a classified bibliography. Professor Bourne says that he has made no change in M. Fournier's text with the exception of a few of minor character.

Aladdin and Company. By Herbert Quick.

A romance of "Yankee magic" by the author of "The Wonderland of America." Aladdin and Company are promoters who "boom" a town, and who, while dabbling in business speculation, take the time to experiment with affairs of the heart.

Port Argent. By Arthur Colton.

A story of American life in the Middle West in 1890. Mr. Colton's work is especially worthy of praise; his book of short stories, entitled "Tioba," received general appreciation.

A Night with Alessandro. By T. Cleveland, Jr.

The dramatic tale of a single night which tells of an episode in Florence under the Medicis. We congratulate Messrs. Henry Holt and Company upon the quiet and artistic covers which they have given to this book, and to the two volumes mentioned above. Reviewed in the current number.

Jenkins:

The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman.

The 1904 edition of this little volume comes to us considerably expanded. It is what it purports to be, essentially a pocket-guide, and if one has not the space to carry the red-bound Baedekers one could do far worse than selecting this little book.

Lane:

Life in a Garrison Town. By Lieutenant Bilse.

This is the military novel which was suppressed by the German Government. There is an introduction by Arnold White, and a prefatory note on "Bilse and His Translators."

The Golden Age. By Kenneth Grahame.

A new edition of Kenneth Graham's charming tale, with illustrations by Maxfield Parrish reproduced in photogravure. Perronelle. By Valentina Hawtrey.

A story of Paris in the year 1400. The heroine is a daughter of the bourgeois class who is betrothed when but fifteen to a man of wealth and influence. After her marriage she meets the man for whom she forgets her marital vows.

The Napoleon of Notting Hill. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton's romantic military novel receives mentions in the Chronicle and Comment of the present issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Lewis (Eastman):

Songs of Southern Scenes. By Louis M. Elshemus.

A collection of sonnets and verses about Samoa, New Zealand, Algeria, Africa, Italy, and France.

Life Publishing Company:

The Villa Claudia. By John Ames Mitchell.

Mr. Mitchell mixes antiquity and modernity indiscriminately in his new story, which is a mysterious romance. The scene of the tale is laid in modern Tivoli. The illustrations, by the author and Mr. Blashfield, are from early engravings.

Macmillan Company:

Our Mountain Garden. By Mrs. Theodore Thomas.

A new garden book with an appendix giving a list of shrubs, vines, flowers, and weeds cultivated in this particular mountain garden.

History of the United States of America. By Henry William Elson.

A concise history for the general reader, in which the author has aimed to present "an accurate narrative of the origin and growth of our country and its institutions.

Daughters of Nijo. By Onoto Watanna.

A romance of Japan by the young Japanese-English author. The book is illustrated in colour by Kiyokichi Sano.

The Golden Treasury. By Francis P. Palgrave.

A revised and enlarged edition of "The Golden Treasury," selected from the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language and arranged with notes by a late professor of poetry in the University of Oxford.

Old Time Schools and School Books. By Clifton Johnson.

Mr. Johnson tells the story of old time school books in America from the days of the early settlers down to 1850. There are two hundred and fifty illustrations in the book.

The Singular Miss Smith. By F. M. Kingsley.

The lively and romantic adventures of a young heiress who masquerades in the guise of a servant, and who meets a "foundryman" who is more than he seems. The story is agreeable summer reading.

Thomas Hobbes. Leviathan or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil. The text edited by A. R. Waller.

An imported volume belonging to the Cambridge English Classics.

The Social Unrest. By John Graham Brooks.

A paper-covered book containing studies in labour and socialist movements.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

A Little Union Scout. By Joel Chandler Harris.

The little Union scout is a girl spy, sometimes masquerading as a man. The scene is laid in Tennessee, at the time that that State was made the field of action in the Civil War.

The Picaroons. By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin.

Amusing tales of men who lived by their wits, which the publishers style "the romance of roguery." The characters are outcasts of various professions.

The Silent Places. By Stewart Edward White.

Mr. White's new book was reviewed at length by Mr. Churchill Williams in the May *BOOKMAN*.

National Art Theatre Society:

Manual of the National Art Theatre Society of New York.

The publication of this manual is two-fold: to inform persons what the National Theatre is and to provide material for further spreading the idea. The pamphlet includes much information in regard to the endowed theatres of Europe, and it publishes photographs of these theatres.

Outlook Company:

Getting Acquainted with the Trees. By J. Horace McFarland.

A large, illustrated volume by a lover of trees. These sketches have been enlarged and extended since they appeared in the pages of the *Outlook*.

Philosophic Company:

The Panorama of Sleep, or Soul and Symbol. By Nina Picton.

A small volume, in which the author relates sixteen dreams, which she dreamed consecutively "and as clearly as if sent for a purpose." The illustrations which accompany these dream fancies are quite bad enough to cause genuine nightmare.

Pott and Company:

Chester. By Bertram C. A. Windle.

A book which should appeal to persons interested in history and archæology. In compiling the work, it has been the author's intention to link incident and place as closely as possible. At the end of the volume may be found an itinerary, which gives instructions for making a journey around the city of Chester.

Dalrymple. By Mary C. Francis.

A romance of Revolutionary days, in which the British ship, "The Jersey," plays an important part. George Washington, General Howe, and the usual personages of the Revolutionary novel make their appearance at opportune moments.

Putnam's Sons:

What Handwriting Indicates. By John Rexford.

Persons interested in the study of character by handwriting will find keen enjoyment in this volume. It gives numerous illustrations of handwriting, which enable the student to figure out the analysis of graphology for himself.

Theodore Roosevelt. Addresses and Presidential Messages. 1902-04. With an Introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge.

In the selection of these speeches, the publishers have given especial attention to the subjects which seem likely to possess continued importance, and to the speeches which should prove of interest to the voter during the present Presidential year. See article on Theodore Roosevelt.

The Republican Party. By Francis Curtis. Two volumes.

These large volumes contain the history of the Republican Party during its fifty years' existence, from 1854 to 1904. President Roosevelt has written a foreword, while William P. Frye and J. G. Cannon have written introductions. Volume I. contains a portrait of Lincoln reproduced from a drawing from life by F. B. Carpenter, and Volume II. the familiar photograph of President Roosevelt taken by Rockwood in 1901.

The Jessica Letters.

A love story in letters. The correspondents are a New York editor and a young Southern woman.

The Society of To-Morrow: A Forecast of its Political and Economic Organisation. By G. de Molinari.

Mr. P. H. Lee Warner has translated this work, and Mr. Hodgson Pratt has written the introduction. The work is divided into two parts: The State of War, and the State of Peace. The appendix, compiled by Mr. Edward Atkinson, gives the cost to the United States of war and of preparation for war from 1898 to 1904.

The Mystic Mid-Region. By Arthur J. Burdick.

Mr. Burdick seems to see all sorts of poetic possibilities in the deserts of the

southwest, and he writes vividly of that region of the country. The volume contains over fifty illustrations.

American Immortals. By George Cary Eggleston.

A handsomely bound and illustrated volume, the purpose of which, says Mr. Eggleston in an introductory note, is "to present critical estimates of the men elected to the New York University's Hall of Fame, with so much biography in each case as is necessary to a due comprehension of the subjects."

Bog-Trotting for Orchids. By Grace Greylock Niles.

A large volume, illustrated from nature, describing plant life in the swamps of the Hoosac Valley, a region extending through certain parts of Vermont, New York, and Massachusetts.

A Norwegian Ramble. By One of the Ramblers.

A little book, published anonymously, which describes the fjords, fields, mountains, and glaciers of Norway. The author's purpose in writing this monograph is to suggest to his countrymen the many attractive places to be visited in Norway.

Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music. By F. Schuyler Mathews.

A description of the character and music of birds, intended to help one to identify species common in the Eastern United States. The book contains many reproductions of water-colour and pen-and-ink studies of birds, as well as musical notations of bird songs.

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Tree-Dwellers. By Katarine Elizabeth Dopp.

An illustrated book for the instruction of young children, the first of a series. The author is instructor in the extension division of the University of Chicago.

Revell Company:

Not in the Curriculum. A Book of Friendly Counsel to Students. By Two Recent College Graduates. With an Introduction by Henry Van Dyke.

This small book, which should prove helpful to those for whom it is intended, is gracefully dedicated to Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University, in "grateful appreciation of many things not in the curriculum learned from his lips and his life."

Scribner's Sons:

The Pastime of Eternity. By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd.

This is Mrs. Brownell's first novel, and in it she has grouped together the men and women of New York's leisure class. The hero has made an unfortunate marriage, but the love of two good women mould his character. Unlike real life, these two women are friends and honest ones at that. The author's photograph appears under *Chronicle*, and a review is also printed in this number.

The Panchronicon. By Harold Steele Mackaye.

A weird tale which the publishers liken to *Stockton*. In it the author pictures the Court of Elizabeth confronted by the phonograph, the bicycle, and the modern newspaper.

Nero and Other Plays. Edited with Introductions and Notes by Herbert P. Horne, Havelock Ellis, Arthur Symons, and A. Wilson Verity.

Beaumont and Fletcher. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. St. Leo Strachey. Two volumes.

Thomas Dekker. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Ernest Rhys.

The above four volumes belong to the *Mermaid Series* and are imported by the Messrs. Scribner. Each volume contains a frontispiece illustration of especial interest.

Letters of Horace Walpole. Selected and Edited by C. B. Lucas.

An imported volume belonging to the *Caxton Thin Paper Classics*. A portrait of the fourth Earl of Oxford is used as a frontispiece.

Cynthia's Rebellion. By A. E. Thomas.

A summer love story, with the scenes laid in a country place on the Rhode Island shore near Point Judith. Mr. Thomas is among the new writers.

Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells.

The present book is written in relation to "Anticipations," published a while ago, and with a pamphlet entitled "The Discovery of the Future," presents a general theory of social development and of social and political conduct.

The Roosevelt Book.

These are selections from the writings of Theodore Roosevelt, with an introduction by Mr. Robert Bridges. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the photograph of Mr. Roosevelt which hangs in the Green Room of the White House.

The Descent of Man. By Edith Wharton.

Mrs. Wharton has returned to the short story in her latest book, and it was the

short story which made her reputation. As usual, she has chosen a peculiar title. The book will be reviewed later.

Hero Tales Told in School. By James Baldwin.

The stories in the present volume are adapted for use in reading classes at schools. There are seventeen stories in the collection, some of them from the author's earlier books, "The Golden Age," "Siegfried," and "Roland."

Venice. By Gustav Pauli. Translated by P. G. Konody.

This is the second volume in the series of Famous Art Cities (Imported). It contains one hundred and thirty-seven illustrations.

Business Success. By G. G. Millar.

A small imported book belonging to "The Useful Red Series." These books are published at fifty cents apiece. Among the chapter headings are: "Definitions of Business," "The Ethical Aspect of Business," "Business at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century," "Starting Business," and "The Romance of Business."

The American Natural History. By William T. Hornaday.

A large volume, illustrated with hundreds of photographs and drawings. The author is Director of the New York Zoölogical Park, and in a sub-title he calls his book "A Foundation of Useful Knowledge of the Higher Animals of North America." The artists chosen to illustrate the work are for the most part experts in animal photography.

Scott-Thaw Company:

The Quality of Youth. By Louis Evan Shipman.

A romantic love story of the eighteenth century by the author of that delightful Revolutionary tale, "D'Arcy of the Guards."

The Expansion of Russia and Russian People. By Alfred Rambaud and J. Novicow.

The second edition of a volume belonging to the Contemporary Thought Series. Mr. Rambaud writes of the problems of the East and of the Far East, while Mr. Novicow writes the essay on the Russian people.

The Word at St. Kevin's. By Bliss Carman.

A richly bound and decorated volume of one of Mr. Carman's poems.

Stokes Company:

The Woman with the Fan. By Robert Hichens.

A new novel by the author of "Felix." The heroine is a woman of great beauty who has unbounded faith in her external attractions. Among the other characters there is an American actress who strongly resembles Lady Holme. Reviewed in this number.

Felice Constant. By William C. Sprague.

A romance of the days of George Washington and King George.

By Snare of Love. By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Mr. Marchmont can usually be counted upon to write a novel with sensations, melodramatic scenes, and an exciting plot. In this new novel he has lived up to this reputation.

The Woman Wins. By Robert Barr.

Short stories, in each one of which the central figure is a woman. They are all modern tales and especially entertaining. Further mention of these stories may be found under Chronicle and Comment.

Belton, Tex.

Wessels Company:

Working with the People. By Charles Sprague Smith.

Mr. Smith, Managing Director of the People's Institute of New York, has written a little book which he describes as the application of theory to life. As he has made a study of social conditions, his work should be of considerable value and assistance to persons interested in this line of thought and activity.

Baylor College:

A Lesser Light. By Emily Davant Embrce.

A story of school life at Baylor College, and one especially intended for the young girl reader.

Boston.

Badger:

Poem Pictures. By Laura Case Downing.

A collection of verse divided into Various Poems, Rural Rhymes, Commemorations, and Dramatic Pieces and Exercises.

Songs of a Deeper Note. By Edmund Corliss Sherburne.

A picture of Mr. Sherburne adorns the first page of this volume of poems. Two of these poems the publisher refers as to the famous ones given at the banquet of the Vermont State Dairymen's Association.

Echoes from the Home of Halleck and Other Poems. By S. Ward Loper.

A book of verse with illustrations of Halleck, the old stone house, Guilford Green, and a view of Lake Quonepaug.

Far From the Stone Streets. By Henry and Helen Chadwick.

A collection of miscellaneous poems, many of which have already appeared here and there in various periodicals.

The Way to Wings and Kindred Sallies. By M. Y. T. H. Myth.

A collection of tales which do not seem to have any particular sequence and which are difficult to classify.

Curtis and Cameron:

The Legend of the Holy Grail As Set Forth in the Frieze painted by Edwin A. Abbey for the Boston Public Library. With description and interpretation by Sylvester Baxter.

Mr. Baxter is an authority on mural decoration, and in this small volume he throws a clear light on Mr. Abbey's interpretation of the Grail.

DeWolfe, Fiske and Company:

Tangledom. By Charles Rollin Ballard.

A little book of charades, enigmas, problems, riddles, and transformations.

Ginn and Company:

An Elementary American History. By D. H. Montgomery.

A book prepared for elementary pupils. It is a short, narrative history of our country.

Primary Arithmetic. By David Eugene Smith, Ph.D.

A text book for primary departments of schools. The author is Professor of Mathematics in the Teachers' College of Columbia University.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Napoleon. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. Volumes I. and II.

Colonel Dodge's Life of Napoleon forms a part of his "History of the Origin and Growth of the Art of War" in which the work of four great captains has already been treated. This history will be completed in four volumes and will contain over two hundred charts, maps, plans of battles, portraits, cuts of uniforms, arms, and weapons.

Whittier-Land. By Samuel T. Pickard.

A hand book of North Essex containing many anecdotes of Whittier and including some of his poems never before

collected. Mr. Pickard was a close friend of the poet, and is the author of "The Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier." There are a number of illustrations in the volume and a map of Whittier-Land with a key to it.

New Hampshire. An Epitome of Popular Government. By Frank B. Sanborn.

The latest volume in the American Commonwealths Series. As Mr. Sanborn is a native of New Hampshire, it is quite fitting that he should write a history of it.

A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York. By Ralph Hoffman.

Bird lovers will of course be interested in this book. It contains a short description of over two hundred and fifty species of birds with particular reference to their appearance in the field. The author is a member of the American Ornithologists' Union.

The Neighbour. By Nathaniel S. Shaler.

A study of human relations with especial reference to race prejudices. Professor Shaler is known as an author and lecturer, also through his connection with Harvard, as Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School.

High Noon. By Alice Brown.

Miss Brown's books are always well worth reading, and her admirers will be glad to welcome this collection of a dozen short stories. "The Map of the Country" is a delightful bit of dialogue between a man and a woman upon the eve of their marriage. The book will be reviewed later.

Little, Brown and Company:

Anna the Adventuress. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A story of London life which is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

The Effendi. By Florence Brooks Whitehouse.

A new novel by the author of "The God of Things." The present story is a romance of the Soudan of the last few years of the nineteenth century.

By the Good Sainte Anne. By Anna Chapin Ray.

A story of Modern Quebec which should prove entertaining reading for the summer time. The dialogue is bright and the local colour will appeal especially to those who have visited Quebec and the

good Sainte Anne, as well as those who intend to do so.

The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. By M. E. Waller.

Miss Waller lives in a little village in the Green Mountain country, and she has succeeded in giving real atmosphere to her story. A frontispiece illustration presents an old Vermont stage coach.

The North Star. By M. E. Henry-Ruffin.

A tale of love and adventure with the scenes laid in Norway in the tenth century.

Pilgrim Press:

The Song of Our Syrian Guest. By William Allen Knight.

A little booklet which, the author says, conveys a message about the Psalm's meaning straight from David's land. The illustrations and decorative designs are by Charles Copeland.

The Love-Watch. By William Allen Knight.

This is similar to "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," with the exception that it tells of Gethsemane and Calvary.

Poet-Lore Company:

Quarry Slaves. By Lee Byrne.

A dramatic poem, the scene of which is laid in a Sicilian underground quarry, some years after the Athenian expedition against Syracuse.

Turner and Company:

The Mystery of Miriam. By J. Wesley Johnston.

A story of love and mystery of New York, Chicago, and Boston. The dedication caught our immediate attention: "To Evelyn, Harold, and Grace; these three; but the greatest of these is Elinor."

Chicago.

McClurg and Company:

Little Mitchell. By Margaret W. Morley.

The story of a mountain squirrel written for the edification of the young reader.

Stockham Publishing Company:

How to Live Forever. The Science and Practice. By Harry Gaze.

In the first chapter Mr. Gaze asks this question: "Is Life Worth Perpetuating?" And it depends upon the reader's state of mind as to whether he cares to read further.

Cleveland.

Clark Company:

Historic Highways of America. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

Portage Paths. The Keys of the Continent.

Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin. The Conquest of the Old Northwest.

Waterways of Westward Expansion. The Ohio River and Its Tributaries.

The above are volumes VII., VIII., and IX. in the series of "Historic Highways of America." The text in each volume is accompanied by maps.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Translated from the originals. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Volumes VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X.

The above volumes cover a period from 1583 to 1599. The edition is limited to one thousand numbered sets, and will be complete in fifty-five volumes.

Early Western Travels. 1748-1846. Edited with Notes, Introductions, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Volume II.

The present volume covers John Long's Journal, 1768-1782. The entire work will extend from 1748 to 1846, it being a series of annotated reprints of some of the rarest contemporary volumes of travel.

Coughs, Colds, and Catarrh. By Albert Rufus Baker, M.D.

A treatise on how to avoid the above ailments by a specialist in the Cleveland College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Glasgow.

MacLehose and Sons:

Flower-Time in the Oberland. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

An imported volume which is published, according to the author's own statement, "in the hope that those who have leisure or opportunity will make a pilgrimage in the prime of the year, when rest is surest and flower-time is the fairest." The illustrations are from pencil sketches by Edith Rawnsley. The author is Honorary Canon of Carlisle.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Grafters. By Francis Lynde.

In Mr. Lynde's second novel he has departed from the Revolutionary days which formed the background of his first book, "The Master of Appleby." The

present story is full of the bustle and activity of present day politics. The book is reviewed in this number and Mr. Lynde's photograph appears under Chronicle.

A Gingham Rose. By Alice Woods Ullman.

Mrs. Ullman will be recalled as the author of "Edges," a quaint sort of story published a year or so ago. The present novel is an up-to-date story of New York. The reader must find out for himself just why the author chose such an odd title for her book.

The Ballads of Bourbonnais. By Wallace Bruce Amsbary.

A collection of dialect poems with illustrations from life by Will Vawter. These ballads were written, explains the author in his introduction, in the hope of preserving the dialect of the French-Canadian.

Huldah. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke.

Huldah is described by the authors as "proprietor of the Wagon-Tire House and genial philosophy of the Cattle Country," and her story is "a plea for the better understanding of a little understood, and now vanishing, class." The illustrations, and they are quaint in character, are by Fanny Y. Cory.

Jacobs and Company:

The Holy City. By Thomas W. Broadhurst.

A dramatic poem in five acts, in which Mary Magdalen is used as the central figure. The drama was first presented in March, 1903, at Poughkeepsie, New York. Mr. William Allan Neilson has written an introductory note to the book.

Lippincott Company:

The Slav Invasion. By Frank Julian Warne, Ph.D.

A small hand book, illustrated with maps, which gives the result of an investigation of immigration, and the conditions in the anthracite coal fields.

Japan To-day. By James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D.

An illustrated book on Japan by a former teacher of English in the Government School at Saga. The author lived and worked with the Japanese in his own country, and talked with him in his own language. The book contains many illustrations.

Poems. By Andrew Edward Watrous.

A collection of miscellaneous poems, poems in memoriam, and poems of New York.

San Antonio, Texas.

Moos, Henry A.:

Cotton Pickin' Time and Other Poems.
By Henry Antonio Moos.

Besides the poem which gives the title to this little book, there are eleven bits of verse in the collection. The author has limited the edition to five hundred numbered copies, one of which he has courteously sent to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

St. Louis.

Christian Publishing Company:

Man Preparing for Other Worlds, or the Spiritual Man's Conflicts and Final Victory. By William Thomas Moore, M.A., LL.D.

A study of man in the light of the Bible, science, and experience. Dr. Moore says in his preface that it has been his chief aim to produce a thought-provoking book.

St. Louis News Company:

The Literature of the Louisiana Territory. By Alexander Nicholas De Meil, A.M.Ph. LL.B.

An historical sketch which the author does not hesitate to say contains a large amount of data and facts placed before the public for the first time. The book contains biographical sketches of Audobon, Brackerindge, Mark Twain, George W. Cable, Eugene Field, and more than fifty others.

Washington.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1903.

This volume is divided into three parts: "List of Officers and Report of the Librarian," "Select List of Recent Purchases, 1901-1903," and "Report of Copyright Legislation."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between April and May, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Breaking Into Society. Ade. (Harper.) \$1.00.

Baltimore, Md.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
3. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Day Before Yesterday. Shafer. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 net.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Autobiography of Spencer. 2 vols. (Appleton.) \$5.50 net.
6. I. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50 net.
3. Life of John Andrew. Pearson. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$5.00 net.
4. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. Dodd-Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
6. With the Birds in Maine. Torrey. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.10 net.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.

4. Dennis Dent. Hornung. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. He That Eateth Bread with Me. Keays. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentanos.) \$1.25.
3. By the Fireside. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.00 net.
4. The Jewel of Seven Stars. Bram. Stokes. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) \$1.50 net.
6. The Fire Bringers. Moody. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.10 net.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.

Dallas, Texas.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Lux Crucis. Gardenshire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Heart of My Heart. Meredith. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.25.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. Red Saunders. Phillipi. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.25.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) \$1.50.
2. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.
3. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) \$1.50.
5. The Admirable Tinker. Jepson. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Evolution of the Soul. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.20.

New Haven, Conn.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.

4. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 net.

New Orleans, La.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Incomparable Bellairs. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Corner in Coffee. Brady. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
5. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Booklover Press.) \$1.50.
6. Robert Cavalier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.
5. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.)

Portland, Ore.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Jewell. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.

4. Robert Cavalier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harlan. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Evolution of the Soul. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.20 net.

Providence, R. I.

1. Merry Aume. Merwin. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Bright Face of Danger. Stephens. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
3. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Villia Claudia. Mitchell. (Life.) \$1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Anna the Adventuress. Oppenheim. (Little-Brown.) \$1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) \$1.50.
6. An American Prisoner. Phillpott. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. How to Know Oriental Rugs. Langton. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) \$1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. To-morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Son to His Self-made Father. Merriman. (Robinson-Luce.) \$1.25.
6. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Duke Decides. Hill. (Wessels.) \$1.50.
2. Tomaso's Fortune. Merriman. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
4. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. With the Birds in Maine. Miller. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.10.
6. The Gordon Elopement. Wells and Taber. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.25.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS.
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " " "	8
" " 3d " " "	7
" " 4th " " "	6
" " 5th " " "	5
" " 6th " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50	208
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50	80
3. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25	68
{ The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	64
{ The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	64
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50	56

Vol. XIX

JULY, 1904

No. 5

PRICE TWENTY FIVE CENTS • TWO DOLLARS *per* YEAR

THE BOOKMAN

... JULY NUMBER



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
... NEW YORK

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OUT O' DOORS

SUMMER PLEASURES are essentially out-of-door ones. All the active sports make the bath a luxury; add to its delights by using HAND SAPOLIO, the only soap which lifts a bath above a commonplace cleansing process, makes every pore respond, and energizes the whole body. It is a summer necessity to every man, woman and child who would be daintily clean. Keeps you fresh and sweet as a sea breeze; prevents sunburn and roughness. Make the test yourself.

THE PERFECT PURITY of HAND SAPOLIO makes it a very desirable toilet article; it contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. Its use is a fine habit.

HAND SAPOLIO is related to Sapolio only because it is made by the same company, but it is delicate, smooth, dainty, soothing, and healing to the most tender skin. Don't argue, Don't infer, Try it!

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN."
Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost. & &

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We have nothing to say editorially about Mr. Russell Sage's widely quoted and discussed paper on "The Injustice of Vacations."

Mr. Sage
and
Mr. Scrooge

Mr. Sage certainly has a right to his opinions and to express them. In our mind the only question is, "Has or has not Mr. Sage been guilty of literary plagiarism?"

At length the hour of shutting up the counting house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound!"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning

Let us assume that an employer and his clerk made an agreement to exchange just remuneration for reasonable services, and each one keeps his part of the agreement. Are they not then quits? If there is any obligation, I think it is on the part of the clerk, who avails of the credit, skill and organisation of the employer to learn a business and advance himself along a path which has already been prepared for him. What right has he, then, to demand or expect pay for two weeks' time for which he renders no equivalent, not considering the serious inconvenience to which he often puts his employer?

Suppose we were to reverse the conventional order of things and, instead of the clerk demanding two weeks' pay gratis, the employer should demand two weeks' work without pay as a condition of retaining the clerk in his

his great coat to the chin.—From Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*.

employ. What a tremendous howl would go up.—From "The Injustice of Vacations." By Russell Sage, in the *Independent*, June 2, 1904.

There has been a great deal of new Thackerayana brought to light during the past few years, but among it all we do not think there is a more striking bit than the accompanying sketch, which is here printed for the first time.

A Thackerayan Gem

It is the property of Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, of Philadelphia, a well known Thackerayan authority, and will be included in General James Grant Wilson's *Thackeray in the United States*, which is to be published next autumn. The anecdote connected with the sketch is as follows: Thackeray was lunching one day at Folkstone with Lady Knighton, and suggested that they have a bottle of wine. "Champagne at luncheon! Oh, no, Mr. Thackeray, I shan't allow it," said the lady. But he was not to be dissuaded, he argued his own thirst, offered to drink the greater part of the bottle, and finally promised Lady Knighton a shilling if she would consent. She could not resist the bribe, and the wine was ordered. The next day Thackeray sent her the shilling in the shape of twelve penny postage stamps with the head of the queen in red. He cut the head out of each, and pasted the stamps on paper. Her Majesty's body was finished with pen and ink. Another head was supplied with a moustache, and was made into a resemblance of the Prince Consort, while the other ten by means of clippings with the

scissors and pen additions complete the Royal Family from the then Prince of Wales down.



We learn with pleasure that Sarah Grand's letters to the London daily papers have caused no small stir in the British Isles. They are to the effect that honour among men is dead and, indeed,

**Recent
Denunciation**

almost forgotten and that the increasing idleness of women is a curse to both sexes. Stung by the exposure men and women rejoined and there ensued one of those mighty debates wherein the readers of newspapers are accustomed to see the centuries weighed in the balance and the guilt of a generation settled offhand. Women make the best denouncers, owing to their extraordinary gift for sudden and boundless generalisation. With no sense of exceptions to dampen her blasting powder, as you might say, Mrs. Grand's invective not only destroys the offending object, but carries away a large part of the earth's surface, and she becomes for the moment as properly the centre of attention as Mount Pelée. So it is with us whom also a woman leads. At the present time we have no one comparable to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton in certitude and sweep. She is followed wistfully by a jaded press and no sooner does she print an article than extracts from it are whirling around in a dozen papers under the most inviting titles—"Is Italy a Corpse?" "Has the Country Lost Its Sense of Humour?" "Is Everybody Anæmic?" and "Is Our Literature Bourgeois?" Then there was Mrs. Wharton's swift rebuke of the reading public (because though only a public it insisted on trying to read), which was caught up by dozens of exchange editors for the propagation of pleasant shocks. We forget the name of her immediate predecessor, but Mrs. Nation was ravaging Kansas not so very long before.



Now, we do not intend to draw the usual moral from this about hasty feminine inferences and all that, least of all to retort with that utterly unsportsmanlike question, What are the facts? The truth is, we like any good bit of denunciation

for its own sake. If it were not ruthless it would not be nearly so spectacular. We belong to a generation that likes to be well damned, that is, if it be done generally and *en masse*, and not by picking out a few of us, which, of course, would be invidious. Denunciation is good journalism. Like the farce, and the sonnet, and the leading article, it has its own laws, which are not the laws of logic or philosophy.



Knowing the weakness of the literary temper Mr. James Gordon Bennett recently wrote or inspired

**A School for
Novelists**

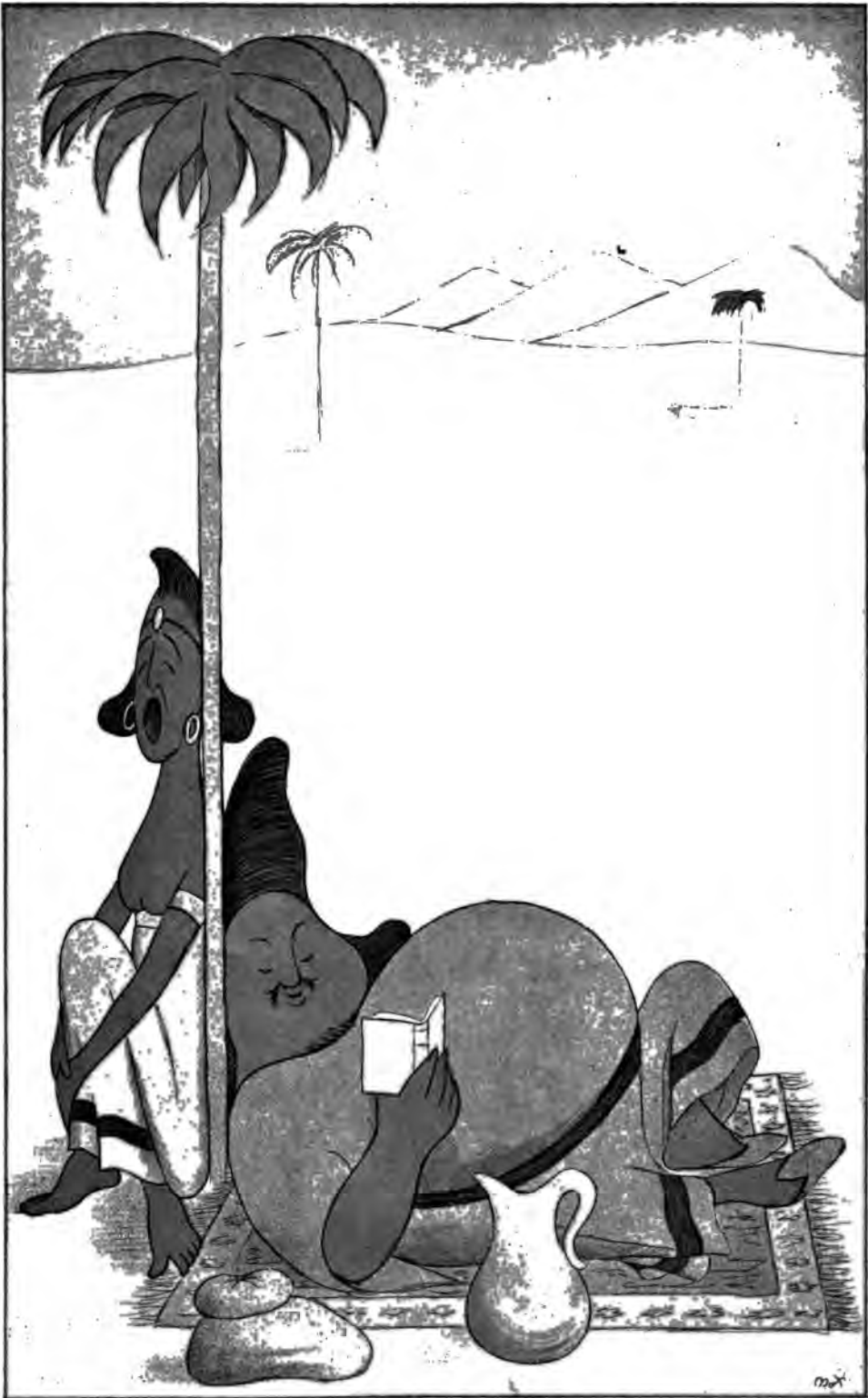
a leading article in his newspaper asking why there should not be a school for instruction in novel-writing, and followed it up by sending an interviewer to New York authors and editors on the chance that they would talk. Of course they did talk and very foolishly ourselves among them. Mr. Bennett's somewhat cynical sense of humour is gratified by the result. From reading current American works of fiction he had been struck by their many points of likeness. It was evident to him that very few of them, and those by no means the most successful, were the result of independent personal observation or imagination. A new book, said he to himself, is clearly a more or less unconscious compilation from its predecessors. Why not be frank about it and give up all this nonsense about special inspiration? How many fine frenzies went to the making of the various successors of the late *David Harum*, admirable "sellers," some of them? Is Mr. Winston Churchill an individual? Was a Muse the mother of Hall Caine? So with low but grating laughter he propounded that insidious question, Why can't the whole thing be taught? and every one replied quite seriously, without so much as a wink, and no one retorted, as you might reasonably have expected. Why that is the very trouble; the whole thing *is* taught. We know too well that most American writers could pass the good word along. We do not doubt the writer who said that he had actually taught his pupils to write "creditable verse." But why do it? As patriots let us rather say, Thy secret perish with thee, in matters of this sort.



The cartoons on the following pages are from *The Poets' Corner*, a portfolio which is to be issued in this country early in the autumn. In our opinion, they far surpass anything that has hitherto been done in the way of literary caricature. [THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.]



WALT WHITMAN INCITING THE BIRD OF FREEDOM TO SOAR.



"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness;
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."



MR. ROBERT BROWNING TAKING TEA WITH THE BROWNING SOCIETY

Hall Caine.

W. E. Henley.

Burne-Jones.

George Meredith.

Watts.

Swinburne.



Holman Hunt. Ruskin.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI IN HIS BACK GARDEN.

Rosetti.

Whittier.



MR. ROBERT BROWNING TAKING TEA WITH THE BROWNING SOCIETY.

Hall Caine.

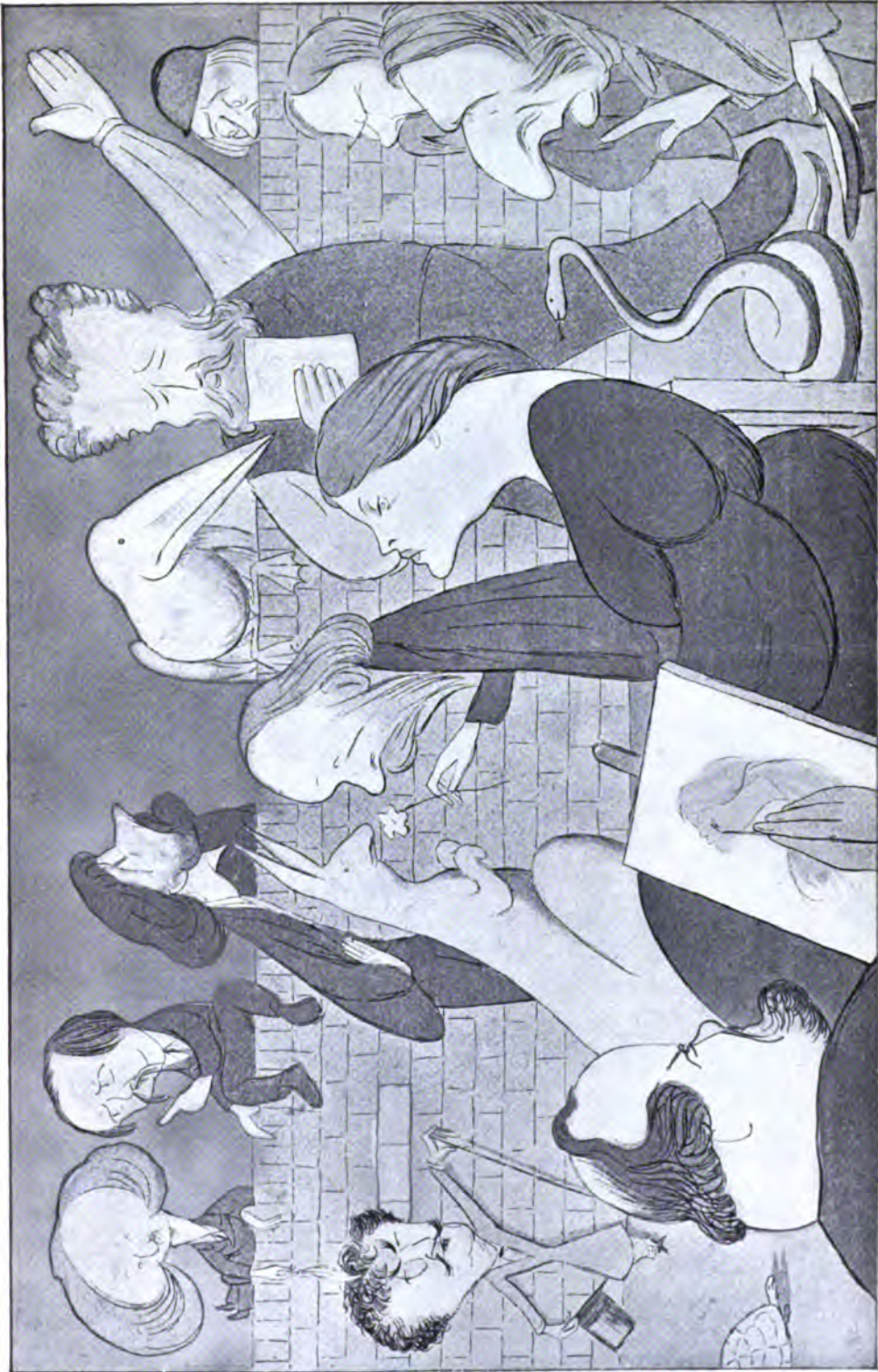
W. E. Henley.

Burne-Jones.

George Meredith.

Watts.

Swinburne.



Holman Hunt. Ruskin.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI IN HIS BACK GARDEN.

Rosetti.

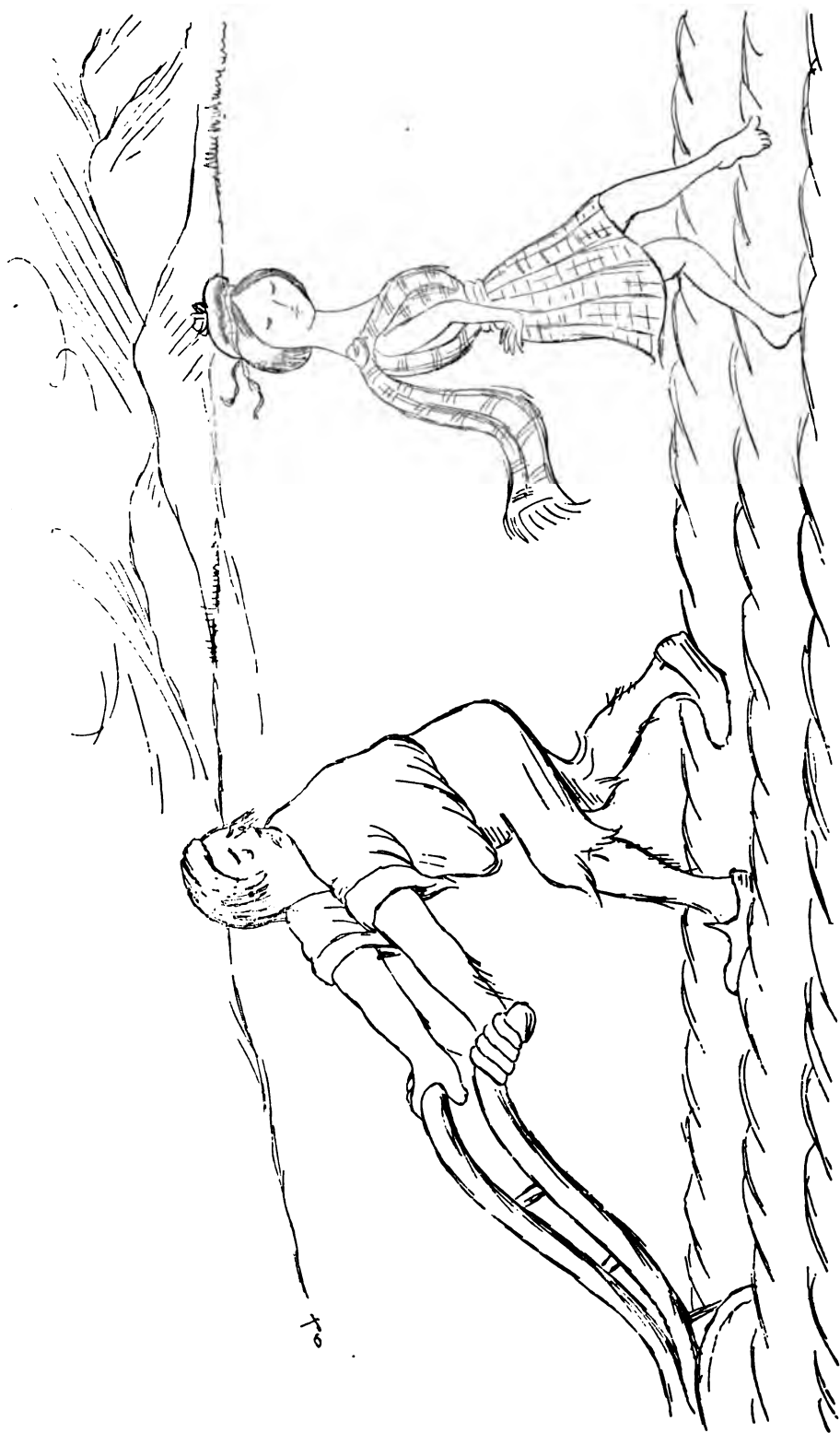
Whittier.



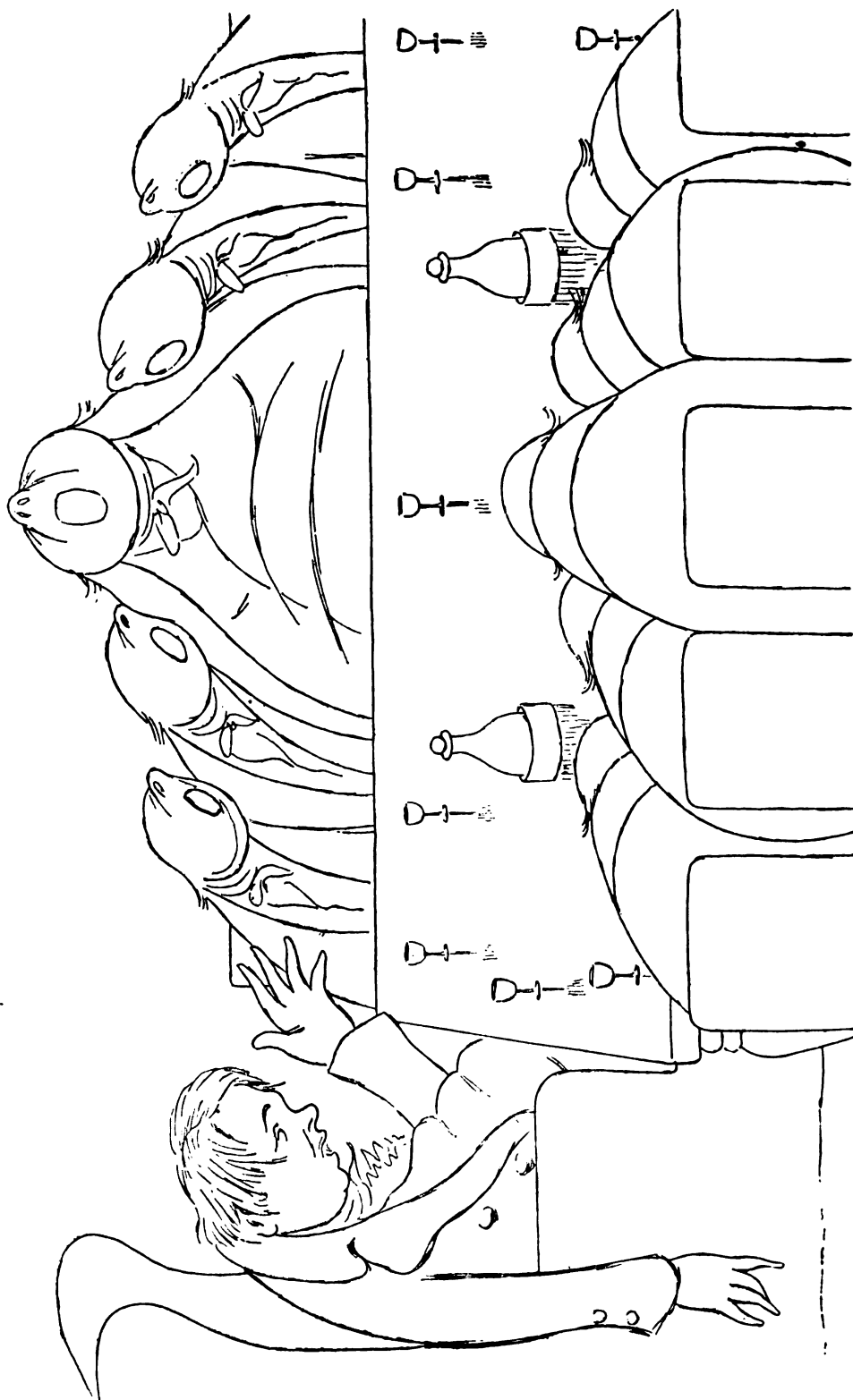
MR. RUDYARD KIPLING TAKES A BLOOMIN' DAY OFF ON THE BLARSTED EARTH,
ALONG WITH BRITANNIA, 'IS GURL.



"WHEN 'OMER' SMOTE 'IS BLOOMIN' LYRE."



ROBERT BURNS, AT THE PLOUGH, LOOKS BACK AT HIGHLAND MARY.



COLERIDGE TABLE-TALKING.

by "A Spectator." This individual evidently has a fatal fondness for foreign phrases, since earlier in the pamphlet he spoke airily of *vis majeure*. Now we have heard of *vis major* which is very good Latin, and we have also heard of *force majeure* which is excellent old French; but the combination *vis majeure* was evidently made by one who thought that a Rooseveltian, like the Emperor Sigismund, was superior to the rules of language. Reading a back number of the English *Strand* we came upon an interesting story entitled "The Purple Terror"—a story all about Americans. One of the characters was described as "a West Point naval dandy," and this amphibious description was justified a little later when the West Point naval dandy's superior officer ordered him to go from Puerto Rico to Cuba on foot—"a two days' journey through the wilderness." A war correspondent of the New York *World* has furnished this beautiful specimen of the Retained Object: "The Japanese soldiers are well fed, and they are being issued eggs and chickens daily,"—which at first sight appears to mean that the Japanese soldiers are undergoing a diurnal transformation into poultry. Perhaps this is a good place to stop, though we could continue for several pages more.

Our controversy with Mr. Irving Bacheller seems likely to continue until the death of one or both of us. We have received the following letter from Mr. Bacheller continuing the subject which was first taken up in our review of *Darrel* just a year ago, which was tossed lightly about by Dr. Richard Burton at a later date, and upon which Mr. Bacheller and ourselves have now finally come to grips. Here is his letter.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Dear Sirs: In the cause of fairness and accurate criticism, I now ask you to favor me with some authority for the distinction you make, in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN, between "chromos" and "chromo-lithographs." To be frank, you are wrong, and your reply to my letter is unjust to me and to your readers and I am sure you will not close the matter until you have set us right.

As a matter of fact, "chromo" and "chromo-

lithograph" mean one and the same thing. On that point there is no dissent among authorities. The best of them are quoted below:

The *Century Dictionary* says: "Chromo—An abbreviation of chromo-lithograph."

The *Standard Dictionary* says: "Chromo—A chromo-lithograph."

The *New English Dictionary* says: "Chromo—A colloquial shortening of chromo-lithograph."

Please, therefore, disprove these authorities or remove the stigma which now rests upon me as a result of your charge of inaccuracy in *Darrel*.

Sincerely yours,

IRVING BACHELLER.

It gives us very great pleasure to answer Mr. Bacheller who has, we fear, mistaken the drift of our original criticism. With his permission we will employ an illustration to make the whole matter more intelligible. More than a hundred years ago the word "telegraph" was in use and was applied to any means for rapidly transmitting news, as for instance, by beacon fires, by signalling, and by the semaphore. When Morse's invention was perfected the name "telegraph" came to mean only the electric telegraph. At the same time the word "telegram" was coined as a name for any message sent over the wires by electricity. Now if Mr. Bacheller had represented *Darrel* (say in 1820) as receiving a message by "telegraph" he would not have been guilty of an anachronism for the word was actually then in use; but if he had spoken of *Darrel* as receiving a "telegram" he *would* have been guilty of an anachronism, because that word has always been restricted to a message sent by the electric telegraph. A blunder of this sort is the one which Mr. Bacheller did actually commit when he described *Darrel's* workshop (about the year 1835) as decorated with "chromos," and for the following reason. Chromo-lithography in a very crude form was in vogue long before *Darrel's* time. Cheap coloured pictures then made by this process were known either in full as "chromo-lithographs," or more commonly, as "lithographs." They were never known as "chromos." About 1867, greatly improved processes of chromo-lithography were perfected and applied to art work with excellent results, in this country chiefly by Messrs. L. Prang and Company, of Boston. To distinguish these

artistic products of lithography from the tawdry old prints of Darrel's time, the word "chromo" was applied to them and to them exclusively. Consequently, Darrel's workshop, about the year 1835, could not have contained "chromos" any more than Darrel himself could at that time have received a "telegram." Frankly then, we think that Mr. Bacheller is wrong; and if he does not think so too, then let him confound us by producing any instance of the use of the word "chromo," *tout court*, during those decades in which Darrel lived and maundered. We beg to tender to Mr. Bacheller the assurance of our distinguished consideration.

Last month we referred hopefully to certain signs that our New York audiences could appreciate a kind of play that had long been thought to be too good for them, citing the extraordinary suc-

cess of *Candida* as a case in point. We added that the London audience was apparently no less barbarous than before. Since then *Candida* has been tried in London and an English writer on the stage comments sadly on the uselessness of presenting plays of this degree of merit. "The demeanour of the people," he says, "is enough to make the judicious grieve, to repel any artist from stage work, to sicken any actor of sensitive ability; roars of delight greet abject clowning; sniggers, giggles, and loud conversation are the accompaniment to any play worthy the epithet of serious. So it is with *Candida* at the Court Theatre; one blushes for one's neighbours and then for oneself at being there with such a crowd." Although it became the fashion with us, and, therefore, drew to it a number of people for whom it might as well have been played backwards, our audience as a whole was precisely the opposite of that which this critic describes. It would be a very superior being who could find fault with the shrewd, alert, sympathetic audiences that it drew in New York.

We are always girding at the public and ever since Le Bon wrote his books on the crowd critics have dabbled a little in mob psychology. Recent books on the theatre abound in warnings as to overshooting the general intelligence. Mr. Walkley lectures before the Royal Academy and shows how everything must be made as plain as a pikestaff. We have grown fatalistic in regard to the crowd, and say this will not do because it is too special and refined, and that because it lacks the "universal appeal," and the other thing because it is not what might have been expected. It is a temper that discourages experiments, and it overlooks the fact that in our public at least there is a vein of something like Athenian curiosity, which it may be worth while to work. We think a play like *Candida* is just for you and me and very snug we feel on our little eminence, and suddenly, like the hero of Balaklava, we realise that there are a good many of us after all.

We own to a weakness for the swellings and flappings of genuine campaign oratory, and now that the great conflict draws near, have begun again to collect the more sonorous passages from newspapers and magazines. The following, delivered with intense emotion at a recent State convention, is a foretaste of joys to come:

Where is the Democrat whose cheek has not burned with anger or whose head has not hung with shame, as he reads or listens to words of vituperative vilification, libel, and slander bandied between warring factions, whether they be of Hearst, Parker, Cleveland, Bryan, or otherwise? We want the yeoman service of Parker and his friends in the coming campaign; we want the energy and dash of Hearst and his friends in the coming battle; we want the oratory of Bryan and Cockran; the political management of Hill and Gorman, and the mature judgment of Cleveland in the impending struggle. Democrats, let us here resolve that by the aid of Cleveland, Bryan, Hill, Gorman, Parker, Hearst, Johnson, McLean, without reference to previous conditions of political belief, financial doctrines, or tariff dogma, Republican misrule shall cease and that the rascals in high and low places shall be turned out, and that a government of, for, and by the people be restored.

All are Achæans to this Homeric heart, the flashing Hearst and yeoman Parker, high-thinking Cleveland, and loophole-finding Hill, all kinsmen, though, alas, so vituperatively vilificant. Irrespective of party, we swear that this is eloquence—we swear it on McGuffey's Fifth Reader—and as true a native product of the country as a woodchuck, a nasal accent, a Mormon, or an apple pie.

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Taking a merely literary view of these matters can surely do no harm, if your heart is in the right place, sound on the tariff (for or against), and on the Philippines. Yet if one discusses the style he is thought to be lax in the principle. Any one who has been through a campaign on a newspaper knows the awful exigencies of solemnity. There are what may be called the romantics of debate. At such a time realism is not safe. There is need of a melodramatic foeman and a melodramatic friend, and lots of thunder and a blind eye to the humour of any situation and a deference to any form of words, however bulbous. Gems of buncombe that ought to be treasured in an album he will not even let himself enjoy. Even Mark Twain at such a time must regard Mr. McKinley as Captain Kidd and invite him to exchange the stars and stripes for the skull and crossbones. Yet if we exert sufficient self-control to preserve a sense of reality during these crises we may collect quaint and unearthly things enough (speaking, of course, from the literary point of view) to gladden our declining years.

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No source has been so much drawn upon for the purposes of fiction by French writers as the wonderfully rich archives of the Paris secret police. From the *dossiers* he found there Gaboriau builded almost all of his narratives of crime and its detection. Eugene Sue, Ponson du Terrail, and others used them freely and a recent story from Paris shows that it was there that the elder Dumas found the inspiration of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The original of Edmund Dantes, according to this tale, was François Picaud, a journeyman cobbler, who in 1807 was betrothed

to one Marguerite Vigoureux, who through Dumas's embellishments was transformed into the Mercedes of the romance. Like Dantes, Picaud, on the eve of his marriage, was denounced as a spy by jealous rivals and thrown secretly into prison where he remained for seven years. During his incarceration, he acted as servant to a rich Milanese ecclesiastic, who suggested the Abbé Faria. The Churchman treated Picaud like a son, and dying in prison he bequeathed to him seven million francs on deposit in the Bank of Amsterdam, and told him of a hiding place in Italy where diamonds to the value of twelve hundred thousand francs, and three millions of specie consisting of English guineas, French louis d'or, Spanish quadruples, Venetian florins, and ducats of Milan, were concealed.

* * * * *

When Picaud, who had been imprisoned under the name of Joseph Lucher, was freed after the fall of the Empire in 1814, he gathered together the treasure bequeathed to him and began to build plans for vengeance on the men who had been the cause of his undoing. Their names he did not know, but, disguised as an Italian priest, he found the least guilty of the conspirators and by means of the same story of the diamond which Dumas used in *Monte Cristo* elicited from him all the details of the plot. Loupain, the prime mover in the denouncement of seven years before, the original of Fernand, had married Marguerite, prospered, and was the owner of one of the best equipped cafés in Paris. Unlike Dumas's hero, who set all Paris wild with curiosity by his Oriental extravagance, Picaud went to work humbly. He sought and obtained employment as a waiter in Loupain's café where, as fellow-servants, were Gervais Chaubard and Guilhem Solari, the two men who with Loupain were responsible for his years of suffering. Soon disaster began to fall upon the conspirators. One day Chaubard disappeared and his body, pierced by a poignard, was found on the Pont des Arts. Loupain's family was disgraced. He himself was reduced to poverty and was finally stabbed to death by a masked man in the garden of the Tuileries. Solari

The Source of Monte Cristo

of the Paris secret police. From the *dossiers* he found there

died in frightful convulsions from poison. Vengeance was consummated, but retribution was about to fall upon the head of Picaud, a retribution which took the form of the peculiar punishment meted out to Danglars in the romance.

* * * * *

When he was leaving the Tuileries garden, after the assassination of Loup-ain, Picaud was seized and carried away to an abandoned quarry. There in the darkness his captor said, "Well, Picaud, what name are you passing under now? Are you still the priest Baldini, or the waiter, Prosper? In your desire for vengeance, you have sold yourself to the devil. Ten years have been devoted to the pursuit of three creatures you should have spared. Me you have dragged down to perdition. The diamond by which you bribed me was my undoing. I killed him who cheated me. I was arrested, condemned to the galleys, and for years dragged the ball and chain. Making my escape, my one thought was to reach and punish the priest Baldini. You are in my power. Do you recognise me!

I am Antoine Allut. How much will you pay for bread and water?"

"I have no money."

"You have sixteen millions," replied the captor, who went on to enumerate with overwhelming accuracy the list of his victim's investments. "These are my conditions. I will give you something to eat twice a day, but for each meal you must pay me twenty-five thousand francs."

The prisoner's cupidity proved stronger than his hunger. He underwent such acute suffering without yielding that his captor saw that he had gone too far, and at last aroused to fury by this persistent obstinacy, he threw himself upon Picaud and stabbed him to death.

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Mr. Joseph Conrad, who was born in Poland, who began his career as a sea-faring man in the French marine service, who has knocked about through nearly all of the travelled waters of the globe, and who of late years has been writing some

**Joseph Conrad's
Home**



PENT FARM.
Joseph Conrad's Home.

very stunning stories based on his experiences, lives in these days of his prosperity in Kent in a house which he calls



FLORENCE WILKINSON.

"Pent Farm." "Pent Farm" is only a few miles from Rye and Winchelsea, two of the famous Five Ports on the English Channel. In a picturesque side street of Rye, Henry James lives, and near the queer, old, ivy-covered gateway of Winchelsea is Ellen Terry's little four-room cottage. Within a few miles of "Pent Farm" is "Maythem Hall," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's English home; and not much farther away is "Frogmall Farm," where Madame E. Maria Albanesi, the author of *Susannah* and *One Other* lives. Stephen Crane also lived in this same vicinity during the last years of his life.

Miss Florence Wilkinson's "David of Bethlehem" which, with "Mary Magdalen," composes the volume which has just been published under the title *Two Plays of Israel*, is the first of the recent dramas dealing with that theme. She has been engaged upon its construction during several years. The play was bought three years ago by Mr. E. H. Sothorn, but has not yet been produced. By an odd coincidence, Miss Wilkinson crossed the Atlantic last summer on the same steamer and in the same party as Mr. Cale Young Rice, whom some people have been unkind enough to call "the Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,"

and who himself is the author of a play about David. Mr. Rice's play is in verse, and Miss Wilkinson's in prose, and the manuscript of each was on the ship, a fact which furnished considerable amusement to the friends of the authors.

Mrs. Fanny Hardy Eckstorm, the author of *The Penobscot Man*, placed her novel on familiar ground for for generations her family has been Penobscot born. For seventy continuous years her grandfather and father were engaged in the fur trade. They bought and sold canoes, canoe barks, deerskins, mocassins, snowshoes, and all the products of the woods. Mrs. Eckstorm was brought up in this atmosphere, and to the home of her girlhood there came day by day a continual line of trappers, hunters, deer stalkers, lumbermen, sealers, river-drivers, white men and Indians. In those days she was



MRS. FANNY HARDY ECKSTORM.

the "daughter of the regiment." More than twenty-five years ago she said that some day she was going to write a book about the rivermen and loggers. "When you have camped with a man," she says, "and run rough water and gone on short rations with him, and worked with him on hard carries, rain or shine, you get to know very nearly all there is in him, and usually you like him."

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It is interesting to note among other contemporary evidences of linguistic carelessness, how the niceties of English are becoming "Thou" and "You" totally obscured. The subjunctive mood simply does not exist for the great majority of

modern writers, and we find that even the distinction between "thou" and "you" is unknown to many and ignored by more. In the poems that are sent to us for publication we find the authors passing quite unconsciously from "thou" to "you," it being next to impossible for them to maintain the stately style. The collocation "thou hath" is by no means uncommon, and plurality is sometimes definitely assumed for "thou." Thus Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy in a manifesto which she issued not long ago to Christian Scientists began it as follows:

"My Beloved *Brethren*: I have a secret to tell *thee* and a question to ask. Do *you* know how much I love *you*?"



MARGARET HORTON POTTER

And, quite recently, Margaret Horton Potter's romance, *The Flame Gatherers*, is full of instances where "thou" and "you" are employed side by side as though there were no difference between them. The effect of this, of course, is to mar the force of the more strenuous passages, as, for instance, on page 119, where the Hindu princess, Ahalya, denounces the deceit of Ragunáth:

"Be still, *thou* shameless, treacherous, hateful one! I hate *you*!"

Possibly one ought not to expect too much in the way of exactness of language



JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

from a seer like Mrs. Eddy or a popular novelist like Miss Potter. These may jumble "thou," "thee," "thy," and "thine" with "you," "your," and "yours" and still it may be significant of nothing. But one is entitled to feel very much surprised indeed when so accomplished a scholar and writer as President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California trips over the same stumbling block and forgets so elementary a law of English usage. In an article which he contributed some time ago to the *Atlantic*

Monthly, he depicts Carnal Wisdom as addressing a young man in the following words:

"I pray *you*, my promising young man, embroil not *thyself* in the days of *thy* youth in those various combinations, etc., etc."

✱

Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln's *Cap'n Eri*, which has been greeted with the usual conventional phrases which have been indiscriminately applied to every novel suggesting the David Harum school,

is, it must be said, far and away above what we have come to expect in a new book along this line of fiction. The average "B'gosh" novel has little or no merit; *Cap'n Eri* has considerable. Its author was born on February 13, 1870, in Brewster, Mass., a typical Cape Cod town, settled by the Pilgrims or their descendants soon after their landing at Plymouth. Twenty years ago it was the home of retired sea captains and ship owners, and all of Mr. Lincoln's early associations had to do with the sea.

✱

The letters of Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton in the *Atlantic Monthly* are on a very different footing from the things which admirers of certain great men are forever digging up. Many of them are in his most characteristic manner, and there is not one so far that is without interest or suggestiveness. They are spontaneous and hearty even when they are complaining, which they very often are. They are not like some recently published letters which Thackeray wrote in moments of reduced vitality. Ruskin could grumble that the world was all awry and at the same time perceive that his demands were somewhat exorbitant and he himself a trifle absurd. It was a very human kind of reformer who could write like this when he was in the blues:

"Indeed, I rather want good wishes now, for I am tormented by what I cannot get said nor done. I want to get all the Titians, Tintorets, Paul Veroneses, Turners, and Sir Joshuas in the world into one great fireproof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of Turner's 19,000

sketches in Switzerland and Italy, elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who hasn't got one. I want to macadamise some new roads to Heaven with broken fools'-heads; I want to hang up some knaves out of the way, not that I've any dislike to them, but I think it would be wholesome for them, and for other people, and that they would make good crow's meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet with new white wool; I want somebody to amuse me when I'm tired; I want Turner's pictures not to fade. I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go—and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them—they all go sideways. . . . Farther, I want to

make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, the Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament honest—and I can't do anything and don't understand what I was born for."

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It would be idle to deny that in the celebration of the literary centenary which has become very popular of recent years there is a good deal of humbug. For instance, the fact that Madame Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, bet-

George Sand



ARTHUR HENRY, author of "The House in the Woods"

ter known as George Sand, was born in Paris one hundred years ago this month, enables a great many periodicals to print articles about her life and her work, just as if she were the writer of the latest novel that had passed the hundred thousandth mark. This in itself is unquestionably a very good thing. But the fact itself does not in any way mean that we have all of us suddenly developed a new fondness for George Sand, or that the reading public throughout the country is engaged in devouring *Indiana*, *Valentine*, *Lelia*, and *Jacques*. To be perfectly honest about the matter is to say that beyond



MAURICE HEWLETT.
From his latest portrait

possibly *Consuelo* and the *Countess of Rudolstadt*, the average well-read American of recent years has had little knowledge of George Sand's literary work. Even in France she no longer holds the place she held thirty or forty years ago, and when you find her name in a French periodical or journal, it is not the writer who is discussed, but the woman, her eccentricities and her amours. Her books are hardly reading for the *jeune fille*, and the Parisian *flâneur* has been so long fed on literary dishes of a spicier flavour that he has grown to look upon her as more or less insipid. Ask him point blank what he thinks of her and he will probably remember first of all that her teeth were badly discoloured from smoking strong cigars, and express his opinion that in her famous affair of the heart with Alfred de Musset one very likely was as much to blame as the other. To him the books she wrote will be an afterthought. Of the three or four great French literary geniuses of the second quarter of the century she has proved the least enduring.

As is the case with the "Boz" of Dickens, the "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" of Thackeray, and the "Mark Twain" of Clemens, there is an anecdote connected with the pseudonym which Madame Dudevant assumed. Her first literary work was done in collaboration with Jules Sandeau. Utterly weary of the monotony of life with the man whose name she bore, she had taken the decisive step, broken away from all the family ties and gone to Paris with the vague hope of carving out for herself some sort of a career. There she met Sandeau, and together they agreed to write a novel. Before they could begin the work, however, Sandeau was obliged to make a trip to Italy, so, before his departure, it was planned that he should do one part and she the other. On his return, after an absence of many weeks, he asked her what she had accomplished. "I have finished my part," she replied, "and you, what have you done?" Thereupon he was obliged to confess that he had done absolutely nothing. "Very well," she said, "it makes no difference, because I have done your part also." "So much the better. What name shall we sign to it? Suppose you take mine." At this she de-



JULES SANDEAU.



CHOPIN.



PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.



ALFRED DE MUSSET.

FOUR MEN IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND

murred, finally agreeing to make use of the first half of his name. Then it was a question of a first name. "That is easily solved," said Sandeau, pointing up to the calendar, "to-day is St. George's day. Let us sign the novel George Sand."

As interesting a paper as was ever written about George Sand, showing as it does the light in which she was regarded by an unsympathetic contemporary, was Thackeray's "Madame Sand and the

New Apocalypse." It was a time when men and women of letters in France were in the habit of taking themselves very much *au grand sérieux*, and when every new book was being hailed as the gospel of some political, religious, or social regeneration. This was the sort of thing that Thackeray, not always the most amiable of men, attacked with more savagery than justice and in his scarification of Madame Sand he maliciously discussed



GEORGE SAND.

her typical heroine in such a manner as to make an absolutely perfect portrait of the woman herself. "The Parisian philosopher," he says, "will attempt to explain to you the changes through which Madame Sand's mind has passed—the initiatory trials, labours, and sufferings which she has had to go through—before she reached her present happy state of mental illumination. She teaches her wisdom in parables, that are, mostly, a couple of volumes long; and began first by an eloquent attack on marriage, in the charming novel of *Indiana*. 'Pity,' cried she, 'for the poor woman who, united to a being whose brute force makes him her superior, should venture to break the bondage which is imposed on her, and allow her heart to be free.' To support this claim of pity, she writes two volumes of the most exquisite prose. What a tender, suffering creature is Indiana; how little her husband appreciates that gentleness which he is crushing by his tyranny and brutal scorn; how natural it

is that, in the absence of his sympathy, she, poor, clinging, confiding creature, should seek elsewhere for shelter; how captious we should be to call criminal—to visit with too heavy a censure—an act which is one of the natural impulses of a tender heart, that seeks but for a worthy object to love. But why attempt to tell the tale of Beautiful Indiana? Madame Sand has written it so well that not the hardest-hearted husband in Christendom can fail to be touched by her sorrows, though he may refuse to listen to her argument." Of her style, however, Thackeray could not say too much. He called it noble, a strange tongue, beautifully rich and pure. "She leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear."

GEORGE SAND.

ONE can compare George Sand with George Eliot if one chooses, and the comparison may be useful for the purposes of this article; but the true parallel is with Madame de Staël.

George Eliot's attitude towards the code which she transgressed was always deferential. She had not the courage of her irregularities, and never brought theory quite into line with practice. One never feels quite sure whether her guiding maxim was "*Vide meliora proboque*," or "*Circumstances alter cases*." In the case of George Sand and Madame de Staël one is not left in any corresponding doubt. They neither disapproved of themselves nor claimed the benefit of a special dispensation as the reward of genius. They not only revolted but raised the banner of revolt, asserting the right of women to "live their own lives," long before that phrase came to be adopted as the badge of advanced feminism. The puritan's "sense of sin" troubled their consciences as little as it impeded their actions. They hardly

doubted—George Sand certainly did not doubt at all—that God was on their side, and actively sympathetic with their extra-conjugal amours. Their writings were a running commentary on their lives, and their lives a running commentary on their writings. They have their place in the history of sentiment, if not of thought, as well as in the history of literature. As the champions of a cause they will continue to be interesting to read about long after they have ceased to be interesting to read.

Of course there were differences between them; and insistence on the differences may be as good a method as another of making the picture of George Sand stand out distinctly.

The first difference is that Madame de Staël was in "Society," whereas George Sand was not. This made things easier for the former lady. She had no need to change her environment in order to revolt, and no temptation to descend to eccentricities. She was far too important to become "*déclassée*" through her conduct in that complaisant age. It was

such a simple matter for her to "live her own life" in the circle in which she had always been accustomed to move that it would never have been suspected that her proceedings were in any sense deliberate, or bore any relation to theory, if she had not poured out her soul on paper, and set forth the doctrine that, while the best thing of all was to find happiness in marriage, the next best thing was to find happiness in love.

George Sand, on the other hand, was a young woman from the country, with no more opportunities for "living her own life" than the average clergyman's daughter in a remote rural rectory. She pined in vain for the social and intellectual enjoyments in the midst of which her prototype had grown up. At first, it would seem, the desire for them, even if conscious, was not acute. She was married, and was devoted to her children. But she was also bored, and boredom is cumulative in its effects. For a time she was sustained by the calm platonic friendship of a lawyer; but the longing for a larger life, and for more palpitating emotions grew upon her. The longing was stimulated by the misconduct of her husband, who got drunk, and made love to the maid servants. So the crisis came, and she decided to "kick over the traces," and plunge into Bohemia. To understand her, it is necessary to realise that she did this, not under the influence of sudden passion, but, so to say, "on general principles."

In the second place, it is necessary to bear in mind that there were traces which she was absolutely obliged to kick over before the freedom which she desired could be attained. She knew that, and acted accordingly, going so far as to pay farewell calls at the houses of her "bourgeois" friends before definitely passing over to Bohemia, where alone the living of her own life was possible to her. There was, in short, a definite crossing of the Rubicon, with a definite campaign in view; and, having crossed that dividing stream, George Sand proceeded to live her own life with a thoroughness that no other woman of letters has ever equalled. She dressed herself in male attire and smoked cigars; she smoked them not only in smoking-rooms but in drawing-rooms. She regarded

her favours as her own to bestow where she chose; and she bestowed them so freely and, above all, so publicly, that the literature of her amours is like the literature of the Dreyfus case for magnitude.

That is one difference between George Sand and Madame de Staël. There is another.

In the affairs of the heart Madame de Staël was more often the pursuer than the pursued, and endured, on the whole, more suffering than she inflicted. M. de Narbonne, says Madame Récamier, "treated her very badly as successful men too often do." Camille Jordan, invited to travel with her in Italy "as an act of charity to one whose soul is cruelly wounded," declined the invitation. Benjamin Constant actually ran away from her that he might get married without her knowledge. So that it was not without reason that she wrote, at the time when her renown was at its zenith, that "Fame is for women only a splendid mourning for happiness."

Quite other is the impression derived from the contemplation of George Sand's career. It suggests the harmonies of a triumphant wedding march—a wedding march that is not the less triumphant because, while the bride is always the same, the bridegrooms are continually changing.

By all the rules, George Sand ought to have been unattractive. She was a blue stocking; she was mannish; her complexion was ruined, and her teeth were discoloured by the smoking of the cigars already mentioned. But these are matters in which one has to judge not by rules but by results; and the results, in this case, were dazzling. Only once in the course of a long series of experiences did George Sand lay siege to a heart that was coated with triple brass; and then she withdrew indignantly from the assault before she had time to suffer. Prosper Mérimée regarded her as an adventuress. She has recorded her complaint that he did not take her seriously. "Take him back," she wrote to Sainte-Beuve, who had introduced him; and the incident was closed. It was "foolishness," she wrote; but it was her pride and not her heart that was wounded by the failure. It left no enduring trace. In a few weeks she had lived it down.

And, in her other love affairs, both anterior and subsequent, it was always with her that the victory rested.

In a fit of melancholy introspection she once said that her heart was a cemetery—to which her interlocutor is reported to have replied that it was a necropolis; and if the intention was to imply that her lovers were also her victims—and that there were many of them—the simile was reasonably well chosen. It might be added that her heart also resembled a cemetery in that the burials did not impede the verdure. It was a heart that was always young in spite of the stress of its emotions; whereas the hearts of the men on whom she lavished those emotions always—with the one exception mentioned—emerged damaged and bruised, if not actually broken. Even when they technically “treated her badly”—and she represents herself as having been treated badly by nearly all of them—the result in this respect was the same.

Jules Sandeau treated George Sand badly. The day came when she discovered that she had a rival in the washerwoman. She quitted him with affectionate “compassion,” packing up his belongings and sending them to the house of a mutual friend, and declining even a farewell interview. But, even so, it was her heart that recovered first; and it is doubtful whether his heart ever recovered at all. At all events, “*La Grande Encyclopédie*” records that he mourned for her to the end of his days; and it seems to be established that, long afterwards, when he was an Academician, he bore sufficient rancour to vote against a proposal that the Academy should award her a literary prize of twenty thousand francs. And she meanwhile had put the memory away, and loved Alfred de Musset, and Dr. Pagello, and Michel de Bourges, and Chopin, and many others.

Alfred de Musset also treated her badly. He was unfaithful to her in the course of the famous honeymoon at Venice; and he also, by his dissipations, obliged her to nurse him through an attack of delirium tremens. But here again it was he and not she who suffered. He could not live without her, though he had to try; but she could perfectly well live

without him. Retiring, he wrote her reams of pathetic letters; and she meanwhile had set up housekeeping with the physician who had attended the poet in his illness. She dragged that physician after her to Paris, and then tired of him, and left him there—the laughing stock of the Parisians—while she went down to Nohant to see her children. The doctor sought consolation by walking the hospitals, and making himself an expert in lithotrity. George Sand needed no consolation. She returned temporarily to Alfred de Musset, parted from the poet a second time, to his great and permanent distress, was able to love, and to be loved by, Michel de Bourges, who was to be succeeded in his turn by Chopin, who, after having been dismissed by her, called out on his death-bed that he wanted to die in no arms but hers. Truly this is a life of which one may fairly say that it was lived to the melody of the wedding march.

To an English critic, however, the distinctive note of the story is the deliberation and aggressive publicity of all these unconventional proceedings. In an analogous picture of English or American life, one always has a glimpse in the background of vice paying homage to virtue. George Eliot, for example, would appear to have paid that homage, not only when she wrote her extremely moral novels, but also when she usurped another woman's name and called herself Mrs. Lewes instead of Miss Evans. That is the English way of doing things; and the doing of them is generally complicated by some agonising wonder whether certain other ladies who are better entitled to the names they bear can be induced to overlook the irregularity of the position and “call.” Such tremulous hesitancy is unusual in France; and George Sand was singularly free from it even for a Frenchwoman. As we have seen, she crossed the Rubicon, and burnt her boats and bridges, and left P. P. C. cards on all the ladies of her acquaintance whom she thought likely to disapprove of her new departure. Nor was that all. She also preached what she practised—a thing which the Anglo-Saxon usually finds not less difficult than practising what he preaches—and discussed her love affairs with her friends as openly

as other people discuss the weather or the state of their health.

One finds a splendid illustration of George Sand's open-hearted candour in a letter which she wrote to dispose of a rumour that the pianist Liszt enjoyed the place of honour in her affections. "Liszt," she rejoined, "thinks only of God and the Virgin Mary—whom I do not precisely resemble. Good and fortunate young man!" But her confidences were positive as well as negative. They began at the beginning of her career, and they continued until the end. There was as little mystery about her liaisons as if they had been royal marriages. She assumed that they were matters of public interest and importance. The presence of her children never embarrassed her in the conduct of them, even when they had grown up to years of indiscretion. She negotiated them—and especially negotiated the conclusion of them—through ambassadors; and reported progress without reticence, from time to time.

The rupture with Jules Sandeau was negotiated through Emile Regnault. "I will pack up Jules' things and send them to you, for I desire to have no interview with him on his return. . . . I have been too profoundly hurt by the discoveries that I have made as to his conduct to feel any other sentiment for him than an affectionate compassion. Tell him, etc. . . ."

In the case of Prosper Mérimée, the intermediary was Sainte-Beuve. Her succinct note to the critic: "Vous me l'avez prêté; je vous le rends," is famous, if not authentic. Absolutely authentic, if less famous, is the report to Sainte-Beuve, first published in the "Revue de Paris" in 1896: "The experiment failed completely. My suffering, my disgust, my discouragement reduced me to tears. Instead of finding an affection capable of pitying and relieving me, I only found a bitter and frivolous raillery. After this folly of mine, I was more depressed than ever, and, as you saw, very much disposed to suicide."

In the case of Alfred de Musset, the whole world was in George Sand's confidence from the poet's mother downwards. She actually called upon Madame de Musset to ask her permission to take her son for a honeymoon journey to

Venice, and pleaded so successfully that the permission was accorded. When the breach comes, and de Musset and his successful rival, Dr. Pagello, have to receive their dismissals almost simultaneously, the confidants increase and multiply. Sainte-Beuve, as on the previous occasion, is to the fore. De Musset, in fact, writes to Sainte-Beuve, to complain that the critic only finds time to call upon him when he hears that he has quarrelled with his mistress; and George Sand, after enquiring of the critic what are the signs by which she may know whether she still loves de Musset or not, commissions him to implore her lover not to attempt to see her again. De Musset's friend, Tattet, also has his rôle. He is commissioned to give money to Pagello, and to pretend that it had been obtained by the sale of his pictures, which, as a matter of fact, had proved unsalable. Her son's tutor, Boucoiran, receives a double commission. He is to "deceive Alfred" with some excuse that she wishes to make for retiring to the country; and she further writes that she "confides and bequeaths to him Pagello—a most worthy man of his kind."

Similarly with the Chopin story. There are reams of letters about it. All the world is welcome to know that the rupture came because the pianist quarrelled with the novelist's son—also that the pianist "was not exclusive in the affection which he bestowed, though he expected exclusiveness in the affection which he received." But there are limits to a healthy curiosity for this sort of detail. We only need the details for the sake of the light which they throw upon George Sand's mental and moral attitude towards this side of life. Constitutionally incapable of believing that anything that she did was wrong, she differed from her great English parallel in this notable particular: that whereas George Eliot was a moralist in spite of the "faux ménage," George Sand made the "faux ménage" the starting point, or pivot, of her moral system. Her actions and her writings were two manifestations of a single energy. As has been said, she preached what she practised; and she preached it in about one hundred and twenty volumes, to say nothing of an autobiography and an immense correspondence.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for a writer to be both voluminous and vital. George Sand wrote many books that made a noise, but no book that can really be said to live or to deserve to live. In two of the qualities which give permanent value to the written word, her work was lamentably lacking. She was not a penetrating observer of externals, and her grip of life was not intellectual but purely emotional. She worked with her heart, and not with her head, and wrote down not what she had thought out but what she felt; and that is always a dangerous practice for those who desire to include posterity in their public. For intellectual values are constant, whereas emotional values vary from one generation to the next. The sublime of to-day becomes the ridiculous of to-morrow—especially if the emotion is laid on with a trowel. George Sand is out of date for the same reason for which Chateaubriand is out of date—because the receptivity of the reading public is not what it was when she wrote. She commands our interest not as a creator but as a phenomenon—as the exaggerated type of an emotional epoch that has passed away.

Romanticism was the note of the age in which George Sand came to Paris. The romantic movement was in full swing in the thirties when she began to write; and it was not a literary movement only. There was going on a general ferment of ideas of which "Hugolatry" was the chief outward literary sign. Republicanism, and Saint Simonism, and the grotesque developments of Saint Simonism, were also mixed up with it. The attack was directed not only against classical forms in literature, but also against classical traditions of order in government and morals. There was therefore room for considerable diversity of interest and method within the ranks of the party of revolt. The rebels specialised according to their genius and inclinations. Where there was a general shaking off of shackles, each naturally devoted particular attention to the chains that, to him or her, seemed particularly galling.

Theoretically George Sand accepted the whole romantic programme of revolt. In literature she was, at any rate,

to begin with, a Hugolater. There exist early letters in which she signs herself "George Sand: Hugolâtre." But her temperament made her carelessly spontaneous in matters of literary form, so that, on this side of romanticism, it is not Victor Hugo alone who towers above her like a giant. In politics, she was a Republican, and she served the Republican cause with her pen in 1848. But here again there were giants in the land, and a woman had little chance. Her political writings have not much more political significance than *Felix Holt*. They have a great deal less significance than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There remained, however, domestic life and the relations of the sexes. That was the side of the romantic movement that really went home to George Sand. She had herself suffered, and had revolted—first in thought and then in deed. Emotional by nature, she had found her way into a tangle of emotional perplexities; and she still had to write for her living at the time when the perplexities environed her. To write about herself and her personal problems was only to follow the line of least resistance. She followed it, justifying her life as she lived it, sometimes, as in *Elle et Lui*, actually telling her own story under a thin disguise, but always supporting particular escapades with emotional generalisations. She took love for her province, and, on that side, represented at once all that was most typical and all that was most exaggerated in the romantic movement.

One must insist that the generalisations are emotional and not intellectual. In so far as the novels conduct an argument, the method is purely deductive. Almost all of them could be cast in the form of a syllogism; and the major of all the syllogisms is the same. Love comes from God, and obedience to its dictates is a duty. Indiana, or Lelia, or whoever it may be, loved her lover. Therefore, she was right to be unfaithful to her husband, and he had no cause to complain of her conduct. That is the formula, continually restated with ingenious and pathetic variations.

It is a question, of course, how far the critic is justified in analysing the "argument" of a work of art. He is always liable, if he does such a thing, to

hear himself reminded of the Senior Wrangler who condemned *Paradise Lost* on the ground that it did not "prove anything." But circumstances alter cases in criticism as in other matters. Milton, in spite of his announcement that he would "justify the ways of God to men" was not really trying to prove anything. George Sand, as obviously, was putting herself forward as the prophetess of a new moral code. She did deliberately proceed from premises to conclusions. Consequently one feels warranted in pointing out, not indeed that her premises do not contain her conclusions, but that, precisely because they prove so much, and prove it so easily, the premises are themselves the objects of a reasonable suspicion. The real point at issue is not whether the particular case is covered by the general proposition, but what is the evidence for the general proposition itself. If sexual anarchism is the ideal, then clearly Lelia or any other sexual anarchist merits our sympathy and even our applause. But what is the philosophic case for sexual anarchism? How are we to defend it without by implication simultaneously defending the anarchism of the man who, being hungry, steals, or being angry, kills? That is the ultimate problem, and George Sand does not face it. She does not even face the practical consequences of the anarchism which she advocates. As often as there is an awkward tangle, the god descends from the machine to cut the knot. Inconvenient children die; inconvenient husbands commit suicide. By these mechanical devices a happy ending is secured.

The fact is, of course, that George Sand's case reposes, not on a philosophic but on an emotional basis. The air was full of individualism, and she was by temperament an individualist. She took just as much individualism as appealed to her, and applied it both in her life and in her writings. She not only felt happy when she was living her own life, she felt good. There could be nothing wrong in emotions that made her feel good. They came unsought, and, coming, were uncontrollable. Therefore she was in the presence of a miracle worked by God. She did not pause to reflect that the divine origin of hatred might be

demonstrated by an absolutely analogous train of reasoning. She is contented with her intuition, and she applies it with an unscrupulous consistency. The generalisation is as follows:

The immense superiority of this sentiment over all others—the *proof of its divine origin*—lies in the fact that it is not born in a man's own heart, and that a man cannot dispose of it; that he cannot bestow it any more than he can withdraw it by an act of will; that the human heart receives it from on high, no doubt for the express purpose of conferring it upon the creature chosen for him among all others by the designs of heaven.

Of the particular application there are a crowd of examples. The following succeeds the passage just quoted at an interval of only a few lines:

Had not a supreme Providence, which, in spite of man, is everywhere, presided over this union? Each of them was necessary to the other: Benedict to Valentine that he might instruct her in the emotions without which life is incomplete; Valentine to Benedict that she might bring repose and consolation into a tempestuous and tormented life. But there stood Society between them, rendering their choice absurd, guilty, impious. Providence has ordered things admirably, but men have destroyed the order. Which is to be held to blame?

Elsewhere it is Jacques exclaiming: "I have never troubled my imagination in trying to kindle or revive the sentiment which did not yet exist, or had become extinct. I have never imposed constancy upon myself as a duty. When I have felt love dying out, I have admitted the fact without remorse, and have obeyed the Providence that was attracting me elsewhere." And then again: "Say nothing against those two lovers," says Jacques to Sylvia. "They are not guilty, for they love. Where there is true love there is no crime." And then we find Jacques' wife betraying him, and saying to her lover: "O, my dear Octave, there shall never be a night when we will not kneel down together and pray for Jacques." And finally there is Jacques himself, whom the author advises to go and kill himself obscurely in order that his wife may enjoy her freedom, summing up the philosophy of the complicated situation thus:

"I doubt not that marriage will be abolished if ever the human race makes any progress to-

wards justice and reason. A tie more human, and not less sacred, will replace the marriage tie, and assure the existence of the children born to a man and a woman, without fettering the liberty of either of them. But men are too coarse and women are too cowardly to demand a law more noble than the iron rule which governs them. To beings devoid of conscience and virtue heavy chains are necessary."

The perusal of these passages—to which many others similar in tone could easily be added—supplies the answer to a good deal that has been written in defence of George Sand as a moralist—especially by writers who were introducing her works to English readers. It supplies the answer, for example, to Miss Bertha Thomas who protests that "the alleged hostility of her romances to marriage resolves itself into a declared hostility to the conventional system of matchmaking." The hostility to the French system of matchmaking is, in truth, not essential but incidental. The essential doctrine is that the obligations of love are paramount, over-riding all legal contracts, and all extra-legal promises. The only alternative to the view that George Sand preached sexual anarchism would be the view that she wrote simply as a literary artist and must not be regarded as having preached any doctrine at all. But even so the doctrine of sexual anarchism is certainly in the novels whether she intentionally put it there or not. If it is not the conclusion,

it is the postulate. She preached what she practiced, at the time when she was practicing it. One might even say that the consistent coincidence between her preaching and her practices constitutes one of her titles to our respect.

Another title unquestionably lies in her success in holding her head high throughout her long assault upon the conventional prescriptions of decorum, and in growing old with dignity. There was no mystery and no hypocrisy. She was as frank and open in negotiating her amours as a mother could be in arranging the marriage of her daughter. There was no attempt to conceal them from her children, and they appear in her correspondence with mere acquaintances as well as intimate friends. Her courageous attitude wore down scandal, and won the general recognition of her right to be a law to herself, and to regard her life as her own to live how she chose. Nor was there anything in the calm of her old age at Nohant to recall the tempestuous excesses of her youth. It was a sort of widowhood, though she regarded herself as the widow not of her husband but of her lovers—and not of one lover but of several. Her heart was, as she said, a cemetery, and as Jules Sandeau said, a necropolis; but there was a magnificently calm serenity in her meditations among the tombs.

Francis Gribble.



THE FIRST POET OF NEW NETHERLAND

Minnaars-Toegeving.

Segt mijn bekje,	Die u als
Hartens Diefje,	Sijn hart bemind:
Waarom gekje	Nimmer vals
Met-je liefje?	Gy hem bevind.*

**Lover's Complaint.*

Tell me dearest,	Who gives thee all
Thief of my heart,	his love
Why trifle so	And false will never
With thy sweetheart?	prove.

The first verse freely translated of one of Steendam's poems in his "Distelvink," seven verses follow, all in the same gushing and lovesick strain.

THE straggling village-like appearance that the little town of New Amsterdam with its background of woods and hills presented when the Dutch trading vessel which had borne Jacob Steendam across the "Mar del Nort" (as it was known to those old navigators) came to her moorings in the East River, is displayed in the view on the map in the second edition of Van der Donck's *Beschryving van Nieuw Nederlandt*. A readier reference, however, would be to Arnoldus Montanus's *Beschryving van Amerika*, published at Amsterdam in the year 1671, in which, at page 124, the same prospect of Novum Amsterodamum will be found. The *Montanus* is a book that one must indeed watch an opportunity to secure, but it is not to be compared for rarity with Adriaen Van der Donck's *Beschryving*, the little pot quarto volume published by Evert Nieuwenhof 't Amsterdam, Anno 1656.

The town of New Amsterdam, when in 1650, or thereabouts, the first of its poets landed from a small boat at the foot of the only wharf* it then possessed, had

*Note—The North Side of the present Pearl Street between Broad and Whitehall streets, in 1650, fronted the river shore. Extending out from it into the river on the line of the present Moore street was a little wharf built at a very early period. See Valentine's *History of the City of New York*.

not yet seen the semi-centennial anniversary of its foundation. It was a "mean conditioned place," and few and feeble was the folk over which, from 1647 to 1664, "Peter the Headstrong" held imperious sway. The entire population of that early time could be comfortably domiciled in one of our modern apartment houses, for in 1656 it numbered (including the garrison) only a thousand men, women, and children, a large proportion of whom were negro slaves. The slave trade flourished in those days, and Steendam, notwithstanding that he was a composer of soft and sentimental verses and spiritual songs, appears to have been as intent upon securing a share in the profits of this cruel traffic as any of his fellow townsmen. It is recorded to his discredit, that in 1660 he with others presented a petition to the Director and Council of New Amsterdam for permission to trade to the west coast of Africa for the purpose of importing slaves and other *articles* into the Colonies. Some sombre shadows lie across the face of things in those good old days, as we are fond of calling them—that "dulcet" period in our city's history of which Washington Irving was the partly serious, mostly jesting, and altogether delightful chronicler.

It is difficult to realise that only two centuries and a half ago—a lapse of time which three human lives of the not remarkable duration of four-score years would cover—this city of three and a half millions of people—the second largest on the face of the globe—contained, all told, only one hundred and twenty houses, a number of them comfortable dwellings enough, no doubt, surrounded by flower and kitchen gardens, but many of them mere shanties. The church and the Governor's house in the fort, on the then "bluff," and the City-Tavern or Stadt-Huys on the corner of the present Pearl Street and Coenties Slip, being the most important and pretentious structures that the town could boast. There were only

seventeen streets laid out, and none of these were paved. Wooden chimneys were not tabooed, nor were the haystacks, hen houses and pig pens yet abolished by city ordinance, from the principal streets. In 1656, the Burgomasters Oloff Steven-

son Van Cortlandt and Allard Anthony, and the Schepens Johannes Van Brugg, Jacob Strycker, Jan Vinse, Wilhelm Beeckman, and Hendrick Kip bestirred themselves, brushed the tobacco smoke out of their eyes, and within the next few



years all the streets were paved with the round and flinty cobblestone—a remnant of which indestructible roadway material is probably still in service in a few of our crooked downtown lanes, and will endure, if undisturbed, as long as the Roman Via Appia itself. No sidewalks were provided in these first paved streets, and the gutters ran in the middle thereof, a system of sewerage which our Dutch progenitors adopted, no doubt in fond remembrance of the odoriferous canals of the Fatherland.

What a contrast life in this frontier town on the banks of Hudson's river afforded to the old civilisation that Steendam had forsaken in the rich and beautiful city on the Zuyder Zee, where Rembrandt was then painting his masterpieces and plying his magical etching needle; Vondel, the greatest, and "Father" Cats, the most popular of Dutch poets writing their songs and dramas, and the famous Elzevirian Press issuing its correct and beautiful duodecimo editions of the classics of all Europe. Nevertheless, Steendam expresses no regrets, and is entranced with this new region, which he finds a land flowing with milk and honey and full of promise. In his *Lof van Nieuw-Nederland*

(Praise of New Netherland) he thus apostrophises the country he apparently intended to adopt as his future home:

"New Netherland, thou noblest spot on earth,
Where Bounteous Heaven ever poureth forth
The fullness of his gifts of greatest worth,
Mankind to nourish."

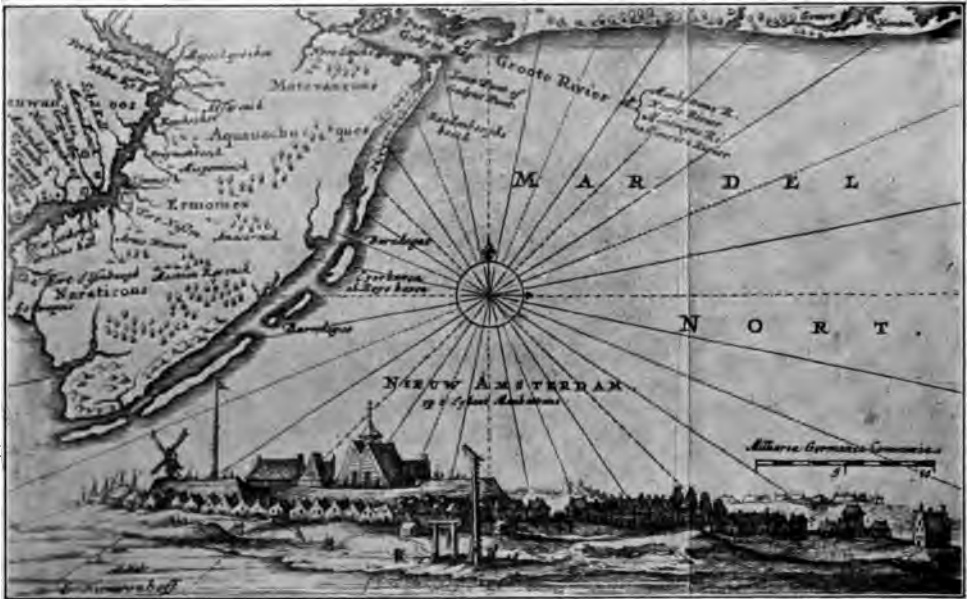
In seventy-two stanzas (verbosity characterises all Steendam's verse) he praises the purity of the atmosphere of New Netherland, descants upon the temperateness of its climate, extols the prolificness of its virgin soil, and boasts of the fecundity in birds, beasts, and fishes of its woods and waters. He proclaims it a land of abundance; the air, water, and soil of greatest purity, and finally bursts forth in this rapturous song and pious invocation:

"Oh happy land! While envy you invite,
You soar far over, all you thus excite:
And conquer whom by chance you meet in
fight,

May God protect and
Defend and save you: peace and comfort give:
All strife and discord from your borders
drive:

So Netherlands your happiness perceive
With joy and pleasure."

But the fates were contrary and unpropitious. Steendam, after a residence



NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1656.
From Van der Donck's "Beschryving.

here of ten or twelve years, departed for Holland. Perhaps he had heard and heeded the mutterings of the approaching storm which for a long time had been gathering to the eastward and broke in full fury over New Amsterdam in 1664, when the English, under Col. Richard Nicolls, captured the town notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of Governor Stuyvesant, and despite the city palisades and other defences erected to "prevent surprises" by the Indians, as well as for a protection against the "ferocious Yankees" towards the construction of which our poet had, as one of the wealthy citizens of New Amsterdam, contributed his quota of Dutch guilders in 1653 and again in 1655.

In the year 1860 a volume of old placards and proclamations of the States General of Holland and other broadsides, were sold at The Hague at public sale. Bound up with this valueless material the Honourable Henry C. Murphy, then

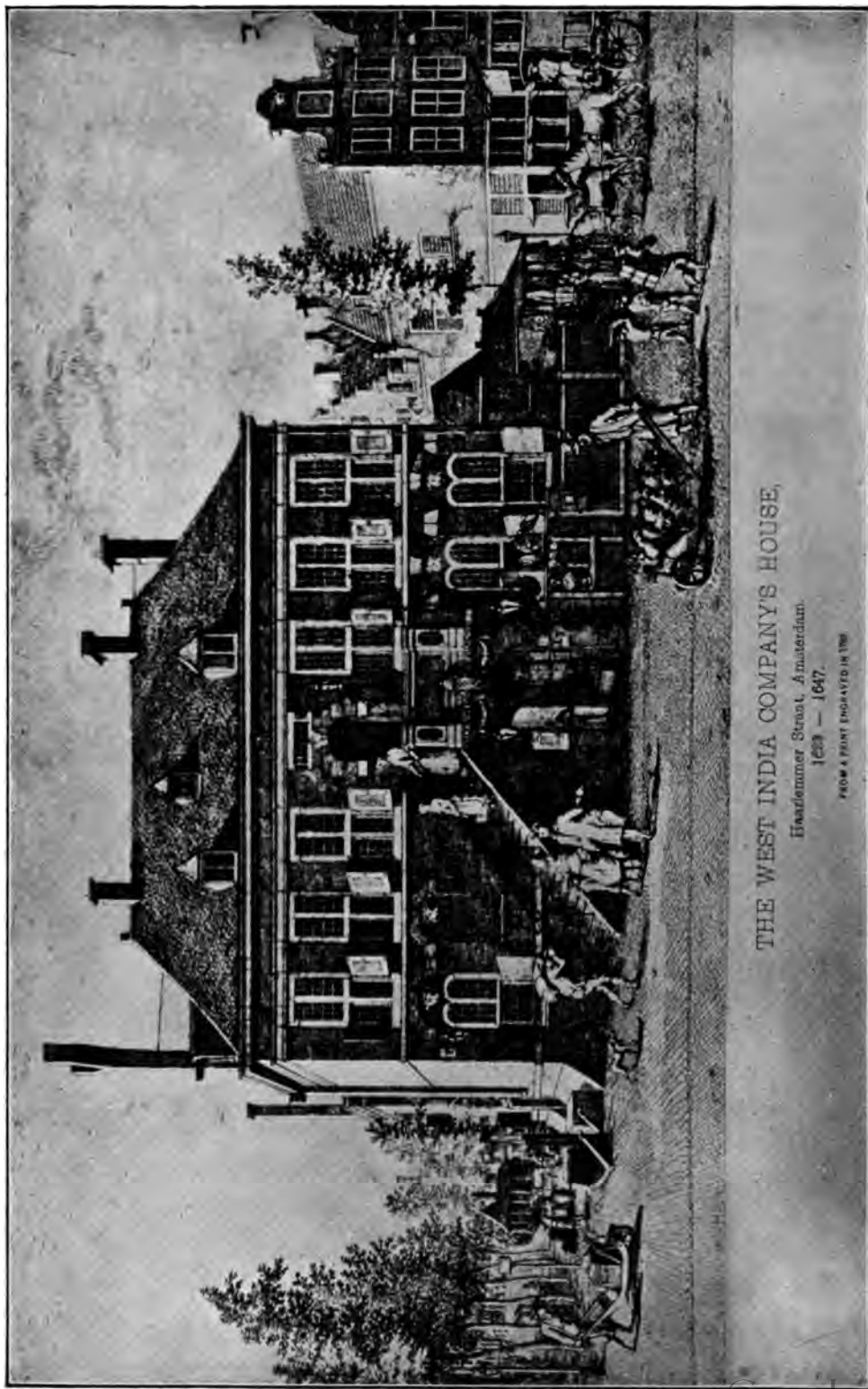
our Minister at The Hague, found and purchased a folio broadside signed Jacob Steendam, *noch vaster*,* printed by Pieter Dirksz T' Amsterdam, 1659. This rare broadside—A Complaint (*Klacht*) of New Amsterdam in New Netherland to her Mother of her beginning, growth, and present condition—was sold in the sale of Mr. Murphy's books in 1884 and is now in the John Carter-Brown Library in Providence, R. I.

The second of Steendam's poems on New Netherland, "*t Lof van Nuw-Nederland*," was published at Amsterdam in 1661 by the bookseller Jacobus van der Fuyk. A copy of this little Americana nugget is in the Lenox Library, and it is probably as rare a book as any of the priceless literary treasures sheltered beneath the granite eaves of the building at

*A play upon his name. Steendam meaning stone dam, and *noch vaster* still firmer.
H. C. M.



THE CHURCH IN THE FORT.



THE WEST INDIA COMPANY'S HOUSE,

Haarlemmer Straat, Amsterdam.

1623 — 1647.

FROM A PRINT ENGRAVED IN 1796



CITY TAVERN AND "STADT-HUYS" OR CITY HALL.

Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue. With all his acquaintance with Dutch books and pamphlets, Mr. Murphy knew of no other copy.

A third poem by Steendam on New Netherland's affairs was discovered by Mr. Murphy in the Royal Library at The Hague, at the end of a pamphlet by Peter Cornelison Ploekhoy, published in 1662, in which is set forth a plan for the establishment of a colony on the South (Delaware) River in New Netherland. It was entitled "Prickle Vaersen" (spurring verses) "to press or spur on the friends of this new enterprise," and recolonise a country that the Dutch a few years previously had wrested from the Swedes, pillaged the inhabitants, and laid waste * the land.

*The tract of land lying upon the western shore of the Delaware River extending from Cape Henlopen to the Falls of Sanhican (Trenton), which was acquired by treaty with the Indians, and settled by the Swedes about the year 1638.



FROM THOMAS CAMPANIUS HOLM'S "NEW SWEDEN."

A Copy of a Portion of the Map of N. Visscher.

These three poems, with translations into English, an Introduction, and a Memoir of the poet by Mr. Murphy, were published at The Hague in 1861, in a pamphlet for private distribution. This matter was reprinted in 1865 in the "Anthology of New Netherland, A Translation from the early Dutch poets of New York with Memoirs of their Lives by Henry C. Murphy."* It forms No. 4 of the publications of the Bradford Club.

This galaxy of poets numbers but three; the names of Dominie Henricus Selyns and Nicasius de Sille being the only ones added to that of Steendam.

The following facts are taken from this Memoir of Steendam by Mr. Murphy. In it he acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Frederick Muller, of Amsterdam, who supplied him with the poet's portrait (a copy of which is prefixed to this article), to the historian Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, of Albany, N. Y., and to J. T. Bodel-Nyenhuis, Esq., of Leyden, Holland ("the profound investigator of Geographical Science"), to whom Mr. G. M. Asher, our chief authority on Dutch books and pamphlets, dedicated his "List of the Maps and Charts of New Netherland and of the Views of New Amsterdam." A group of students of our early Dutch history was here assembled, the like of which we will not soon, if ever again, see in collaboration.

Jacob Steendam was born in North Holland in 1616. He was for fifteen years in the service of the West India Company, and in 1641 was sent by its directors to the coast of Guinea. Upon his return, in 1649, he collected his poems and published them under the title of "Den Distelvink" (The Thistle or Goldfinch), a branch of the bird family to which linnets and canary birds belong. Hugo Bruno, whose four laudatory verses are prefixed to the third part of the "Distelvink," considers this little feathered warbler too modest a representative of the lofty flights of Steendam's muse and suggests as more emblematical the wonderful vocal powers of the strong-winged, high-soaring nightingale.

The first and second parts of the "Distelvink" appeared in 1649; the third in

*Note.—The John Carter-Brown Library also now contains a copy.

1650. Together they form a quarto volume of about 550 pages. The first two parts bear the imprint of Gerrit van Goedesbergh, the third that of Hendrick Doncker, Boekverkooper's (bibliopoles), both in the good old city of Amsterdam.

The first part of the "Distelvink" contains love songs (Minne-Sang). The second (Zeegen-Sang) epithalamiums and triumphal songs—and the third (Hemel-Sang) heavenly or spiritual hymns. All are set to the music of some more ancient hymn or song. Most of the love songs are written in the short, irregular metre of the verse at the head of this article, a favourite poetical measure with the seventeenth century Dutch poets and people.

Shortly after the publication of the "Distelvink," Steendam embarked for New Netherland, apparently, as has been suggested, with the intention of making a permanent settlement in the colony, for he purchased "plantations" on Long Island* and became the owner of houses and lots on the island of Manhattan. One on the "Breedweg" (Broadway) the other on "Paerl Straat" (Pearl Street) between State Street and Whitehall. But it was not so to be, and he nevermore set foot in this new land after his return to Holland about the year 1662. New Amsterdam, shortly after his departure was blotted forever from the map, and the great Dutch cartographer, Carolus Allard, could no longer thereafter include the cherished name among his one hundred "inhabited" cities of the world. We can readily imagine that a return to the conquered town, and the oath of allegiance to James, Duke of York, that he might be required to take, involved more mortification of spirit than Steendam's stubborn Dutch pride could brook.

In 1665 this restless roving minstrel left Holland for the Dutch East India possessions and the few traces of him that are found thereafter show him to have been for some time a resident of the walled town of Batavia, in the island

*These farms were located at "Mespate Kill" (Newtown Creek) and at "Amersfort," later known as *Flatlands*.



of Java, a colony founded by the Dutch about the same time as New Amsterdam. Here, in a land of earthquakes and tornadoes, Jakob Steendam disappears from mortal ken, and the time, place, and manner of his death are wrapped in the same mystery that shrouds the fate of the discoverer of the island of Manhattan, in which he whilom made his home, the future greatness and glory of which Steendam in a measure foresaw and proved thereby his possession of at least one of the attributes of a poet—the gift of prophecy.

Centuries have come and gone since Steendam wrote his hymns and lyrics, and the dust lies thick upon the parchment covers of his all but forgotten "Distelvink." The anthology of our city now embraces the name of many a poet who invoked the muse with more success than he, and some perhaps with less, but whatever may be the merit or demerit of Steendam's verse, his name must of necessity, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, lead all the rest.

William Loring Andrews.

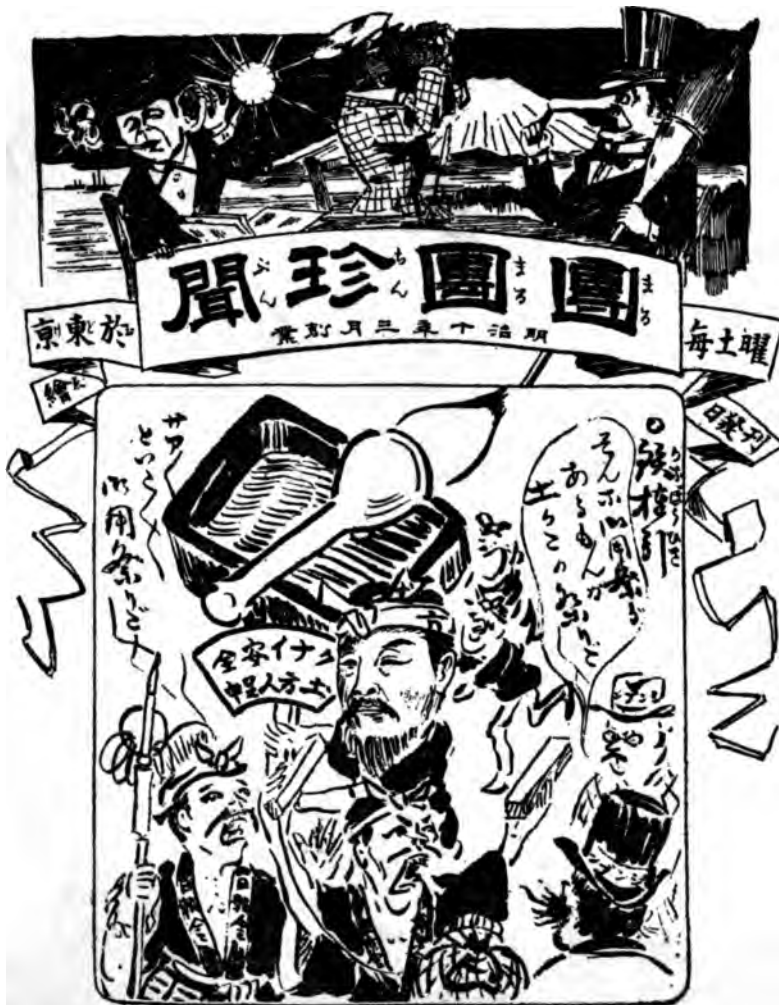
JAPANESE HUMOUR AND CARICATURE

JAPAN has no literature of laughter and humour. She was and is the country of tragedy and tears. Nothing has been more esteemed than tears in the country of thousand idols and cherry blossoms. It is a part of the national temperament to be prone to tragedy. To tell misfortune to another at a casual meeting is considered the height of etiquette. The Japanese do not know usually how to laugh, and they regard laughter as a degeneration.

When, in the seventeenth century, Monzayemon Chikamatsu (the Japanese Shakespeare as he is called sentimentally) reached his zenith, and even when in the early nineteenth century Bakin Takizawa founded a romantic school of story-telling, there was no author of humour. One might say that the Kiogen (mad-words) which developed in the later sixteenth century was only an oasis. The Kiogen was merely farce and crude joke, attaining no high value of literature. We

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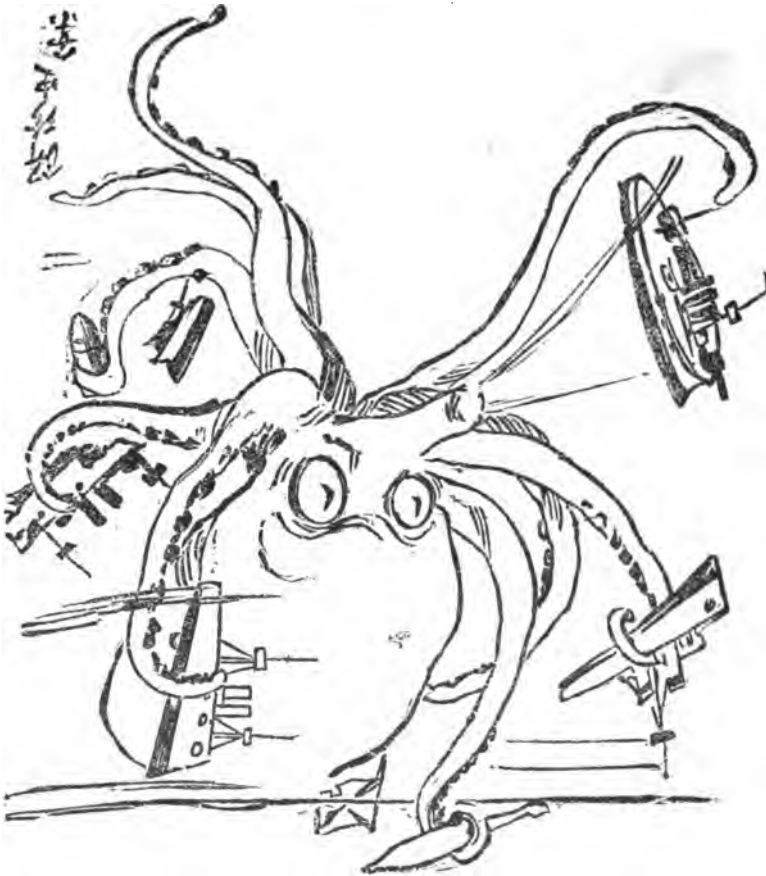


大東神田園々社發行

had Ikku, Sanba, and others, the contemporaries of Bakin, as writers of humorous stories. But the tricks they employed consisted often in the play upon words, with occasional flashes of wit. The elasticity of an agglutinative language like the Japanese makes it a very easy vehicle of such wit. It is only natural that the Kiogen writers became mere punsters. You could never measure them with the scale which you use for Artemus Ward or Mark Twain. The Japanese humorous writers were rarely philosophical, wholesome and sunny. They never laughed with their faces turned to the sky. To-day in our Meiji era, Shinji Minami, Tokuchi Kodo and Koson

Ageba are humorous writers, but they are only followers of Ikku or Sanba. The difference lies simply in the modification of the morality of the story. And it is rather a pity for them not to have a large audience. There are also many professional jokers or fun makers, whom the public despise. The whole fault lies with the general public who have little appreciation of laughter and wit.

To-day we have at least fifty magazines in Tokyo alone. But we have only one humorous publication corresponding to *Life*, *Puck* or *Judge*. It is the *Marumaru Chinbun*, the literal translation of which might be the "all-around queer news." It is a stalwart weekly.



動物園の中の水車國

It has stood rain and storm since 1877 when it was established by a certain novelist famous in his own day, and now totally forgotten. Its circulation has always been small. Nobody knows how many times its editors have been changed. The public never troubled themselves about it. And the editors did not care to make their names public. It was an outsider among magazine publications. And it enjoyed for a time the comfort of being forgotten. It slowly pushed its own steps. Once in a while the editors, from sheer sportiveness attacked the Government's policy. The result was only too certain. The editors would be sent to jail and the magazine suspended. This often happened. It is said that their satire was always sharp-edged, and not altogether without human touch and delicacy. And their cartoons were extremely clever. The *Marumaru Chinbun* might be called a Japanese *Punch*. But it has no power socially or politically. It is regarded as an excusable freak.

Three years ago the *Kokkei Shinbun* (the Funny News) was first published in Osaka. The Osaka writers whom the people always regarded as amateurs wanted to revolt. Originally it was intended to be strictly literal. But from the necessity or desire of increasing its circulation, it entered into the realms of politics and life. It was quite a revelation, and succeeded immediately. There is a mystery about its editor. I am told that one will find only an office boy whenever he calls. And the boy is forbidden to reveal the editor's name.

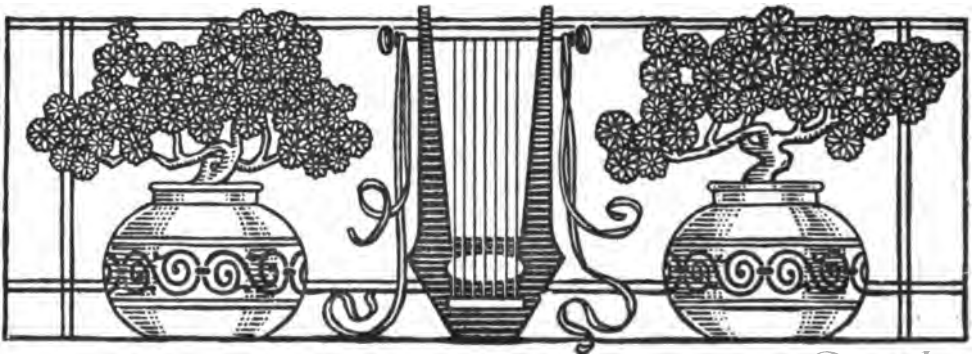
For some years the *Jiji Shinpo*, the most influential Tokyo paper, has been reprinting the newspaper humour from American and English papers. This move

has met with a cordial reception. Two years ago the same paper began to publish cartoons which were chiefly drawn by Mr. Kitazawa, a caricaturist, who had studied art in America. He may not have taken any individual American cartoonist as his master, but his humour and turn of wit are a reflection of the work by the usual American "funny man." It is a clever combination of Japanese abruptness in joke and American philosophy in conception. He was an immediate success. And many other Tokyo papers followed the *Jiji* with little result.

The present war has brought the writers of humorous skill and the caricaturists to the front. All Japan is seeking chances to make fun of Russia and the Russians. The Sunday issue of the *Jiji* is sold in tremendous numbers. The old *Maru Chin*, as we call the *Marumaru Chinbun*, has been very cleverly summing up the situation. The *Kokkei Shinbun* of Osaka appeared in a new dress. And it added the "literature of Barbarism" on the cover page. In fact, nearly all the Tokyo papers are printing funny pictures illustrating the situation. After all we Japanese are not entirely serious. Simply we had not learned how to laugh until now.

And I feel sure that this tremendous appreciation of fugitive wit will have the effect of bringing out a purely humorous story writer in the future. The ice has been broken. The humourist knows now that he will receive some encouragement from the public, and there is no reason why we should not look forward hopefully to a day of genuine Japanese humour.

Yone Noguchi.



THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

V.

THE NEWSPAPER AND POLITICS

By Edward G. Riggs

THE Paris Frenchman, who started the first newspaper clipping bureau to supply politicians and statesmen with slips of what was being said about them, understood to perfection that the essence of politics, local, State and national, is vanity and its cousin-german self-interest. The newspaper clipping bureaus were next opened in the United States, then in Great Britain, and now they flourish in almost every capital of Europe and the Orient. Gray, in his *Elegy*, must have thought of politicians when he wrote the line, "Th' applause of list'ning senates to command." Yet, Francis B. Spinola, once a Tammany Congressman, and familiarly known as "Shirt-collar" Spinola, because of his one distinguishing feature as a statesman, expressed his views in more practical fashion when he asked in 1888, "What's the matter with you, my young friend? What have I done to you? My name hasn't appeared in the *Sun* in a year." Mr. Spinola was told that nothing extraordinary had marked his course for the year in question, certainly nothing that called for extended newspaper comment. He replied, almost in tones of anguish, "Mebbe so, mebbe so, but abuse me, pitch into me, don't let me die in oblivion like this."

In the larger sense another interpretation should be placed upon politicians and statesmen, as, for instance, when Abraham Lincoln in the preliminary campaign which led to William Henry Harrison's election to the presidency in 1840, worked early and late to bring over to Harrison the support of Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, the head and founder of the Latter Day Saints. Smith was later shot by a polygamy-hating mob in Carthage jail.

In writing this sketch I intend to be absolutely candid. In the first place, I

do not believe newspaper men should write articles either for their newspapers or for magazines with their names attached. I believe, in other words, that newspaper men should avoid all distinguishing publicity, and that their unheralded work and their lives should be far better claims to sub-cellar gratification—the chief end of mere man in the estimation of the superior sex—than what some sweepingly call circus-poster methods. Frequently have I been told by friends that I am breaking my spinal column in leaning over backward in this matter. Occasionally I fancy I am almost in the mood in which I once found Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York, a number of years ago.

It was at his country home at Highland Mills, after dinner, Sunday evening. We strolled several miles through the fields, he switching tiny garter snakes and chatting, and I smoking as I listened to the anecdotes of his long and strenuous political career. "But," said Senator Platt, in the gentle voice which is one of his marked characteristics in war or in peace, "if I ever become reminiscent in print, I want you to promise that you will go to the nearest drug shop and get an ounce of cyanide of potassium; and I will take the dose and bless you with the last wink of my eyes."

On the other hand, if a few words from me, at this time, can be of service to my younger brethren in the newspaper field of political life, or can give an idea of that work to laymen, I feel that I am bound to accept the opportunity afforded to me.

THE POLITICAL REPORTER'S QUALIFICATIONS.

The man who does the big stories of city, State and national politics must first of all be in robust health. A young man from a neighbouring city turned up a

few months ago, and asked me to get him a place on a metropolitan newspaper. "What do you want to do?" I asked. "Politics," said he; and my next question was, "How is your stomach?" meaning to ascertain if that soul-satisfying organ was strong and in good working order. The young man allowed that he was a bit weak in that important physical territory. Insistent in the desire to be of service to him, I questioned him as to his liver, the seat of the conscience, according to some of the ancients; and this fine young fellow, splendidly equipped intellectually for the conflict of life, had to be passed by because his stomach and his liver were not in prime condition. Why was this necessary? Why was it necessary to tell this young man who would adorn most walks of life that he would be almost utterly worthless in the newspaper field of political work? For the answer let me point to the early deaths of such men as Julian Ralph and Wilbur J. Chamberlin, and I could tell of dozens more whose brilliant careers were cut short by the unrelenting demands of newspaper political work. Like the old adage concerning woman's work, political newspaper work is never done. It has neither beginning nor ending. It is the nearest approach to perpetual thought and motion on this mundane sphere. Other departments of a daily newspaper end with the setting or the rising of the sun; political work never ends. It is interwoven with each hour of the day and night, each day and night in the month in the year, each year in the decade, and each decade in the generation and each generation in the century.

What are the qualifications for a good political reporter and correspondent? There is a vast difference between the two. The political reporter is he who begins at the foot of the ladder when he reports the actual facts at a ward meeting. The political correspondent is he who has run the gamut of ward meetings, primaries, Assembly district, Senate district and Congress district conventions, city conventions, county conventions, State conventions and national conventions, and who builds his articles to his newspaper on the information of the situation in the State or nation based upon circumstances and facts arising out

of all of the aforesaid conventions. A political reporter and a political correspondent occupy in newspaper life the same relative positions as the cellar digger and architect in the building trades world. Cellar digger is just as important in his sphere as architect. The most superb architects were the most superb cellar diggers. No man can be a successful political correspondent unless he has been a successful political reporter. Judges are made out of lawyers, generals and admirals out of cadets. No President of the United States, no United States Senator, no Governor of a State ever attained his place without a thorough and practical knowledge of the workings of primaries and legislatures. No man in our country's history ever became a statesman without first having been a successful politician. Only the most ordinary of human virtues are necessary for the equipment of a successful political reporter and correspondent—cleanliness, sobriety, honesty and truthfulness.

Some years ago an alert and brilliant political reporter complained that he was not getting along very well, that he could get the routine news of the day for his newspaper all right, but that he invariably failed when important events were under way, and he wanted to know if I could and would tell him wherein he was lacking. I knew him well enough to be candid with him, and so I replied, "You're clever enough, you're industrious and energetic, but I hope you won't take offence when I tell you that in my opinion a clean shirt is better than brains." This young man was positively distressing in his ideas of personal cleanliness; he shaved once or twice a week, or whenever he felt inclined, was glad, as he said, when it was cold weather, so that he wouldn't have to take a bath so often, his linen was invariably soiled and crumpled, and his clothes spotted and unbrushed. Had poverty been the cause for this untidiness I should have hesitated to have wounded him by my frank utterance. That young man acknowledged the corn, and from that time he has been spruced up in great fashion. I see him occasionally in an uptown club, and he is the pink of neatness. He dines with presidents and governors,

where, in the old days, a gutter politician in Corlears Hook would scarcely look at him save when he wanted to use him and his newspaper.

Political reporters in their early days seldom dabble in works of political reference or historical research. Their first study is of men. To illustrate: a few years ago a young political reporter began his first assignment to cover a Democratic assembly district primary fight in New York City by purchasing Ellis H. Roberts's *History of the State of New York*. His political superior told him to drop Roberts, and see Tom McGinnis and Junius Montgomery O'Sullivan, the opposing chieftains of the district; also not to forget to pump their respective principal lieutenants, Pete Daley and Marmaduke Reginald O'Toole. The young political reporter returned to his office with an accurate report of the fight in the district, exactly what his newspaper and its readers wanted. Some of the young political reporters fresh from college are filled with theoretical and academic notions which their fine young minds hunger to see put into operation, but just about half a month's experience in practical city or country politics invariably recalls to them the thorough practicability of Grover Cleveland's famous utterance concerning a condition and a theory.

THE REFORMER.

But to say that these young college political reporters, with their theoretical or academic ideas, are not dropping seed in what hitherto has been considered utterly barren ground is miles from the truth. Politics and the world at large are better for these young fellows, and may their tribe increase. I can easily recall candidates for high office, men since gone to eternity and whose names are laured in glory, who with their own hands purchased on the night before Election Day the bags containing the ballots of their political rivals for the same office. That was before the Australian ballot system was established, and when to purchase the ballots of your adversary left him without ballots at the polls on Election Day. Who would dare do that now? Higher education, example, the newspapers, the inherent decency of

practical politicians whose desire for creative and constructive legislation as their only political heritage, together with the invaluable though often misguided aid and energy of professional reformers have brought about this better condition of affairs. It is not necessary, or desirable, to say one word that would leave a scar, but often, very often, it has occurred to me that practical politicians, men who live by politics and office-holding, would be far better men and the conditions in general in town and country would be greatly improved, did they have better examples set for them by some of our professional reformers. In other words, I would it were possible for a few real live, simon pure reformers, men who yearn for substantial and actual reform and who are not office-seekers disguised as reformers, to get to work on some of these professional reformers. A professional reformer is a good deal like a professional Irishman, one who uses his race, oftentimes his religion, and almost always the unfortunate Green Isle of his birth for his material purposes.

In the municipal campaign of 1897, certain professional reformers who attached themselves to Mayor Low's headquarters performed acts which the lowest and most brutal Tammany Hall politician would shrink from, and I am perfectly familiar with many facts which would be too strong meat for the average lay reader. I wouldn't care to go into the details of how a well known professional reformer of those days, built up in his political and financial career by a practical politician of the lowest type, has left for years the grave of his benefactor unsodded and without a headstone, in a near-by cemetery. It is men like these who do incalculable injury to the cause of real reform in municipal, State and national politics, and because of them the betterment of political machines has been so backward as to be almost imperceptible.

THE REPORTER'S INTEGRITY.

The political reporter must be on a familiar and yet, paradoxically, dignified footing with the politician whom he meets in local or State politics, and the political correspondent must have the same relations with politicians and states-

men in all of the States and Territories. Both must have an intimate knowledge of the ambitious methods which suggest a bit of news, or an interview, or a statement of the situation. Political reporting should be considered the highest type of a business venture. The reporter must never break his word or betray a confidence. The brains of the politician and the statesman are their own. They are their capital in trade. If a politician or statesman wants to say anything for publication, report him accurately, and write not a word that he says he doesn't wish printed. Not a few young political reporters, inherently honest-minded, forget in their zeal this cardinal principle. This perhaps, can best be illustrated by a little story.

A dozen years ago a Governor of a great State spoke at a banquet of newspaper reporters and political correspondents. The speaker had been notorious for years for his reckless disregard of the truth, not only to newspaper men, but to his party associates. As a matter of fact this man would lie when the truth would do better. He seemed to be mentally incapable of telling the truth. His speech consisted of a tirade, a savage attack upon young political reporters whom he charged with betraying the confidence he had reposed in them. As the speaker progressed, a political correspondent of experience, not only with this Governor but with other politicians and statesmen, was hurriedly requested to say a few words in reply. When his time came, the more experienced political correspondent, practically admitted the truth of all that the Governor had charged against some of the younger political writers whose zeal for their newspapers had frequently run away with their inherent sense of right and fairness. Turning to the Governor, the speaker continued:

"Admitting all that you say to be true, Governor, I want to excuse these young men and to say for them, God willing, they will do better in the future, if you will. While their conduct has been utterly without warrant, did it ever occur to you that in the aptitude of frail human nature for imitation the receptive minds of these young men have intuitively asked, 'If Governors and United States Senators, and even Presidents of the

United States, not to speak of Congressmen and State Senators, can deceive each other, and lie to each other, why should not we give them a dose of the same medicine that they administer to one another.'" The speaker went on to recount the politicians and statesmen who at intervals were sent to jail, and then he became quite exultant when he asked the Governor to name the newspaper man in his career of forty years who had been sent to a felon's cell.

No man can become the big political man of his newspaper unless he begins at the very lowest rung of the ladder. He must know the facts of the election district before he can correctly grasp the situation in the Assembly district. In fact, he must know as much about the geographical lines and political complexions governing them as the politicians themselves. Politicians and statesmen rarely complain of incorrect statements in a newspaper. Sometimes they grin and recount to each other the sort of jackass this or that political writer is, as portrayed in his work; but they become grave-faced and solemn when they are called upon to confront the truth and read a newspaper article which displays accurate knowledge. Between politicians and newspaper men there never has been and never will be a complete community of interest. The politician is seeking to avoid publicity for his plans; the newspaper man is endeavouring always to discover those plans. It is a constant game of battledore and shuttlecock. Many a newspaper article has destroyed a politician's secret work of months. It often discloses his programme to his adversaries in the respective factional and opposite camps, and they thereupon set the machinery in motion to overthrow it. A political machine, local, State, or national, is practically not different from any other structure for the purposes of understanding, and thus the political reporter and correspondent should know intimately every bit of mortar and every brick in it in the shape of district leaders, city, county, State and national. Sometimes lasting friendships are made, but there can be no lasting friendship between a politician and a newspaper man that is not based on mutual esteem. The ambition of the politician does not always

comport with the policy of the newspaper, and too often this ambition is gratified at the expense of methods which do not obtain in the better walks of life, and should be denounced most vigorously. Not that some newspapers should set themselves up as judges of any man, or of anything in man, be he politician or be he felon, but the communities of the country are perfectly well aware that the vast majority of the newspapers desire nothing but an honest and high-minded government of the people. The political reporter or correspondent should use no "high falutin" English, but should get down to the facts and not take himself too seriously, and neither should he take the political situation too seriously. These politicians come and go, statesmen likewise, but the great press of the country goes on forever. Neither should politicians nor statesmen be judged as a class, any more than newspaper men should be judged as a class, or lawyers, or physicians. There are bad men always in every walk in life.

REPORTERS AND POLITICIANS.

The scheme of a political machine is based on the old maxim of the greatest good to the greatest number. Of course, there is favouritism on the part of political leaders, and there always will be; but in the vast majority of instances the sub-leader who shows the greatest results in his district is the one who receives the greatest recognition at the hands of the leader of the organisation. I have said that there can be no lasting friendship between a politician and a newspaper political writer which is not based on esteem. I should like to reiterate that statement, because it is the experience of a quarter of a century. The newspaper man sees the politician at his home, dines with him at his family table, very frequently is acquainted with his private business affairs, and it may be safely set down that the newspaper man prints just about one per cent. of what he knows, and the remaining ninety-nine per cent. is utterly useless to his newspaper, but, of course, of deep significance to the newspaper man himself, giving him an insight and an experience which broadens him, and in the end makes him of far greater value to his newspaper. A news-

paper man should be utterly loyal to the newspaper he serves. By this I don't mean that the newspaper man should undertake assignments which are beneath his personal dignity and which would be rejected by any self-respecting man, and here I should like to say a few words of how certain politicians regard newspaper political writers. These politicians point out that there is no cohesion among political writers for the daily press, especially in New York City, and that some of these political writers, without ado, would be quick to strike down a fellow worker at the behest of some of these politicians. I have known newspaper men to write articles for politicians which only earned for them the disgust of these politicians, and the utter contempt of newspaper men of rank and integrity. I know of only two notable examples where political correspondents sat at the tables of important American statesmen and went away and betrayed the confidences of that table. What was the fate of those political correspondents? Oblivion, quick and enduring. Yet I have known hundreds of politicians to leave the tables of their political confrères and betray the confidences reposed in them. The newspaper man's honour is his chief stock in trade. He cannot possibly last if he flings that overboard, nor be of value to his newspaper. Many of the notable political correspondents dine with Presidents, but you never read in the newspapers of what occurred at that table. If these political correspondents were to print what they knew, something like a revolution might occur in American politics.

ANECDOTES OF PRESIDENTS.

It will do no harm now to speak of the tears which rolled down President Arthur's face in the White House when one day at luncheon he told of his efforts to give the country a good Administration, and yet, because he considered himself to be only President Garfield's political legatee and heir, he was struck down by his former political associates and deprived of a nomination for the presidency. Neither will it be considered out of place now to tell of the sorrow of President Harrison the day before he left the White House, when with deep



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE GATHERED ON THE BACK PORCH
OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

This is the last picture in which the President and Senator Hanna were taken together.
By Courtesy of Collier's Weekly.



THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION



POLITICAL ADVERTISING SIGNS.

emotion he turned and asked this question of me, "Do you love your business?" and I replied that I did, and then the President went on to say that he considered newspaper political work of such a stern nature as to be almost brutal, "as brutal as politics," added President Harrison. I was somewhat distressed to see President Harrison in such a mood, the President whom his associates had called an icicle, and who was not credited with having anything but pink lemonade for blood in his veins. Then President Harrison showed me a number of letters containing clippings from newspapers which had criticised Mrs. Harrison's gowns, and he asked, "Was it her fault that she was compelled to come here and live in the White House? Did she ever desire to leave her home in Indianapolis? No, not at all. She came here as my wife, as the wife of the President of the United States, the President of all the people of the country, and just read those newspaper articles which sneered at her gowns, and which some kind (with a sneering emphasis on the "kind") friends



JULIAN HAWTHORNE INTERVIEWING WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
AT THE LATTER'S HOME IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

had sent to her and which I found in her desk this morning." I regret very much to say that a quick glance at those newspaper clippings showed that they were the work of newspaper political writers who would not be admitted to the average newspaper office in this country, but who in mixing politics with social mat-

ters got in these unkind thrusts at Mrs. Harrison. President Harrison was then told that neither the *Sun* nor any other great metropolitan newspaper in this country ever uses a woman's name in a political article; that no political reporter and no political correspondent, no matter what the provocation may be, ever used



AWAITING THE RETURNS.

By courtesy of Scribner's Magazine.



GREETING THE CANDIDATE.



NEWSPAPER MEN OUTSIDE THE MILBURN HOME IN BUFFALO. WAITING FOR NEWS OF THE CONDITION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AFTER HE HAD BEEN SHOT BY CZOLGOSZ.



GROUP OF POLITICAL NEWSPAPER WRITERS GATHERED IN ALBANY.



CROWD IN PARK ROW LEARNING THE RESULT OF THE LAST
NEW YORK MAYORALTY CONTEST.

the name of a woman in a political article. President Harrison then frankly admitted this to be true, but he sadly shook his head as another wave of emotion went over his face, and replied, "Well, for all that I am glad to leave greatness behind and go back to my home in Indianapolis."

I recall with a great deal of interest now, many of the experiences with President Grover Cleveland in his first term. The newspaper men of Washington did not get along with him very well for the reason that they didn't seem to understand the burly President, and for that matter Mr. Cleveland didn't seem to quite understand them. The newspaper men never had in their hearts anything but the friendliest feelings for President Cleveland, but he had been thumped and

hammered so much in New York State that he became suspicious almost of every newspaper man who approached him, until under the guidance of Col. Daniel S. Lamont he came to know the men with whom he should talk. And I remember distinctly Mr. Cleveland's utterance one afternoon in the White House, when he said, "I like all of the boys. They have treated me about as well as they could and I have tried to treat them on an even keel, and while I have never been called upon to question the integrity of a newspaper man, I am bound to say that very often I have been called upon to question their discretion." There is just the point where many newspaper political writers fail—the lack of discretion, the failure to understand completely all the ramifications of a conversation with a Presi-



CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES IN THE AMEN CORNER.

dent, a Governor or a United States Senator, and to be extremely careful as to the deductions of the conversation. Mr. Cleveland was not particularly sensitive on some matters, for I remember well sitting with him in March, 1889, the day before he was to retire in favour of President Harrison. The Pennsylvania troops which had arrived in Washington to take part in President Harrison's in-

auguration marched through the White House grounds singing, "Grover Is in the Cold, Cold Ground." President Cleveland was pegging away at a lot of bills which Congress had passed, and I laughingly asked him how he liked the music. He replied, "It seems to me I have heard that tune before, and if it pleases them, why, all right, it doesn't trouble me. Pretty nice tune, isn't it?"



ELECTION NIGHT IN THE OFFICE OF A GREAT METROPOLITAN DAILY.

By courtesy of Scribner's Magazine.



NEW YORK BOARD OF ALDERMEN INVESTIGATING NEWSPAPER BRIBERY REPORTS
REGARDING PORTCHESTER ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Charles W. Meade, City Editor of "The Tribune" in the witness chair.



REPORTERS ACCOMPANYING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON A SPECIAL TRAIN
AND TAKING DOWN HIS SPEECH.

It may be asked, What is an illustration of the discretion of a political correspondent? I answer: Several of the correspondents were chatting with President McKinley in his office in the White House early in 1900. Senator Hanna dropped in and the President said: "Mark, you're the very man I want to see. I want to tell you that you mustn't push that subsidy bill of yours this session. I know it's the pride of your heart, but you mustn't do it. It's not wise. It won't do." The correspondents who were present merely sent to their newspapers that night the information that there was little or no likelihood that Senator Hanna's ship subsidy bill would go through that winter. Again, when President McKinley was berated for not hurrying along the war with Spain, he told the correspondents, "I haven't got enough of that big brown powder on hand yet. We are pushing the mills as fast as possible." The correspondents gave a number of reasons for the delay in the war preparations, all truthful, but they neglected to give the real reason in their dispatches to their newspapers. That would have been too good reading for Spain, and might have injured our cause. When a party leader or a Governor tells a correspondent that such and such a party associate is an infernal thief, the correspondent does not print it that way; he merely announces that there has been a severe dispute over the distribution of patronage, and he is prepared in some cases to write the downfall of the delinquent subordinate. The science of politics is so merged with the science of government that when the correspondents were told that an American consul was discovered betraying the national Administration's secrets to Spain and were requested to suppress the news, there was nothing left but to obey the request even though they suggested that the traitor should be taken out and shot. The editors of all great newspapers are kept constantly informed of all these and a thousand equally confidential matters by their men, usually by a telegraphic cipher code, but sometimes by private letters.

THE AMEN CORNER.

An organisation which has attracted some attention within the last few years

is known as the Amen Corner, and very many people have taken it to be a newspaper man's organisation. It is nothing of the kind. The Amen Corner is made up of eleven incorporators, who represent a sentiment and not a fact. Any man who has ever sat in the Amen Corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is practically entitled to a seat at the annual dinners of the Corner, no matter who he may be, no matter what his politics may be, or his vocation. The President of the United States is no bigger at an Amen Corner dinner than a barkeeper. The Amen Corner Corporation was organised a number of years ago for fun and frolic and nothing more. It has no purpose to serve, political, social, or business. It is intended to be a gathering of good fellows, who once a year can get round a dinner table and forget for one night at least the conflicts of politics, the meanesses of political agitation, and try to see the good points in all assembled at that table. A Democrat is just as welcome to a seat at the Amen Corner dinner as a Republican, and a Mugwump is just as highly regarded. Heretics and pagans sit side by side with Christian and Jew, and everybody has a good time. These dinners have developed until they are as well known as the famous Gridiron Club dinners of Washington, and like the Gridiron Club dinners the Amen Corner dinners have made it plain to all the world that in the political field men are but pawns on the political chessboard, and that it is not well at times to undertake to solve all of the political problems in the universe at one and the same sitting. Ulysses S. Grant and Chester A. Arthur were famous members of the Amen Corner, but that was long before the Corner became a corporate body. The Amen Corner was so named first by Wilbur J. Chamberlin, of the *Sun*, and he named it in an article in the *Sun* because the plush lounges or settees in two of the corners of the hotel corridor were arranged at right angles, similar to what Thackeray spoke of as an Amen Corner pew in a church in England. Every afternoon and evening all sorts and conditions of politicians, lawyers, business men, and men of almost every vocation in life, sit in the two Amen Corners of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and chat, and for many years the

corridor of the hotel has been frequented by the newspaper political reporters. All are hand and glove, nearly all are considered the best of good fellows, and very many important pieces of political news have been gathered in the Amen Corner.

COVERING A CONVENTION.

The question is frequently asked as to how many men a great metropolitan newspaper sends to write up a national convention. Speaking of my own paper in this matter, I have never known it to send more than four men to one of these conventions. A number of the other newspapers differ as to the number of men that should be sent, and I have frequently seen at a national convention anywhere from ten to twenty men representing one of the great metropolitan newspapers. It is not for me to speak in criticism of any New York newspaper, certainly I have not the slightest desire to do so, but it has been my experience that the fewer men that are sent to a national convention the better it will be for the newspaper they serve, and I base my statement on this ground, that if you get one good man to get the news of the situation and to write the proceedings of the convention, another to watch the deliberations of the Committee on Resolutions over the platform, another to take care of the contests, and another to write up the gossip and funny stories incident to a gathering of anywhere from ten to twenty thousand persons who attend these conventions, there will be no duplication, no repetition, and none of the muddle implied in the old adage that too many cooks spoil the broth. Yet, when I make that statement I am perfectly aware that men of far wider executive experience than mine differ with me radically on this matter. I should be content, however, with the statement that I have made, when I recall that the policy of the *Sun* in these matters has been directed for a quarter of a century by my sagacious friend Chester S. Lord, the managing editor of that newspaper.

Sometimes the political correspondents travel with the delegates and prospective candidates, and sometimes they don't. On such trips, though, the political correspondent, as he passes through the big cities, generally has a long despatch to

drop off to be sent back to his newspaper telling of the opinions of those on the train with him. Sometimes many pranks are played on the newspaper men, and I know of one prank that a newspaper man played upon a whole political organisation as it travelled to a national convention a number of years ago. This newspaper man had a compartment in the sleeper, and he was writing away for dear life in order to have a despatch ready to be sent back from time to time to his home office. There were many convivial spirits aboard the train, most of whom thought that the newspaper man might suffer from thirst, and between New York and St. Louis the convivial ones sent to the compartment occupied by the newspaper man seventeen quart bottles of champagne, and not one of them was returned; and yet, that newspaper man was perfectly sober when he turned out at St. Louis with a delegation that was more or less tired. The explanation did not come until long after, and not until the reputation of that newspaper man had been established as one of the greatest drinkers in the country, a reputation which he had gained on that train. It turned out, however, that as the seventeen quarts of champagne were placed, one by one, upon his table and the door of the compartment closed, they were thrown out of the window untouched.

The work of a national convention has caused many newspaper men to faint with fatigue. The strain for a week or ten days, and sometimes for two weeks, is nerve destroying. The average newspaper political correspondent works on an average twenty hours out of the twenty-four at these conventions. His hotel accommodations are invariably of the best, for the reason that they are secured months before, on the very night that the convention city is settled upon by the national committees of the parties. Many correspondents have telegraph wires running into their rooms, which connect directly with their home office in New York City; but I have never done this for the reason that late at night, at one or two o'clock in the morning, a big piece of news is likely to turn up which can be put on a dozen wires at one and the same time in the main office, whereas

if you have two or three wires in your hotel rooms there would be very great delay in transmission.

The political correspondent of a great metropolitan newspaper is expected to know at these conventions the leading men who are directing affairs, and who tell him confidentially what is going on. There is little or no proscription as to what he shall print, as long as it is the news, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the leaders don't care to have their names printed as authority for these statements. They have their reasons for avoiding publicity at the time, and yet they are perfectly friendly to the newspaper men with whom they are familiar and of whose integrity and discretion they have had full experience. The anecdotes of the national conventions of the two parties for the last twenty-five years would occupy many a volume. As a sample, I will tell an incident which occurred at the Minneapolis Convention in 1892, when General Harrison was a candidate for renomination, and when he was bitterly opposed by the followers of James G. Blaine and many warm friends of William McKinley. The anti-Harrison people, made up of the Blaine people and the McKinley people, joined hands, believing that in that way they could break the force of the Harrison army; and every day and night Emmons Blaine would rush into my room at the West House and proclaim to me "Keep my father to the front; keep McKinley to the front, and we'll beat that man Harrison out of his boots." It was not to be. Harrison won the renomination after a terrible conflict. William McKinley escaped a nomination in a year which was strongly anti-Republican; Emmons Blaine died suddenly a week after the convention, and was soon followed to the grave by his eminent and distinguished father.

Speaking of eminent men in political life, the political reporter and political correspondent while being very careful not to betray the confidences reposed in him, should be equally on his guard against having men in public place betray him or his newspaper. I can easily recall a number of experiences of my own, and especially one where two of the most eminent public men jointly dictated a

typewritten interview and asked to have it printed. Each had made interpolations in his own handwriting in the interview, which I dictated to a stenographer and put on the telegraph wire. The following morning, when it was printed, these two eminent statesmen called on me and said, "We are going to deny that interview." I asked the reason why, and they replied, "It has gone off at the breach and not at the muzzle, as we expected." And then I gently informed these two statesmen, as I pulled the original copy out of my inside pocket, containing their interpolations in their own handwriting, that if they denied that interview the original copy would be lithographed and presented to the readers of the *Sun*. So that newspaper men must be on their guard in dealing with politicians quite as much as politicians should be on their guard in dealing with indiscreet newspaper men.

I will recur to the work of the newspaper men at a national convention, and go on to say that it is by no means an extraordinary feat for any one of these political correspondents to write from twenty to thirty thousand words a night. He usually dictates his matter as the manual labour involved would be far beyond his physical abilities to perform under such exasperating circumstances. At a national convention the visiting newspaper men are the guests of all the clubs, and so are the leading delegates to the convention, and these clubs are therefore a common meeting ground for the exchange of views and news.

ELECTION NIGHT.

A big newspaper office on Election night is a sight. Contrary to general opinion it is usually the quietest spot in the country. It ought to be, at least, if good work is to be performed. Two hundred telegraph wires are running into this newspaper office bringing the returns from the remotest county, town and hamlet. These must all be tabulated, and the work must be done with the greatest rapidity. In a presidential year nowadays the returns in a newspaper office not only include the presidential vote, but the vote for Governors and Congressmen, and Senators, and very often, it should be said, the vote for a Governor or a Congressman, or a State Senator is

considered by some to be fully as important as the vote for the presidential electors; with some it is very much more so. In the old days it sometimes took a week, sometimes a month, for the result of a presidential election to be known to the people at large. Under the system now prevailing in most of the great newspaper offices, the result can be determined long before midnight. This system includes a computation by averages of the vote in the last presidential or in the last gubernatorial year, and this system of averages is almost perfect in portraying the drift of sentiment which aids the mathematical sharps in the newspaper offices on Election night to announce the result. Every man in that newspaper office is keyed up to the highest pitch. Even the office boys partake of the keen excitement. The work of months either for or against a candidate is now about to be demonstrated, and the feelings of the people all over the country as to policies, and their liking or disliking, are about to be recorded. In the presidential campaign of 1884 it was Mr. Lord, the managing editor of the *Sun*, who announced the morning after election that Grover Cleveland had been elected, and in view of the attitude of the *Sun* in that presidential campaign, the announcement of Mr. Cleveland's election by that newspaper was all the more significant, and yet it was not until several months afterward that the result was finally and officially determined. In the campaign of 1892, when Mr. Cleveland was overwhelmingly victorious, he would hardly believe the returns sent to him by the various newspaper offices, and it was not until sunrise on the morning after election that he went to bed convinced that he was again to be President of the United States. Presidential candidates nowadays usually remain in their homes during the canvass, making speeches from their porches to visiting delegations, and on all of those occasions the newspaper men are present, and usually furnished with a copy of the speech for the day, so that nothing is left to hap-hazard reporting and a quick interpretation of the candidate's utterances.

THE CAMPAIGN TOUR.

When presidential candidates travel in special trains in recent campaigns, they

are accompanied by a corps of stenographers who stand beside them as they make their speeches from the tail end of the car, and afterwards these stenographers knock out the candidate's speeches on typewriters, and usually before they are handed to the newspaper men to put on the wires they are submitted to the candidate for any revision he may desire. The system, in other words, is a good deal like that of speeches made in the House of Representatives before they are printed in the *Congressional Record*. Very few candidates, on their feet, can escape making what are considered breaks, and which may be open to false construction by their adversaries, and so it is generally considered to be the proper thing for them to have an opportunity to revise their speeches before they are given to the newspapers. In the Bryan campaign of 1896, a dear old friend of mine, Major Stofer, a Washington newspaper man, coming through Pittsburg with Mr. Bryan, at three o'clock in the morning, made a speech for Mr. Bryan. A great audience had assembled, eager to hear the candidate, and Mr. Bryan was utterly exhausted by his day's labours. It was decided not to arouse him, and Major Stofer, seizing the grey slouch hat worn by Mr. Bryan rushed out to the tail end of the car, and inasmuch as Major Stofer himself has a smug, clean-shaven face like Mr. Bryan, the audience did not detect the imposition. Major Stofer made as good a speech that morning as Mr. Bryan ever did in his life.

Presidential candidates as a rule are worked very hard by the campaign managers. There is a humorous play by George Ade which has had a good run in New York City, and in which the campaign manager turns to the candidate who is protesting against certain policies, and exclaims, "Why, you are only the candidate." This recalls an incident of the McKinley-Roosevelt campaign of 1900, when Mr. Roosevelt, the candidate for Vice-President, arrived in Chicago after his terribly exhaustive trip through the Western and Pacific Slope States. The present Postmaster-General, Henry C. Payne, had charge of that part of Mr. Roosevelt's trip, and every day for over a month he had scheduled Mr. Roosevelt

to speak anywhere from ten to twenty times. Mr. Roosevelt, when he reached Republican headquarters in Chicago, protested to Mr. Payne, and he told his friends that Mr. Payne was driving him too hard and that he could not stand the work, and that he believed he would kick over the traces. Mr. Payne patted Mr. Roosevelt on the back and sympathised with him, and told him it was indeed a very hard campaign, and that he must be a good boy, and then Mr. Payne handed the Vice-Presidential candidate a long schedule of dates for other speeches, and sent Mr. Roosevelt through Indiana and other States, pretty much after the same fashion that a theatrical manager would send out a star actor, telling him where and when to play, and what pieces he was to perform. Mr. Roosevelt, like a good soldier, obeyed orders.

THE GOLD PLANK OF 1896.

I have been asked to speak in this article concerning the origin of the famous Gold Plank which was thrust upon Mr. Hanna in 1896 at St. Louis, when Mr. Hanna was informed that if he did not accept that platform his candidate for the Presidency, Mr. McKinley, might be defeated for the nomination in the convention. I am not at liberty at the present time to give the full details of where that plank came from, but sometimes I am amused to read the utterances of various claimants like Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio, ex-Governor Merriam, of Minnesota, and others. The day will come when it can be easily proved that the late Charles A. Dana, and the present owner of the *New York Sun*, William M. Laffan, together with Senator Thomas C. Platt, had more to do with the writing of the Gold Plank than the various aspirants for fame who have hitched their kites to a star.

LIBELS AND PERSONAL ENCOUNTERS.

Every now and then you hear something about the relations of the political reporters to the politicians whom they attack, and the threats of libel suits and of physical violence. There is very little of that nowadays, for the reason that the political reporters and correspondents of rank and standing do not strike politicians below the belt, that is, they don't

print anything about the politicians that is not perfectly susceptible of proof, and, moreover, the attack on a politician is not made for personal reasons, nor from personal vindictiveness or animosity, but because the political reporter and the political correspondent in serving his newspaper is compelled to state the facts about the politician, and libel suits growing out of political quarrels are very rare. Many of the politicians seem to believe in the policy of accepting the ills with which they are confronted rather than to fly to others that they know not of. The last evidence of physical violence on the part of a politician to a newspaper correspondent was when a Tammany Assemblyman at Albany struck one of the representatives of the *New York Times*, a man at the time dying of consumption. Mr. George F. Spinney, chief correspondent of the *Times* at the time, resented the outrage upon his subordinate, and thrashed that big burly Tammany Assemblyman within an inch of his life. In Southern States there have been one or two murders of newspaper men, and, as usual, the politician has escaped conviction.

NEWSPAPER MEN IN POLITICS.

While, as I have said, the politician and the newspaper man are naturally at cross purposes, the former trying with all his might to keep his plans secret and the latter equally energetic in getting those plans for publication, it may be said that in many ways there is a strong affiliation between politicians and newspaper men, and that newspaper men very often become prominent in political life. Most of the private secretaries of the Presidents of the United States have been newspaper men, and newspaper men like James G. Blaine and John Hay have attained very great prominence in public affairs. Many politicians rely upon newspaper men for guidance, and as a result as they become older some of the newspaper men are appointed to consulships and other places in the national and State governments. But it is the invariable rule that when these newspaper men forsake their vocation they become of little or no value to the politician or party which has conferred upon them the benefaction, for the reason that they have little or no influence in the newspaper

office to which they were attached, and their places are quickly filled by others. There is not space enough in this article to give the impressions of newspaper men of big politicians and statesmen. I can only give instances. I have already spoken in one or two lines of Mr. Cleveland. President Roosevelt has a great many friends among newspaper men, and yet the President is mighty sensitive to newspaper criticism. Very few political correspondents nowadays care very much what David B. Hill says or doesn't say, and the same can be said of Governor Odell. Richard Croker and most of the newspaper men were as a rule jolly good friends, and yet Mr. Croker was as sensitive as a woman over newspaper criticism. But he had a way of hiding it, and of suppressing his emotions whether of joy or resentment; and for that matter, the same remarks will apply to Senator Thomas C. Platt. Very few American statesmen were better beloved by newspaper men than William McKinley. When McKinley was a Congressman the newspaper men were his friends, and he was their friend. He would labouriously explain to them the features of his tariff bill, and they on their part would always see to it that the Major, as he was affectionately called, was correctly quoted as to his attitude on tariff matters. In the White House President McKinley was utterly frank and candid to his newspaper friends, well knowing that he could trust to their discretion to state the news he gave them, and never to violate the accepted rule in public life that "A President is never interviewed."

POLITICAL GRATITUDE.

Politicians expect a great deal of newspaper men, and it is not too much to say that the politician gets out of the newspaper very much more in the way of support than he ever gives in the way of news. To illustrate this, I should like to speak of an incident which occurred a number of years ago, where a certain eminent politician did a most trivial kindness for a certain newspaper, and in the hurly-burly the newspaper correspondent failed properly to thank the politician, who, by-the-way, had for nearly a quarter of a century received from that newspaper the most loyal and

sturdy support. "You didn't thank me for what I did the other day?" said this eminent politician to the correspondent; and the correspondent replied, "Didn't I? Well, I am sure I meant to, but if I didn't I want to thank you now. But even if I did not, will you let me say that if you had cared to thank my newspaper for what it has done for you in the last twenty-five years you would have had to keep a cab in front of your office every hour in the day trying to thank it. No; but the editor of my paper didn't want any thanks from you. He merely supported you because he believed you to be an honest man, and that your principles were right; and now you complain to me because I failed to pour out upon you an avalanche of thanks for this trivial kindness, you say that I haven't thanked you." "Well, well," replied the distinguished statesman, "do you know that I had not thought of what your newspaper had done for me; and what you say is true, that in order to thank the editor of your newspaper for what he has done for me I should have kept a cab in front of my office every day for the last twenty-five years, in which to ride and thank him."

Many newspaper men are prone to say politicians have no real friends among them, and that the politician only uses a newspaper man, and when the man's usefulness has gone, he, the politician, flings him away like a squeezed-out orange. That is a most absurd statement to make, in my estimation, for the reason that no political reporter or correspondent should ever permit himself to be placed in a position where he can be flung away by a politician. Politicians very often complain that political articles are erroneous, but when the source or authority for these political articles is hunted up, it will be found that the very politicians complaining of them gave the inaccurate news of which they complain so loudly. I have known few, very few, newspaper political writers who cared to write anything save the truth, the exact truth, and nothing but the truth, what they believed to be the truth, or what was given to them for the truth.

After considering all the perplexities and hardships of a political correspondent's life, and recalling with vividness

the friction incident to many battle-fields, I can only quote the lines of a modern author: "Let the bad pass. I have met far more honest kindly faces than deceit-

ful ones, and I prefer to remember the former. Plenty of honest kindly hands have grasped mine, and such are the hands that I like to grasp again in thought."

TRICK OF THE FAMILIAR TOUCH AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

IN a poem called *The Queen's Chronicler*, Mr. Stephen Gwynn once paid a tribute to that gossip French gentleman, the Siegneur de Brantôme, which somehow lingers in the memory. The poem itself is a spirited rehearsal of the story of Mary Stuart, according to the version of the *Dames Illustres*; its metre is an *ottava rima*, possessing a good deal of the Byronic cadence, especially in the closing couplet of each stanza, such as:

All this we all have read in song and ballad,
But, Brantôme adds, she only took a salad;

and then follows the parenthetic line that is worth remembering,

His small, familiar touches are delightful,
Making one see.

Naively self-complacent, over-garrulous, and often unreliable as a historian, Brantôme may have been; but Mr. Gwynn is right in recognising his pre-eminence among the old chroniclers in the art of helping us to see, an art which is none too common even in the present day, because, before you can make others see, you must be able to see very clearly yourself—and this some authors never learn to do. The secret of it, as Mr. Gwynn points out, lies in the trick of the small, familiar touch. Unfortunately, it is a trick not readily learned; some writers seem to come by it instinctively, while others never acquire it at all. It is not a thing you can teach by rule and line; it is not even easily defined, but there is no mistaking it where it exists. One writer will take whole pages in describing a man's personal appearance, minutely and patiently, feature by feature, line by line, as though he were making a delicate etching. And in the end the impression given is so vague

that you would hesitate to pick out that particular man from a company of twenty. And another writer will draw his hero with half a dozen brief, rapid pen-strokes, seizing only the salient points, the features that stamp that man's individuality and differentiate him from every other man in the whole world. And the feeling which you bring away from such a writer is the conviction that you would recognise his hero if you unexpectedly met him to-morrow on the busiest corner of the city's crowded streets. It was part of the creed of realists like Maupassant and the De Goncourts that if they were describing a peddler's wagon, passing along the highway, they should so describe it that you would ever afterwards remember that wagon and that peddler and that horse, and be able to distinguish them from all the others of their kind. Some novelists have a gift for what Mr. Howells is fond of calling "little miracles of observation." The seize upon a trick of the voice, a fleeting facial expression, a quaint or unusual turn of speech, a peculiarity, *gauche* or charming, of walk or gesture. It is one of the small triumphs of the realistic school that its methods tend to develop the direct observation which results in this sort of illuminating detail. And yet the trick of the familiar touch is not the prerogative of any particular school of fiction. It belongs to realist, psychologist and romanticist alike; and neither Balzac nor Zola was ever more dependent upon it than is Mr. H. G. Wells when he is forcing us to form vivid mental pictures of fantastic night-mares in Mars or in the moon.

The novelist, like the painter, is a man with his brain full of pictures; his serious business in life is to reproduce these pictures for others to enjoy. The one man

paints with a brush and a colour-tube; the other with a pen and the pigment of words; but their methods are essentially the same. No matter how faultless the brushwork, how unfaltering the pen-stroke, the pictures must fail if the artist lacks the vital gift of visualisation and the instinct to single out from the myriad unessential details the few things which really count. There may be times when an author has some reason for giving, with the mechanical thoroughness of a photographic lens, the contents of a shop or office or bedroom, the pots and pans in a kitchen dresser, the line of linen just hung out to dry. Such a method is often effective to give an impression of the tedious minutes that the hero is kept waiting in uncongenial surroundings. There may even be a valid excuse for forcing the reader to delay page after page, counting the squares in the carpet, the roses on the wall-paper, for the purpose of making him sympathise with the mental sufferings of a nerve-racked invalid, doomed to lie for days and months, contemplating that ceaseless procession of squares and roses following each other back and forth with the dull persistence of a nightmare.

For the most part, however, the author who wearies us with trivial details and, every time he enters a new room, proceeds to take an account of stock, as it were, unconsciously departs from the truth of life. The normal man or woman, on entering a strange room does not proceed to make a methodical inventory of its contents, but simply notes a few salient objects, and brings away a general impression of refinement or careless comfort or sordid misery. One of the commonest and most tantalising faults of the novelist who lacks the trick of the familiar touch is his tendency to generalise. He will talk of his hero's palatial country seat, and leave you to guess whether it is Gothic or Colonial; he will expatiate upon its lavish decorations and costly hangings, and forget to mention whether the dominant tone is green or terra-cotta; he will tell you of book-shelves, with their tempting array of well chosen volumes, and will not mention the title or author of a single one of them. In fact, it is only when you begin to watch for it that you will

realise how widespread this tendency to generalise has become. There are a thousand little things which you want to know that the average novelist forgets to tell you. Does the house face north or south, and does the sun stream in through the windows of the breakfast room? What particular newspaper lies on the breakfast table every morning, and do the family drink coffee, chocolate or tea? What paintings or photographs hang upon the walls, and is the open sheet of music on the piano Chopin or the latest ragtime? These are some of the familiar touches which escape the generalising novelist, because he does not realise the value of the small, concrete facts of life, or the magic which lies in a proper name. When you know a man's favourite author and composer, the games he plays and the things he likes to eat and drink, you are further on the road to close acquaintance than if you had dealt with him for ten years in a business way.

In the hands of the real masters of fiction, however, the purpose of the familiar touch is not merely to make us see, but to make us remember. In real life, when you meet a man or a woman for the first time, there is something about them, some distinctive feature or mannerism, that imprints itself on your memory; and whenever you see them afterwards that particular feature or trick of manner is the first thing you recognise. In a story, however, the author draws you a portrait once for all; he cannot pause at every chapter to tell you over again the shape of his hero's nose, the colour of his heroine's hair and eyes,—although when D'Annunzio applied the principle of the Wagnerian *Leitmotiv* to narrative prose he was really trying to print permanent pictures on the mind by endless repetition. The virile writers of the younger school of English fiction, men like Kipling and Conrad and Maurice Hewlett, have never felt the need of such a device; and when they draw you a picture in just a few strong, clean pen-strokes, you cannot forget the idea they are expressing, because you cannot forget the forceful Anglo-Saxon monosyllables in which it was couched.

A few years ago it would have seemed incongruous to class together the authors

of such widely different books as *The Forest Lovers*, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, and *The Story of the Gadsbys*. But they have been travelling forward along steadily converging roads, until to-day the Kipling of *Kim*, the Conrad of *Heart of Darkness*, the Hewlett of *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, seem to form a little group apart from other writers, and distinguished by a certain dynamic quality of words, an ability to wring new and subtle meanings out of old and well-worn forms of speech, and a trick of making you see behind and beyond the printed page, down a lengthening vista of thoughts unspoken, oftentimes unspeakable. Of the three, Mr. Hewlett has had by far the longest road to travel. Kipling in India, Conrad in Africa and the South Sea Islands, could freely let their pens run riot in pyrotechnic outbursts of local colour; they were simply painting what they saw, and scarcely keeping pace with the tropical luxuriance of the life around them. Mr. Hewlett's stories, on the contrary, are largely of the stuff that dreams are made of; he writes of people and of scenes that he has never visited, save through the pages of musty volumes; because the scenes of his stories are the world of the Middle Ages, and his heroes and heroines are men and women whose hearts have been for centuries a handful of dust. Tapestry Novel is the phrase that was first coined to fit such a book as *The Forest Lovers*, and it admirably expresses the impression that you get of an almost feminine delicacy of workmanship, as though each phrase were a separate knot of silken threads, carefully chosen and tied and cut, in the slow, labourious progress of the woven picture. But the wonder is that Mr. Hewlett's knights and ladies, who so obviously have just stepped forth from dim, old hangings, seem suddenly to flush into the warmth of life and youth and riotous passion. If any one of the trio has excelled in picturing the tumultuous joys and sorrows of life, it is Maurice Hewlett, rather than Joseph Conrad or Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Hewlett's latest volume, *The Queen's Quair*, is unquestionably the most unique contribution to this season's fiction. One quality it has in common with *Richard Yea-and-Nay*,—it leaves

you quite indifferent as to how many other writers before him have handled the same theme. The Richard of Mr. Hewlett may or may not be the Richard of history, or of *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*; but he is a living, breathing human being, full of fierce contradictions and undisciplined passions, a man whom we can see and understand as we have never seen and understood the more shadowy Richard of history. Similarly, his Mary Stuart may not be the Mary Stuart of the old chroniclers or the modern poets; but he has made her a tangible reality, always more of a woman than a queen,—a slight, frail woman, wayward, changeful and moody; full of the witchery of sex, and desperately dependent upon human sympathy and adulation. In *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, however, Mr. Hewlett had an easier task. He was less hampered by the recorded facts; he could still give free play to his imagination, without robbing the volume of its convincing quality. But the story of Mary, Queen of Scots is not merely a twice-told tale; it has been told a hundred times. Every reader knows beforehand precisely what is coming; there are no surprises held in reserve; and no magic of cunningly wrought phrases could cheat us into accepting a version at variance with the familiar facts, nor has Mr. Hewlett ventured to disregard them. On the contrary, he seems to have studied the original sources with the conscientious and exhaustive minuteness of a serious historian. He has saturated himself with the contents of musty tomes and yellowed letters; the uniqueness of his work lies in the use that he has made of his materials. He seems so unhesitatingly sure of the psychological value of each one of these old chronicles and diaries and memoirs; here is a writer, he tells you, who was mistaken; here is another who blundered badly, and a third who lied boldly and with malevolent purpose. Sometimes he will take a voluminous document, on which the methodical historian sets great store, and he will get from it just one suggestive fact, one single luminous phrase, and then fling it carelessly aside, like a wrung-out cloth. And again, he will seize upon some fugitive page, some half forgotten letter, and absorb it greedily, turning and

analysing and dwelling upon it, until he tricks you into the belief that here at last is the heart of the mystery. And thus, without meddling with the accepted facts of history, he has so subtly and insidiously probed down below the surface and suggested secret motive of love and hatred, jealousy, anger and shame, that the result is an interwoven tissue of fact and fancy which only an historical expert could unravel. Probably not since the days of Herodotus have truth and fiction been more ingeniously blended.

What strikes the reader most forcibly, however, on every page of *The Queen's Quair*, is the ability which Mr. Hewlett shares with Brantôme, to make us see. He will take a dry-as-dust paragraph from some musty old chronicle, a mere catalogue of old Scotch names; and he will throw in a phrase here, a single adjective there, which will turn that catalogue of names into a portrait gallery of vivid, speaking likenesses. There is one passage almost at the outset of the book, which every reviewer is likely to quote, not merely because it is the portrait of Mr. Hewlett's heroine, but because it illustrates better, perhaps, than any other paragraph in the whole volume, the wonderful and striking vividness that he can gain by the use of simple, every-day Anglo-Saxon words. A foreigner, reading it, might almost infer that English, like Chinese, was a monosyllabic language.

A tall, slim girl, petted and pettish, pale yet not unwholesome, she looked like a flower of the heath, lax and delicate. Her skin—but more, the very flesh of her—seemed transparent, with colour that warmed it from within, faintly, with a glow of fine rose. They said that when she drank you could see the red wine run like fire down her throat; and it may be partly believed. . . . The Cardinal, who was no rhapsodist, admitted her clear skin, but denied that she was a beautiful girl—even for a queen. Her nose, he judged, was too long, her lips were too thin, her eyes too narrow. He detested her trick of the sidelong look. . . . Beautiful she may not have been; but fine, fine she was all over—sharply, exquisitely cut and modelled; her sweet, smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose; her broad, high brows; her neck, which two hands could hold, her small shoulders and bosom of a child. She had sometimes an intent, considering, wise look—the look of the Queen of

Desire, who knew not where to set the bounds of her need, but revealed to no one what that need was.

"Her trick of the sidelong look,"—there is one of those small, familiar touches that have magic in them. It recalls at once a peculiarity in the eyes of more than one familiar portrait of the Queen of Scots,—a peculiarity that seemed to elude a definition. Now that Mr. Hewlett has put it into words, it fairly haunts us; nowhere in the book can we get away from it; at every turn of the page, we are asking ourselves to what extent the effect of the queen's words is enhanced by that trick of the sidelong glance.

As to the story, there seems small profit in dwelling here upon what every reader knows in advance; while the especial shadows and high lights added by Mr. Hewlett cannot be given at second hand. All the old, familiar figures enter and play their part,—names that have a halo of romance and poetry around them; the bevy of the queen's Marys; Châtelard, and Darnley, and Rizzio; the whole host of Scottish lords, with Bothwell, like a malignant star, always in the ascendant. He is a well drawn villain, Earl Bothwell; Mr. Hewlett shows no small self-satisfaction in filling in the lines; there are times when he seems fairly to gloat over him: "A galliard, if ever there was one, flushed with rich blood, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, with a laugh so happy and so prompt that the world, rejoicing to hear it, thought all must be well wherever he might be. He wore brave clothes, sat a brave horse, kept brave company bravely. His little eyes twinkled so merrily that you did not see they were like a pig's, sly and greedy at once, and blood-shot." And then follows another of those luminous little touches: "The bridge of his nose had been broken; few observed it, or guessed at the brawl which must have given it to him." You are not long in finding out that next to the queen, Bothwell is the chief feature in *The Queen's Quair*. Indeed, it may be defined as the story of idealism, but strong in every page, with the erratic strength of human passion and human error. And here, in a paragraph, is the epilogue:

With how high a head came she in, she and her cohort of maids, to win wild Scotland! Where were they? They had received their crowns, but she had besoiled and bedraggled hers. They had lovers, they had children, they had troops of friends; but she who had sought with panting mouth for very love had no friend in Scotland but a girl and a poor boy. You say she misused her friends. I deny that a girl set up where she was could have any friends at all. She was a well of sweet profit—the Honeypot; and they swarmed about her for their meat like house-flies; and when that was got, and she drained dry, they departed by the window in clouds, to settle and fasten about the nearest provand they could meet with; carrion or honey-comb, man's flesh, dog's flesh, or maid's flesh, what was it to them? In those days of dreadful, silent waiting at Borthwick, less than a month after marriage, I tell you very plainly that she was beggared of all that she had in the world, and knew it. The glutted flies had gone by the window, the gorged rats had scampered by the doors. So she remained alone with the man she had risked all to get, who was scheming to be rid of her.

Margaret Horton Potter is one of the younger adherents of the school of Tapestry Fiction. Her *Castle of Twilight* was a gloomy book, with a chill of the crypt about it; yet it had more than a suggestion of the time-dimmed splendours of rare old fabrics, wrought in mediæval days. It pictured feudal life from the inside,—the home life of the women, whose husbands and brothers and sons had ridden forth to distant wars and crusades; and the lot of the mothers and daughters was to sit and wait in the twilight of castle halls for the news that they feared to hear. Her new volume, *The Flame-Gatherers*, is less suggestive of faded tapestry than of the gorgeous colouring and fantastic symbolism of an Oriental carpet. It is a story of India at the time of the Mohammedan invasion, a strange, barbaric picture, of the order of Mr. Crawford's *Zoroaster*, or William Stearn Davis's *Belshazzar*. It shows us the court of a powerful Indian rajah, and tells of the unlawful love between the rajah's favorite wife and his slave and cup-bearer, a captive Mohammedan prince. There comes a day when these two lovers add to the sum of their misdeeds the murder of the rajah's prime minister, who has learned their secret, after which they seek to end their

troubles beneath the waters of the river. Now at the hour when these two souls fly upward to meet their doom, a child is born to the household of a certain high-caste Brahmin priest,—a strange, unnatural child, of a curious dual nature, perpetually at war with itself, because the punishment decreed to those two sinful souls is that they shall live out the span of a human life within the narrow compass of a single body. There is no small degree of audacity in the author's conception of this abnormal being, for whom there is no peace or refuge, in any of the social or religious systems of India, in Brahmin priesthood or Buddhist monastery. There are underlying thoughts which she shrinks from putting into words, and for which she cites page and verse from the *Sacred Books of the East*, where the curious reader may obtain full enlightenment. In short, she has handled a daring subject with so much discretion as to have effectually obscured her meaning at the start; and it is some time before a sufficient light dawns upon the reader to make him remember the lines of Swinburne:

To what strange end hath some strange god
made fair
The double blossom of two fruitless flowers?

Taken as a whole, *The Flame-Gatherers* leaves an impression of tropical luxuriance and flamboyant coloring; but the separate colors seem to melt and run together; they leave no clear-cut picture. In the whole volume there is nothing so distinct and tangible, so unmistakably redolent of the East as a single verse of Kipling's *Mandalay*.

At the opposite extreme from the authors who fail to make one see, there are just a few who, like Mrs. E. L. Voynich, make one see altogether too much. In spite of an exasperating tendency towards melodrama, Mrs. Voynich possesses a good deal of crude strength; but she persistently expends it upon unpleasant subjects. *Jack Raymond* alone of her books was deliberately repellent in its morbid and unmentionable suggestiveness; but socialism, anarchy, police espionage, and nameless horrors and abuses of prison life are themes which she dwells upon with such pitiless insistence that the reader fairly shrinks away

from the printed page. A chance caprice of the public probably had quite as much to do with the success of *The Gadfly* as the book's inherent merit; and it is doubtful whether her new story, *Olive Latham*, will ever attain a similar vogue, although it has much the same qualities and defects. The girl who gives her name to the story is an English hospital nurse, who falls in love with a young Russian socialist, a man who once came under the notice of the police, was arrested on suspicion, imprisoned on suspicion, and two years later liberated with his health permanently shattered, and his lungs seriously diseased. In London he is desperately ill with pleurisy, and the English girl saves him. Later, in St. Petersburg, he has a relapse; and she follows him there, and fights for his life, week after week. Then, at the period of sharpest cold, when her battle is almost won, there comes an order for re-arrest. Weak as a child, fainting with the effort to move, each breath cutting like a knife, he is taken from her, and hurried off to gasp out his life alone, in a damp, underground dungeon, beneath the waters of the Neva. Mrs. Voynich spares us his death scene; instead, she shows us the girl's desperate attempt to see him once more, her frenzied rush from one official to another, day after day, to be met only with smiling apologies, vague explanations, covert insults; and even after he is dead, the same game of evasion and delay goes on. The man passes from the reader's sight before the midway point of the book is reached; and the central motive of the story is not so much the part he has played in socialistic circles, as it is the effect of his death upon the girl, her long struggle on the brink of madness, and her final slow return to sanity and health.

To turn from a book like *Olive Latham* to the breezy vigour of James B. Connolly's new volume, *The Seiners*, is like escaping from galley chains to the sweet, pure air of the upper deck. A few years ago, when any mention was made of salt water fiction, there were just a few books that invariably came to mind,—Mr. Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus*, Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous*, and Morgan Robertson's *Spun Yarn*. Last year, one more volume was added to the list, Mr. Connolly's *Out of Gloucester*. If

ever a book was written that had in it not merely the clean, salt breath of the ocean, and the rush of tumbling waves and rollicking breezes, but also the elation of spirits that comes from battling with them, it is this little collection of simple stories from the lives of Gloucester fishermen. When a new writer has struck an original vein and worked it so successfully as Mr. Connolly did in his first book, there is always the fear that the vein may have been exhausted, leaving nothing more for the future. *The Seiners*, however, proves that in this case there is no such danger. It is a further installment of the same exhilarating pictures of the sea that we had in *Out of Gloucester*,—the daily incidents attendant upon the business of mackerel fishing in the height of a prosperous season; the arduous, all-night labour of "dressing down" a big catch; the tingling excitement of the drive for market; the wholesome joy of the daily friendly contest with wind and wave. The book was announced as Mr. Connolly's first attempt at a sustained story; and as a matter of fact, there is a thread of simple romance running through it,—the rivalry between an unpopular ship-owner and the finest and bravest fisherman in the fleet, for the hand of one of the prettiest girls in Gloucester. There is nothing very original or important about the plot, although it will probably serve to placate those readers who have an ingrained aversion to the short story. But any one who loves the smell of the brine, the tingle of salt spray on the cheek, the gleam of white sails against a gray sky, will forget all about the plot in his keen enjoyment of those simple, vivid word pictures,—for Mr. Connolly is unquestionably one of those writers who make you see things whether you want to or not.

David Graham Phillips has gained a widespread and not wholly undeserved reputation for picturing with a certain degree of originality and strength characters and situations that are representatively American. His new story, *The Cost*, may be considered fairly typical. The life depicted is unmistakably the life of the Middle West; the people, for the most part, are good, sound, wholesome folk, whom you feel that it would be pleasant to know more intimately. And

yet, when you close the volume, you find that you have brought away no very clear impression of them. The fault cannot lie with the plot, which presents a clear-cut and interesting situation, although marred by an irritatingly conventional ending. It opens with a boy-and-girl attachment, which the girl's parents regard with smiling unconcern. But in course of time the boy develops into a headstrong, unprincipled youth, whose path is sown with a formidable crop of very unsavoury wild oats. One good point which Mr. Phillips makes regards the habit of taking for granted a precocious knowledge of good and evil on the part of the American girl. This is the mistake which this particular girl's parents make. They warn her against the man in such carefully euphemistic terms that she simply does not understand what they mean. Accordingly one day, when he urges her on to a secret marriage, she consents, feeling that their elders have treated them unjustly. The title of the book, of course, refers to the price that she has to pay later on, when she wakes to a knowledge not only of the man, but of her own heart, and finds that she has given it, not to him, but to another man. Good material for a strong story, you will say. And so it is, but marred throughout by a lack of vividness; for Mr. Phillips belongs to the class of novelists who generalise. It would be interesting, if time and space allowed, to go through the book, chapter by chapter, pointing out the absence of concrete facts, the lack of definite information on countless vital little points, that leaves the impression of a sort of puzzle picture, with blanks for the reader to fill in. Take as a single example the opening page, describing the heroine's home. The description occupies seventeen lines; there is something in it about bees and apricots and the smell of tan-bark after rain; yet all that we bring away with us is a

nebulous impression of an "enchanted house," surrounded by "large grounds" containing "flower beds and shrub bushes," "shade and fruit trees." Just think, how the mere mention of mignonette or candytuft, baldwin or pippin, would have illumined that picture!

Other things being equal, you will find that woman writers usually make a better and more effective use of the familiar touch than men do. They are more sensitive to the vital significance of the small and humdrum things of life. Take for instance Neith Boyce, the author of *The Forerunner*. This writer has recently brought out, under the title of *The Folly of Others*, a collection of nine short stories, of varied length and merit, the longest of which, "The Provident Woman," attains the dimensions of a novelette, and might easily have been expanded into a serious novel. It is simply the story of a commonplace, middle-aged business man, who falls in love with his young and pretty stenographer; and of the girl's hesitation between her vague dreams of a very different sort of courtship and marriage, and her practical recognition of all the comforts and advantages that this man's money and position can give her. She is tired of her sordid home life, and of the careless, slatternly ways of her mother and younger sister; the vulgarity of the young men, whom they take as boarders, to eke out the weekly stipend; the rank odour of the eternal beef stew that nightly takes its place upon the table. And so the girl stifles an incipient romance which might in time have meant love in a cottage, and instead binds herself to a life of dull and splendid monotony in a palace. It would be difficult to find in recent fiction anything at once so simple, so clear, and so illustrative of the principles which the present article has tried to make clear concerning the power of the familiar touch.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



SIX BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

NEW LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL long ago quoted against Carlyle Carlyle's own comment upon Edward Irving:

"Unconsciously, for the most part in deep unconsciousness, there was now the impossibility to live neglected—to walk on the quiet paths where alone it is well with us. Singularity must henceforth succeed singularity. O foulest Circean draught, thou poison of Popular Applause! Madness is in thee and death. Thy end is Bedlam and the grave."

Nothing could be more strikingly applicable to Carlyle himself. At the beginning of his literary and pseudo-philosophical career he had certain gifts and qualities that won for him a remarkable recognition. A genuine fervour, a vast capacity for indignation, a white-hot vocabulary, and a style that was piquant, though Teutonically amorphous and dislocated to a degree, and finally the didactic tone of a preacher—all these made him seem a startling novelty. Lowell himself, even in the days of Carlyle's decadence, praised his imagination and his critical capacity. Moreover, in some of his historical studies, particularly in his work on Frederick the Great, he showed a prodigious amount of reading and an accurate documentation which won respect from those who cared nothing for his underlying theories.

But, in the end, Carlyle was the victim of his own literary manner. He felt more than Edward Irving ever did "the impossibility to live neglected—to walk on the quiet paths." The moral philosopher degenerated into the snarling dogmatist, the preacher into the ranter, the critic into the common scold. His fame would have been far more secure to-day had his death come earlier; for then he would not have been remembered chiefly because of his domestic infelicities

into which of late the whole world has been asked to pry.

Of the letters and documents relating to Carlyle and published during the last three years by the heirs of Froude and by Carlyle's executors, the present volumes are the only ones that can be read without a sort of moral nausea. For that reason they are to be welcomed. In them we are not expected to consider the question of Carlyle's virility, or the cat-and-dog life which he led with the sharp-tongued, clever vixen who set his nerves and hers on edge by a perpetual hysteria, some times accentuated, and some times drugged, by bowls of strong green tea, by perpetual tobacco, and not infrequent opium. We find rather a correspondence *ad familiares* extending over the greater period of Carlyle's public life, that is, from 1836 to 1879. One derives from it nothing that is new concerning Carlyle's own personality; but it contains many casual opinions of his that serve to show his generally contemptuous attitude toward his contemporaries when these were of sufficient importance to possess a public reputation. Toward the obscure he could be fair, but toward the famous he seemed to entertain a sort of ^{jealous} jealousy, and he speaks of ^{original} ~~original~~ ^{ly} ~~ly~~ always in either a hold-cheap ^{howe} ~~howe~~ or, not infrequently, in terms of ^{absolute} ~~absolute~~ contempt. Thus, to him, Jowett was "a poor little good-humoured owlet of a body"; Emerson is hit off as having "mild, modest eyes, lips sealed together like a pair of pincers, and nobody minded him much"; Thackeray had "a great deal of talent in him, a great deal of sensibility—irritability, sensuality, vanity without limit—and nothing or little but sentimentalism and play-actorism to guide it all with." Of Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, Carlyle pleasantly says: "What on earth is the use of a wretched mortal's vomiting up all his interior crudities, dubitations, and spiritual agonising bellyaches into the view of the public and howling tragically?" Ruskin is described as not wise—"headlong rather, and I might even say weak." Of Dickens, Carlyle declares that on the whole he is inferior to Bret

**New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*. Edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle. Illustrated. 2 vols. New York: John Lane.

Harte, who is "a man of more weight of metal than Dickens was." He thought Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* a wonderful book, but possibly this opinion may have been influenced by the praise which Dickens gave to Carlyle in the preface to that novel. In fact, Carlyle was not at all averse to flattery; and when Bismarck wrote to him on the occasion of his eightieth birthday a complimentary letter, Carlyle replied, speaking of the letter as "noble, wise, sincere, and generous." In 1875, Harvard University conferred upon Carlyle the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, which seems to have been received in a spirit bordering upon good-humoured contempt.

"There has arrived from Harvard University a big Doctor's Diploma and sublime little Letter from the President of Harvard College with which I know not yet what to do; never having been consulted upon it and being resolute never to accept such a title, and yet reluctant to fling the whole affair irreverently in their faces, good souls who meant to gratify me highly!"

Altogether, this collection of letters gives as favourable a picture as possible of a man assured of his own supremacy over the rest of the human race, reasoning always under the influence of his emotions, flinging epithets and derogatory phrases broadcast, and exhibiting himself at every time and season as very, very Scotch.

H. T. P.

II.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF ART.*

IF the books on art, its history and practice, which, in the past ten or fifteen years, have issued from the presses of America and Europe, may be taken as an indication of increased interest in the subject, there appears no good reason for calling ours an inartistic age. That it is so called in the face of this apparent evidence must be due to the fact that this curiosity concerning the art of the past, and, indeed, of the present also, arises, if not a love of the thing itself, then from a very

**History of Art.* By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. Edited, Minutely Revised and Largely Rewritten by Russell Sturgis.

laudable interest in its bearing on civilisation—in its ethnological manifestations and aspect. And from this point of view, if from no other, the fact is encouraging; for, as Lübke says in the preface to his fourth edition, published in London in 1868: "Who could doubt that this study is a necessary part of general history, and an important branch in the history of civilisation?" In reviewing this latest and in many respects sumptuous edition, just published by Dodd, Mead & Company, "edited, minutely revised, largely rewritten, and brought up to the present time" by the eminent writer and art critic, Russell Sturgis, it may be well to say a few words in advance concerning the original work itself, and then to compare it somewhat with later and revised editions.

The work first appeared in 1860 and has since that time passed through numerous editions and revisions. The eleventh edition appeared in 1891. Long before that it had been translated into English by Miss F. E. Burnett. This was published, as above mentioned, by Smith, Elder & Company, London, 1868. In 1877 it received revision here at the hand of Clarence Cook, and an attempt was made at that time to bring the whole work up to date much in the same manner that Mr. Sturgis has done at the present time. Mr. Cook, in 1877, prefaces his edition and translation by saying, among other things: "In England, also, where a translation from an early German edition has been made by Miss F. E. Burnett, the work has enjoyed a considerable popularity. The American publishers at first intended to reprint this English translation, adding all the matter with which Professor Lübke has enriched his latest edition—none of which is, of course, to be found in the English translation—and with, beside, such notes as might prove useful to American readers. But this plan had to be abandoned, because the translation was found to be so seriously wanting in accuracy as to render correction necessary at every step; and it was feared that these changes, with the insertion of so much entirely new matter, could only result in a thing of shreds and patches." And now Mr. Sturgis comes along, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, with material greatly increased in volume since that period, and, indeed, since the time

of the German author's last revision of the work in 1891, for in mentioning the slight changes then made by Lübke, Mr. Sturgis in his preface says: "Since 1891 much has been added to the scholar's knowledge of archæology and to the critic's perception of artistic truth; but since 1860 the whole point of view has changed. The history of art which is possible to-day was unthinkable in 1860; many assumptions have been proved untrue; many known facts have wholly different explanations now, from those once thought sufficient. The amount of added fact is incredibly great and important." It is needless to say that if this be the situation since 1891 it is more emphatically true of the case since 1877, the date of the last English edition in this country, that translation which was made under the supervision of Edward L. Burlingame and the editorship of Clarence Cook. In spite of the numerous art histories which have been put forth since that time, the English edition of Lübke has been regarded as a standard work on the general history of art; has been made use of in colleges and schools as well as by those interested in art as students and art lovers—and it is these in addition to institutions of learning who will welcome this new and handsome edition so generously amplified in both text and illustrations. Mr. Sturgis is so well known as a critic and writer on art that an introduction to him would seem superfluous; a trained and for a long period a practicing architect, and always a student of art, he would appear peculiarly fitted for the task of revising a work of this character. That Mr. Sturgis has so proved himself is well shown in the aspect of this new edition. The admirable selection of extra cuts and carefully chosen half-tones greatly enhance the illustrative features of the volume. Other important features are the revision of the text, the ample bibliography given in the footnotes, the exhaustive general index, and the very useful index of illustrations. Both of these latter factors in the Lübke in its present form are not to be underrated. As might be assumed of one whose taste and knowledge lie mainly in the field of architecture, this bibliography and these

desirable and well-selected half-tones are more copious in elucidating the architectural side of the work than in that of painting and sculpture, although the latter is well embellished and clearly discussed. Modern painting, too, has received considerable attention, but to give it its due importance would have probably carried the present editor quite beyond the limits of condensation demanded in a general history of art. We would have perhaps been glad to see *L'Art Nouveau* in building and architecture a little more fully touched upon, and that great new world of visual things revealed by the Impressionists. Their attempt to represent landscape and even the human figure through the colour waves as received by the retina—painted by them in almost the primary colours juxtaposed, and thus forming a dim arabesque of shapes, human and material as they reach the eye. This is indeed a large subject, and may have been regarded as too recent in its theories and methods to incorporate as a part of up-to-date art history. It does, however, belong to art history, and it is certainly up to date. One cannot cover everything, even with the best intentions, and this present history is full of them. In dealing with the nineteenth century the material has naturally spread out considerably; for, since 1877 even, the output of architecture alone has remarkably increased. What Mr. Sturgis has to say on present tall buildings, and the views he gives of New York's tall structures from the North River, the half-tones of the Columbia University Library, the Albany State House, the Capitol at Washington, the Library of Congress, Tomb of General Grant, and the Shaw Memorial at Boston, as well as Trinity Church there, the Chicago Art Institute and Public Library, go to show that he has selected widely and well. These points and their discussion should appeal to American students as among the interesting features of this enlarged and valuable new edition. The title line at the top of page 83 should read "The Art of Western Asia," instead of "The Art of Eastern Asia," as it now stands.

Frank Fowler.

III.

"THE THUNDERER."*

OUTSIDE of England—possibly one might say outside of the Fleet Street circle of London newspaper men—the London *Times* is very properly regarded more in the light of its great traditions than as an individual newspaper of the present day—and subject to present day newspaper conditions. *Punch's* skit on the British tourist who found himself being overcharged somewhere on the Continent and remonstrated "*Je paye* but *je write* to the *Times*" will long out-

past stood out because that paper alone stood for doing things on a great scale. That was why it so long exercised such a sway over political events, not only in England, but throughout Europe, and justified Bulwer Lytton in saying that if he desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of British civilisation, he would prefer not England's docks, nor her railways, nor her public buildings, nor even the palace in which she held her sittings; but a file of the *Times*.

The history of the London *Times* has been the history of a family, and whatever may have been the political condition of England at a certain period or whoever



PUNTNEY HOUSE SQUARE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE "TIMES"

weigh anything that may be said about the Thunderer's waning influence and decreasing circulation. Yet the fact remains that the *Times*, though unquestionably a great newspaper, no longer has the field to itself as it once had. As an institution its importance is not yet materially diminished; as a journal pure and simple it has felt, as have all the conservative English journals, the competition of the new school of British newspaper making founded on aggressiveness, enterprise and American newspaper ideas. The achievements of the *Times* in the

may have been the editor in charge, even when that editor was a Barnes or a Delane, its story may be divided into the reigns of John Walter the First, John Walter the Second, John Walter the Third, and Arthur Walter. In 1784 the first Walter, who had been a merchant and publisher by turns, and who was an underwriter, was ruined by the capture of an English fleet by a French squadron, purchased Printing House Square. After an unsuccessful attempt to print books by means of type representing monosyllables and short words instead of letters, he turned his attention to journalism and in January, 1785, issued the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*. Three

*Some Notes Upon the History of the *Times*, 1785-1904. By S. V. Makower.

years later the name of the paper was changed to the *Times*. The first few years of the paper's existence gave but little promise of its future prosperity and greatness. As a result of his telling the truth about the powerful Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester, John Walter the First was put in the public pillory at Charing Cross and subjected to the horrors of Newgate Prison, whence after a period of sixteen months' confinement, he was released at the instance of the Prince of Wales. This John Walter died in 1812, but nine years before he had retired from the management of the paper to be succeeded by his son, then twenty-eight years of age. John Walter the Second was, in a measure, the pioneer of modern journalism. He kept a light cutter running to and fro across the Channel during the war with France, obtaining French newspapers from the local fishermen and supplying exclusive information at a time when French newspapers were contraband in England. The news of Mack's surrender at Ulm in 1805 was printed in the *Times* five days before the official information reached the government. The paper grew steadily in power. It could not be influenced and it came to be feared. In 1810 an attempt was made to curb its independence. No letters intended for it were permitted to go into England. Captains of all incoming ships were forced to surrender despatches addressed to the *Times*. The government did everything in its power to injure the paper, at the same time intimating to Mr. Walter that he could have his despatches delivered promptly as a matter of governmental favour. The *Times's* only response to this approach was to send out more special correspondents and to beat the official despatcher oftener than ever. The *Times* man, Henry Crabb Robinson, who went to Altona in 1807 and sent to the paper an account of the military operations along the Elbe, may be said to have originated the war correspondent's profession.

Two years after Waterloo, the editorship of the *Times* was assumed by Thomas Barnes, who remained in the chair until he was succeeded by John Delane in 1841. One of the striking chapters in the paper's history was the part it played in the passing of the Reform

Bill in 1832. The *Times* has never been a party organ, and during this crisis its expression was that of fearless, independent opinion. A year later Greville wrote of an article in the *Times* that it made "as much noise as the declaration of a powerful Minister, or a leader of the Opposition could do in either House of Parliament." During 1831 the *Times* had steadily resisted repeated attempts on the part of the Tories to enlist its influence. The Duke of Wellington, who was Prime Minister, was one of the last to hold out against recognising its growing power. When Greville, in 1834, urged him to seek the support of Barnes, the Duke admitted that he had made a mistake and added that he did not think the *Times* could be influenced. At another time he said: "The ——— might be played with, but not the *Times*; Barnes is the most powerful man in the country."

Great as the influence and power of the *Times* were in the earlier part of the century, the paper reached its apogee during the editorship of John Delane, which extended from 1841 to 1877. Among the great deeds of these years may be mentioned the *Times's* campaign during the railway mania of 1845; the paper's struggle with the French government in the matter of the delivery of its news from the East; its services in exposing inefficiency and corruption during the war in the Crimea; and its bringing about the downfall of the Aberdeen Ministry. In 1845, Guizot, Louis Philippe's Prime Minister, resenting the paper's hostile attitude towards the French government, took measures to delay the delivery of *Times* despatches from the Punjab. In order to evade this delay, Mr. Walter organised a service which brought the news from India to England without once touching French territory. A messenger met the English mail packet at Suez, and as soon as the *Times* consignment was handed to him, he rode with it on a dromedary to Alexandria—a distance of nearly two hundred miles—thence sailing in an Austrian steamer to a port near Trieste, and making his way to London via Ostend and Dover. On the 31st of October, 1845, Guizot, to his astonishment and humiliation, read in the columns of the *Times* news which only appeared later in the Paris journals.

At the outbreak of the Crimean War the *Times* sent William Howard Russell, afterwards unpleasantly known in this country as "Bull Run Russell," to the front, and his letters had the effect of arousing all England to indignation over the condition of the troops. There was gross mismanagement and inefficiency in the commissariat, and the *Times* correspondence awakened the conscience of the British nation to the sufferings of the half-starved, ill-clad men of the rank and file of the army. "Howard's letters," writes Mr. Makower in this pamphlet, "were no mere catalogues of battles lost and won; they did not enumerate the dead and wounded in the soulless accents of statistics. They brought the actuality of the war in Russia—the whole story of pain and horror and despair—into the very heart of England. Nor was the value of these descriptions confined to their power of conveying to the public true impressions of what actually passed; for, besides, possessing a talent for narration unmatched until then in the annals of English journalism, Russell was an acute and unsparing critic of military operations. He met the indignation and exasperation of the Headquarters Staff at the audacity of his condemnations with an unflinching courage that was in complete accord with the traditions of the paper he represented. Delane himself, as well as Kinglake, went out to the Crimea, and while the historian was noting minutely the disposition of the troops in the battle of the Alma, the *Times* correspondent was writing his memorable account of that engagement seated at a plank placed by two sappers across a couple of barrels to serve as a table."

In his *Memoirs* published last autumn, M. de Blowitz gave an inside account of some of the great "beats" which augmented the *Times's* fame far more adequate than anything that Mr. Makower has written here. De Blowitz's connection with the paper as Paris correspondent began in 1871, at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, and although the special privileges granted him by statesmen like Thiers were undoubtedly due rather to the position of the paper for which he wrote than to any great liking or admiration for the man himself, his sagacity as a journalist and his ser-

vices to the *Times* and to the cause of European peace cannot with justice be questioned. There is no reason to doubt his accounts of the French War Scare of 1875 when Moltke had mapped out the plan of an immediate and unprovoked attack on France, of the rage of the Duc Decazes when he learned of England's secret purchase of the Suez Canal shares, and although there was a fishy ring to his story of how he secured his great "beat" on the Berlin Treaty of 1878, the fact remains that through his agency the *Times* was able to print the full text of the treaty two hours before it had been signed by the Congress of Ministers in Berlin. Eulogists of "The Thunderer" lay so much stress on its outspoken frankness that there is a significance in the fact that no reference whatever is made by Mr. Makower to the great blunder of which the paper was guilty, the blunder from which it never wholly recovered, namely the publication of the fraudulent Parnell letters. Nor does this pamphlet say much about the organisation of the *Times*, a side of the subject of vast importance and interest. It is understood that at the present time the various shareholders of the paper draw their profits from various departments; that to one belongs the earnings of the "Birth and Death" column, to another the Dramatic Page, to another the Literary Page, to another the Financial Page. In an article written about ten years ago for *McClure's*, Mr. James Creelman enumerated the members of the *Times* staff; and its organisation is probably much the same to-day. First there is the Editor, who has absolute control, but who writes nothing himself. Chief among his assistants is the Foreign Editor, and then comes the Financial Editor. There are six permanent editorial writers, and five others "on call." In addition the editor at times employs famous experts to write on their specialties. Some idea of the handsome remuneration that a leader writer on the *Times* receives for his work is suggested by a passage in the biography of James Macdonell, Journalist. At the time Macdonell was not even on the regular staff, but merely contributed four or five leaders a week. Yet these, he said, assured him a handsome income. After the leader writers come

the intermediate grades—the Colonial Editor, the ecclesiastical news writer, the agricultural writer, the art critic, the council of five military experts, the naval writer, the dramatic critic, and the geographical writer. In the legal department there are eighteen trained law reporters for the civil courts, seventeen for the police courts, and eight for the assizes. London is mapped out into nineteen districts and to each district a man is assigned to cover all news outside of the regular departments. Then there are the labour reporter, the golf reporter, the cricket reporter, the football reporter, and the special writers for fires and railway accidents. Finally in each of the six hundred and seventy electoral districts of Great Britain there is a *Times* representative.

"How much money will it take to buy the *Times*?" Mr. W. W. Astor is said once to have asked; and the present reigning Walter is understood to have replied that enough money for that purpose had never been coined. The conversation may never have taken place, but whether apochryphal or not, the anecdote is typical—one of those which will stick in the mind so long as people remember the paper as the "Thunderer." Another famous *Times* story, a story which suggests very strongly a certain chapter of George Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*, has to do with Lord Randolph Churchill when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Salisbury. Churchill had become dissatisfied with his chief, and on the night of December 22, 1886, he drove to the *Times* office and told Mr. Buckle, the editor, that he had decided to resign and was going to give the *Times* the privilege of announcing his resignation exclusively in the morning.

"Your attitude will be friendly to me, of course?" he asked.

"Not at all," said Mr. Buckle.

"But for such a piece of news! Why there is not another paper in England that would not be grateful."

"That is true. This news is very important, and will make a great sensation. But if you wish you can take it to some other paper and we shall not print a word of it. Only the *Times* cannot be bribed."

"At least," said Lord Randolph, "you

will let me see to-night what your are going to say editorially."

"Not a word before it is printed," replied Mr. Buckle. Churchill was obliged to yield and the next morning the *Times* printed the news of his action and an editorial censuring him for deserting his party leader.

Of stories like these Mr. Makower has rather surprisingly made little or no use, nor does he even allude to as pleasant an episode as can be found anywhere in the history of journalism—the episode of the *Times's* account of the death of Special Correspondent Bowlby. During the Tse-Ping rebellion in China Mr. Bowlby, who had dared to tell the truth, was thrown into prison and then tortured to death. The *Times* told the story of his fate with all its horrible details, but after the regular edition had been run off, the presses were stopped, and a single copy of another edition, containing a softened account of the death, was printed and sent to Mr. Bowlby's aged mother—so that she might never know how her son had died.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

• IV.

THE NAPOLEON OF NOTTING HILL.*

TILL now we have been too busy listening to what others were saying about this book to stop to review it. For two months past we have been reading press comments as fast as they appeared and annoying people with questions. It happened to be the sort of book that brought out the characters of those who discussed it and it was delightful to follow the line of cleavage between those who pulled it and those who did not. We found ourselves in the former class, but easily cowed by the others, for we realised from the very first that anything like a logical defense was impossible. Those who do not like it have by far the best of the argument. Very likely, also, they are better men, sturdier and more sensible, sounder material for the State, more trustworthy as family props. We should hate to live in a community made up of people who liked this book. It might be piquant for a little while to see all the cabs moving backwards and the people

**The Napoleon of Notting Hill.* By Gilbert K. Chesterton (John Lane).

hopping on one foot and the city government meeting in the Park to read fairy stories, with no word spoken that you had reason to expect and nothing in the whole place right side up, but we should not wish to stay there long. For those who say that it is sheer nonsense from beginning to end, and that therefore they despise it we feel the utmost reverence. Fancy being able to dislike a thing just because it is nonsense. The world needs their solid flesh and regular habits, their desire to abolish what they do not understand, which, indeed, is the principle on which the British Empire was founded. And this much we have learned from the discussion, never to recommend the book to any one.

Mr. Chesterton is still so young that he enjoys dreaming for its own sake whether it means anything or not. It was with the utmost reluctance that he ceased to be a child, and he made up his mind that though time might push him on he would not forget how to wonder. Nor did he mean to let his reason interfere with his spiritual amusements. Reason seemed to him like an attempt to endue Nature with business habits and a black frock coat, and for his part he was out for sport. A logical mind, he said to himself, is a Dutch pantry, truths right side up in neat little rows; what fun to break in and spin them around. Nothing could be so delightfully queer as a truth spinning. So he brought out many new sides to old things and imparted to others his pleasure in the process. But now and then he fell into mechanical ways and a few of his papers are mere essays in subversive frivolity. On these rare occasions he is not unlike a character in his own story, an incurable farceur who suggests to a writer for the *Spectator* the following apt comparison:

He reminds one not a little of Hippoclides, son of Tisander, who, we are informed by Herodotus, was "eminent among his countrymen both for his affluence and his personal accomplishments," and was first favourite among the suitors for the hand of Clisthenes's daughter, but threw away his chances by dancing on a table, first in the Lacedæmonian, then in the Athenian manner, and finally by standing on his head and brandishing his legs, replying to Clisthenes's remonstrance with the historic remark, "Hippoclides doesn't care."

The scene is laid in London a hundred years hence. Meanwhile only gradual changes have taken place. The world has reasoned itself into peace and out of democracy. England is ruled by a despot, who is chosen by rotation alphabetically, for people reason that the chances of the alphabet are quite as safe as those of the electorate. Having come to Q they select one Auberon Quin, an inveterate humourist of the kind that adores the unexpected thing, and as king he can conceive of nothing more incongruous than to revive in the various parts of London mediæval memories and names, to give every borough a city wall with a guard and a tocsin and a banner and a Lord Provost in gorgeous robes and elaborate heraldic emblems. He relentlessly carries out the joke. The disgusted city officers are obliged to conform. He will not admit them unless they come in robes of state, accompanied with guards of halberdiers and heralds. All regard it as an imbecile practical joke except one fanatic of romance, who is fired with patriotism for Notting Hill, of which the king has appointed him provost, and when an attempt is made to run an avenue through his dominions, rallies his men to the defence of the sacred soil of Pump Street. War follows and a romantic monarchy is set up and the king's worst jokes all come true and there is a complete triumph of the preposterous.

The defect is that the effort at incongruity is too long sustained and at times becomes wearisome. Its merit is the extraordinary and infectious zest with which certain parts of it were written. Most men write as if they were feeling at the time extremely tired, but he writes with a thumping pulse. To a man so inordinately alive even an every-day world is sensational. He believes that the commonness of things is due to the cold blood of the beholder. Even Notting Hill has its borderland of mystery. Pump Street to him is actually a streak in eternity and the people walking in it may have souls:

"Notting Hill," said the Provost simply, "is a rise on high ground of the common earth, on which men have built houses, in which they are born, fall in love, pray, marry and die. Why should I think it absurd?"

F. M. Colby.

V.

MISS ROBINS'S "THE MAGNETIC NORTH."

THE terminology of the painter includes the word "atmosphere," and this word recently has become a stock property with those who write about books. It is a dangerously elastic word; exactly what constitutes "atmosphere" in a book we are yet to be informed. But it is employed here because it seems to convey more nearly than any other term that element which is conspicuous on every page of Elizabeth Robins's new story. The popular conception of Alaska and especially of the Klondike up to this time, for obvious reasons, has been drawn from books; nevertheless, thanks to several writers of extended experience and close observation, notably Mr. London, we have what probably is a fairly accurate idea of the region and its life. With this conception the Alaska of *The Magnetic North* will be found to be in general agreement. That an old "sourdough" or seasoned campaigner of the Klondike might find in the volume sins of commission as well as of omission does not in the least invalidate Miss Robins's position. She has attempted a novel, not a technical hand-book or geography. But even in fiction it is very much easier to detect in a finished work the false note once it has been struck than it is to avoid striking it; and that a woman who certainly cannot be supposed to have made the hazardous journey of her heroes under like circumstances should preserve throughout a long story such admirable appearance of familiarity with her subject is evidence at least of unusual powers of assimilation. When to this is added the fact that every factor which enters into her story—with one exception—is essentially masculine in its nature and appeal, her performance may be regarded as almost unique.

The novel by which Miss Robins is best remembered, a physiological study, published some years ago under the title *The Open Question*, indicated that she

was a woman of intellectual capacity, considerable literary skill and morbid inclinations. It would now appear that this last manifestation was rather the result of intense interest in the subject immediately under her attention than inherent in herself; for there is small flavour of morbid suggestion in her new book, which for the most part is filled with the bracing air of the northern country and with healthy out-door life. Also, while it has few literary graces, it has a blunt precision and a vigour of expression which will confirm the earlier opinion that she is a writer to be reckoned with.

The Magnetic North of the title of the book, of course, is the great Alaskan gold fields, which, at the time of this story (the years of 1897 and '98), lay about Dawson, and toward which men of all kinds and conditions, "each like a magnetic needle suddenly set free, were pointing." Five men—a Denver bank clerk, an ex-schoolmaster from Nova Scotia, an Irish-American lawyer from San Francisco, a Kentucky "Colonel" and the Boy (who in reality was a man of twenty-two years) compose the party voyaging up the Yukon with which the story opens, and their experiences in the struggle against the bitter cold and the assaults of the ice, and later, their life in the cabin which they constructed upon the bank of the river make up about one-half of the book. Then, in the face of starvation for the entire party, unless there be a reduction in the number of mouths to be fed, two of them—the Kentuckian and the Boy—leave the cabin to journey northward, and the tale becomes the tale of these two who are chums in the truest sense of the word and the real heroes. The book, in fact, is quite as much a study in character under the stress of arctic weather and the selfish instincts stimulated by the search for gold, as a description of the rigors of the iron trail in the north and of the life in the Klondike. It has adventure in plenty—Mr. London himself in his three books has not given us adventure more exciting—and its pictures of the kaleidoscopic life at the big mining camp are crowded with the contrasting figures and the rapid movement of a rough, restless mob of gold seekers, adventurers, priests, Indians, and the flotsam of womankind whose exist-

**The Magnetic North*. By Elizabeth Robins. New York City: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

ence depends upon the dance halls and the favour of lucky miners. Indeed of one of these women Miss Robins gives a curious and pathetic if, in places, rather over-drawn portrait, and of a Catholic priest she has made a very interesting person, but, after all, it is to the characters of the big, generous Kentuckian and his impetuous, fearless, and faithful young "pardner" that she has given the most attention and with the largest success.

The Magnetic North will scarcely arouse the wide discussion which was the lot of *The Open Question*; it lacks the love story which the great body of novel readers demand. But it has dramatic action, is of strong fiber, has some descriptive passages—especially one of the breaking up of the ice—which are almost of the first rank, and as a literary performance it represents much more than the patient accumulation and skilful presentation of a vast amount of fact. It deserves to be remembered for a good while to come. *Churchill Williams.*

VI.

MR. LINCOLN'S "CAP'N ERI."*

NEXT to the Nature books, the most sane and healthy fashion in our recent literature is undoubtedly what might be classified as the *David Harum* style of story. It is also the type of literary creation that comes nearest to being most truly American, in that it paints for us characters and lives that are eminently American and could not be anything else. For this reason we can forgive a certain looseness of construction common to all stories of this type, for the sake of the inherent truth that is in them, and for the sake of the wholesome, cheery tone of them, which is nothing more than the portrayal of the wholesome, cheery point of view of the typical American characters drawn in the book.

The native American of inland parts has been well and often painted, and the American seaman at sea has had justice done him by his aspiring young compatriots of literary ambitions. But

there is a long line of delicious types awaiting the portrayer of the American seaman on land, or of that amphibious creature, the coast fisherman. Mr. Joseph Lincoln has made a most commendable beginning at reaching this class in his *Cap'n Eri*, and has done it well enough for his book to afford us almost the same pleasure we should feel in making the acquaintance of his hero. The power to compose a strong plot and to draw character at the same time is something that must be won by hard and long practice, or can come naturally only as the accompaniment of unusual talent. For the promising modest talent a choice is unavoidable, and if the choice must be made the choosing of character drawing over the making of a mere plot proves the possession of a higher artistic standard in the writer. Mr. Lincoln has shown that he possesses the power to interest us in the doings of his characters, not because of anything particularly exciting in these doings themselves, but because of our interest in the people who do and live them. That is no mean power, and is a good equipment for the literary steeplechase.

Cap'n Eri is a retired fishing and trading ship-master of the New England coast; to be more explicit, of the Cape Cod region. His eminently American qualities of grit, enterprise and fearlessness, with a saving grace of humour, are softened by the mellowness that a sea life always spreads over a well-balanced naturally liberal character. With due allowance for some slight sentimentality natural in a new writer, and a writer whom the tone of his book would stamp as still young, Cap'n Eri is a type known to any one who has really become acquainted with the people of that particular region of the New England coast line. He is undoubtedly a portrait, as are most of the village types in the book. The book is full of a gentle humour, which seems a reflection from Cap'n Eri's cheery fun, and the best incidents of the plot, with one exception, are those in which this humour is most predominant. The account of the advertisement in the *Nuptial Chime*, and what came of it, is delicious, and the adventures of Cap'n Perez, "through fire and water" to win his bride, are all the

* *Cap'n Eri*. A story of the coast. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: Messrs. A. S. Barnes and Company.

more truly humorous because of the art that brought them so near to tragedy to close them in amusing comedy.

Of the more serious happenings, that which remains longest in the reader's mind is the narrative of Cap'n Eri's rescue of his friend and the capsized life-boat. This has true power and force, and, although a little trick in the chapter-title increases the suspense somewhat, the recital is strong enough in itself to make it the climax of the book. To Cap'n Eri's great disgust, his exploit has made him a Sunday supplement hero, and the sane common-sense of his view of life is

nowhere better described than in his comments on this result.

"This whole fuss makes me sick. Here's them fellers in the crew goin' out, season after season, takin' folks off wrecks, and the fool papers never say nothin' 'bout it; but they go out this time and don't save nobody and git drowned themselves, and they're heroes of a sudden. I hear they're raisin' money up to Boston to give to the widders and orphans. Well, that's all right, but they'd better keep on and git the Gov'ment to raise the sal'ries of them that's left in the service."

Grace Isabel Colbron.

TWO NOVELS OF CYNICISM*

A VERY unreasonable reviewer of Mrs. Wharton's latest book has expressed a feeling of disappointment after reading it.

The book so closely resembles *The Greater Inclination*, both in its choice of themes and in its literary workmanship, as to cause this critic to exclaim, "Mrs. Wharton's measure as an author has now been definitely taken. It is obvious that nothing new is to be expected of her." We have characterised this reviewer as unreasonable, but he is no less ungrateful than unreasonable. He should rather have thanked Heaven that the sixth book of a contemporary American author shows all the strength, the fineness, and the distinction that made her first book so welcome to all who can appreciate these qualities.

The stories—one might also call them studies—which make up *The Descent of Man* are exquisitely done. Of their kind, none could be better. One lingers over each with a deep feeling of contentment at so rare a combination of perfect form and attractive content. Knowledge of the world, a sure psychology, and a well bred cynicism are here united. The cynicism is not a pose. It is not anything of which the writer herself is especially

conscious. It merely represents an intellectual attitude, the result of wide experience and careful observation. Indeed, this cynicism is only that which life is pretty sure to teach us all, and it inheres in the conditions of civilised existence. Thus the story called "The Other Two" is simple enough and natural enough in its subject to pass with little comment; yet Mrs. Wharton has written it with so peculiar an understanding of its moral implications as to render it a bit of supremely artistic elucidation. Waythorn is the third husband of a woman who is gentle and affectionate, and against whom no one has a word to say, in spite of the fact that she has been twice divorced. She has a daughter, the offspring of her first marriage, and the child's illness makes it necessary for the first husband to visit Waythorn's home. An important business transaction brings Waythorn into a casual association with the second husband. In the beginning, the necessity of meeting these two men, of having one of them in his house, and the likelihood of his wife's meeting them again, make Waythorn shudder and fill him with something like a physical repugnance. Moreover, the first husband, "a small, ef-faced-looking man," who "might have been a piano-tuner," and who blinks through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, leads Waythorn to wonder over the social evolution of the woman whom he has married. Her second husband, Varick,

**The Descent of Man*. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

**The High Road: Being the Autobiography of an Ambitious Mother*. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone and Company.

is a man of the world,—a gentleman in the conventional sense of the term.

"But this other man . . . it was grotesquely uppermost in Waythorn's mind that Haskett had worn a made-up tie attached with an elastic. Why should that ridiculous detail symbolise the whole man? Waythorn was exasperated by his own paltriness, but the fact of the tie expanded, forced itself on him, became, as it were, the key to Alice's past. He could see her, as Mrs. Haskett, sitting in a 'front parlour' furnished in plush, with a pianola, and a copy of *Ben Hur* on the centre-table. He could see her going to the theatre with Haskett—or perhaps even to a 'church sociable'—she in a 'picture hat' and Haskett in a black frock-coat, a little creased, with the made-up tie on an elastic. On the way home they would stop and look at the illuminated shop-windows, lingering over the photographs of New York actresses. On Sunday afternoons Haskett would take her for a walk, pushing Lily ahead of them in a white enamelled perambulator, and Waythorn had a vision of the people they would stop and talk to."

It all gives Waythorn a sense of how much there had been in the existence of his wife in which he had had no share. And before long the impression is deepened when he thinks of her as having been for years the wife of Varick, a still different type of man. Yet, as he meets these men again and again, his early repugnance wears away. He insensibly becomes reconciled to the thought of them, and curiously at ease with them. It is a very subtle process of moral disintegration, in kind though not in degree the sort of moral decay which affects a *mari complaisant*. His wife is not embarrassed in the least; and though she seems so girlish and singularly soft and gentle as she sits beside him in her pale rose dress she is in reality only partly his and never can be really his alone.

"Waythorn had fancied that a woman can shed her past like a man. But now he, saw that Alice was bound to hers both by the circumstances which forced her into continued relation with it and by the traces it had left on her nature. With grim irony, Waythorn compared himself to a member of a syndicate. He held so many shares in his wife's personality and his predecessors were his partners in the business. If there had been any element of passion in the transaction he would have felt less deteriorated by it. The fact that Alice took her change of husbands like a change of

weather reduced the situation to mediocrity.

. . . She was as easy as an old shoe—a shoe that too many feet had worn. Her elasticity was the result of tension in too many different directions. Alice Haskett—Alice Varick—Alice Waythorn—she had been each in turn, and had left hanging to each name a little of her privacy, a little of her personality, a little of the inmost self where the unknown god abides."

And so at last we find the three men sitting together at Waythorn's fireside, with Alice smiling, propitiatory, graceful, and familiar, pouring tea for them; and Waythorn himself, now also pliable and familiar, taking the third cup with an easy laugh. This story is representative of all the others, and shows Mrs. Wharton to be a marvellously clever social vivisectioner. Perhaps the least successful thing in the whole book is a ghost-story entitled "The Lady's Maid's Bell," which is not sufficiently convincing to make one shudder; but the others are almost beyond praise. We shall not repeat the old remark about Mrs. Wharton's indebtedness to Henry James, except so far as to note that no young man outside the pages of these interesting and allied authors would ever think of addressing his mother casually as "My good woman."

If the cynicism of *The descent of Man* is inherent in its situations, the cynicism of *The High Road* is daubed on with a brush. This anonymous work of fiction is traced with a somewhat ruder hand than Mrs. Wharton's, as indeed befits its subject. It is the story of a woman who, beginning her career in a West Virginia farm-house, ends as a social personage well known on both continents, and the mother of an English peeress. Her gradual evolution, of which the details are curious in the frankness of their revelation, is described with real knowledge of life on many sides and is delicious reading. The young woman of Fowlersburg, West Virginia, was probably born with an instinct for social climbing; but this instinct is first quickened by reading the old *New York Ledger* of Robert Bonner's time, with its romances by Mrs. Harriet Lewis and Mrs. Southworth, who gave such fascinating glimpses of aristocratic life in England, even though their peers and peeresses were often very wicked persons. When the young woman

his mistrust. This country has sometimes sent to England alleged amateurs who, according to the English definition, were in every sense professionals, and sometimes genuine American amateurs have conducted themselves in England after a fashion which would have disgraced a reputable professional. The highest type of amateur in England is the university athlete, and when a member of an American university crew once actually sold a race, it is small wonder if the memory of such a thing sank deep down in the British mind.

Nevertheless, we can see no justification in the recent outcry throughout England against the American rifle team which won the Palma Trophy. It was understood that the competing teams were to shoot with the regular service arm of their respective countries. Now the United States troops were at that time actually using the Krag-Jorgensen rifle although the Government had officially adopted the new Springfield model. Not unnaturally, therefore, the team representing the National Rifle Association of America took with them to England both the type of rifle with which our army was at the time equipped and also the other type of rifle which was presently to be issued. The Americans asked the captains of the competing teams whether there was any objection to the use of the new model, and finding that no objection was made they employed that rifle and won the match. Had they been wise, and skilled in the ways of Englishmen, they would have had the whole thing down in writing; but they were unsuspecting souls and thought that a verbal agreement between sportsmen was quite as good as any bond. Now, long after the event is over, the Rifle Association of Great Britain has discovered that the trophy was won by fraud and that the Americans used one form of rifle while professing to use another. Apparently, it is denied that the English understood about the two different models and so the British press is thundering over the alleged dishonourable conduct of the American riflemen and saying that no reputable sportsmen will ever again attempt to win the Palma Trophy.

We are inclined to think that a good deal of the misunderstanding is due to

the fact that General Spencer, who represents the American Association, cannot write a lucid letter. He was asked by Lord Cheylesmore to make a brief statement of the circumstances of the match, to be read before the British riflemen. He might have put the case in half a sheet of letter-paper; but instead of that he seems to have written a long, verbose, and clumsy screed which gave the Englishmen an impression that he had something to cover up, and that he was covering it up with ponderous sentences and a flux of words. The whole thing is rather unfortunate, for it has created a bad impression on both sides of the water. Englishmen will be more than ever convinced that Americans are tricky, and Americans will come to feel that Englishmen, when losers, will always seek to prove that they have been cheated of a victory.

II.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the war between Japan and Russia there is no doubt that **National Prestige** Russia's military prestige has been blasted for a generation. No victories hereafter, not even a final triumph in the war, can possibly restore to her that mysterious ascription of irresistible power which had been given to her by other nations for at least three decades before the war broke out. Russian officers were supposed to be marvels of efficiency. Russian soldiers were thought to be like the sands of the sea in number. Russian spies were believed to learn everything and know everything and make possible a preparation for everything. When you thought of Russia it was like thinking of some appalling and portentous storm-cloud into whose gloomy depths no gaze could penetrate, and from whose womb the lightning and the thunder might leap at any moment. Events have shown that the officers are rather stupid, the armies scattered and inadequate, and the spies mere tiros at their business. And so, while the Russian Empire is really a tremendous force and always must be, it has lost that subtle and intangible attribute which is called prestige.

It is a somewhat interesting fact that in all the great wars between nations dur-

ing the past sixty years, the nation which at the outset was generally expected to win, has lost, or at least, if it has not lost in the end, it has had to sacrifice its high place in the estimation of the world. Thus, in the Crimean War no one supposed that an invasion of Russia by France and England could succeed where the *grande armée* of the First Napoleon had failed. Yet succeed it did, not because of the skill and valour of the Allies, but because of the internal condition of the Russian Empire. Austria was a greater military power than France in the world's opinion when in 1859 the battles of Magenta and Solferino shattered its prestige. And in 1866, no one dreamed that Prussia could in seven weeks trample down South Germany and move its troops victoriously to within striking distance of Vienna. Again, in 1870, it was French prestige that vanished to the consternation of mankind. When the Boers flung defiance at the huge British Empire, their action seemed to be that of ignorant madmen. They were conquered, to be sure, but when they fell they dragged down, Samson-like, the structure of British military renown. Englishmen will not admit it, but none the less it is entirely true that no one has to-day the slightest faith in the efficiency of British troops. Great Britain has not a single

fighting general; its War Department is in a state of chaos; and ruling Englishmen seem utterly unable to do anything but welter in plans and proposals and projects each one of which is quite as much distrusted as any of the others. Probably the next great crash in the field of military reputation will come to Germany whose army preserves the form which Von Roon and Moltke gave it, but which is rotten because of a pervasive discontent below and a vicious taint above. It need not surprise the future historian if our own country also should have its turn. We are heaping up responsibilities with no adequate conception of the serious preparation which they entail. Our prestige is growing perilously great each year. It is not unlikely that we shall soon be viewed as the mightiest of all the peoples; and then may come the test as it has come to Russia and we shall learn just what it means to have our soldiers largely officered by half-trained civilians and under a system which can jump an army doctor to the supreme command. Had the American forces been routed at Santiago instead of winning an easy victory over Spaniards, it might in the long run have led the nation to assure itself against the perils of amateurishness in war.

H. T. P.



THE BOOKWORM TURNS

Upon my bookshelf's dusty edge,
His tiny suit-case bearing,
A Bookworm walked across the ledge
Toward unknown regions faring.

He turned and faced me with a leer
Entirely disapproving.
"I'm getting tired of boarding here,
And so, you see, I'm moving.

"I'm easy tempered, heaven knows!
I like both Swift and Bunyan,
I'm fond of Omar's poisoned rose
And Verlaine's poisoned onion.

"I even manage still to smile
Upon my fellow creatures,
Though bitter mouthfuls of Carlyle
Distort my placid features.

"And I conceal my tiny pain,
(Though feeling rather rummy),
When Bulwer-Lytton and Mark Twain
Are warring in my tummy.

"But here I have undone myself—
Excuse these wormful grovels—
For I have dined upon a shelf
Of pessimistic novels.

"Along a powerful Tolstoi row
My appetite I whetted,
Then lingered with d'Annunzio
And ate—and then regretted.

"I tried a Hardy sandwich next,—
My greed I could not bridle,—
Then nibbled at a Gorky text
With gusto suicidal.

"And when my blood was thinned away,
My soul with horror tainted,
I bit into an Ibsen play,
Gave up the "Ghost" and fainted.

"Dyspepsia breeds the misanthrope
With gloomy thoughts a-riot—
O give me Doyle, O give me Hope,
A lighter, simpler diet!"

And so I saw him stride away
In heavy marching order
To where some seaside library
Invites the summer boarder.

Wallace Irwin.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

A liberal-minded clergyman in Red Cloud, Nebraska, sends us some lines of pleasant commendation and has a good word to say for the serial, *Fuel of Fire*, which others have somewhat fleered at in the Letter Box.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

You appreciate so highly the remarks of your correspondents that I feel inclined to tell you what a boon THE BOOKMAN is to me. I save it up for light reading, and, after preaching twice Sunday, find it puts me in good condition for sleep Sunday night. You are probably aware that preaching conduces to the sleep of the congregation only. It doesn't affect the preacher that way. Last night, using it for this purpose, I enjoyed your Letter Box as usual. I, however, disagree with one writer regarding the story by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. The repartee was bright; the psychological treatment of characters very well sustained, and the plot—well, I thought it would have been better carried out if she had explained that the rays of the burning glass fell upon a copy of Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*.

A good many things have been said about the Letter Box favourable and unfavourable, but no one before this has ever commended it as a soporific.

II.

A legal gentleman in Houghton, Michigan, propounds the following question:

On page 28 of the little book, entitled *Letters from a Chinese Official*, occurs the following sentence: "Your typical product, your average man, the man you call respectable, *him* it is that I wish to characterise, for he it is that is the natural and inevitable outcome of your civilisation." Will you please state whether the use of the word "*him*" in this sentence is grammatically correct and give your reasons for your conclusion?

The sentence is not correct. "*Him*" should be "*he*" precisely as in the second member of the sentence, because it is in the predicate after the neuter verb "*is*." Doubtless the writer of the sentence carelessly thought of it as being the object of

the verb "characterise," whereas the actual object of that verb is the relative pronoun "*that*."

III.

The following letter comes from a gentleman in Reading, Pennsylvania:

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

In the June BOOKMAN, Mr. Ezra S. Brudno in an article on the American novel, makes this extraordinary assertion: "Of Cooper there is little to say, for after all he is merely an extravaganza, belonging nowhere." Now, I should very much like to know just what the editors of the foremost literary magazine *really* think of such a reckless statement. It has seemed to me considerably to lessen the value of the entire article, and certainly gives rise to the suspicion that the writer does not know what he is talking about.

Our correspondent then quotes a number of eminent authorities in praise of Cooper, but it is hardly necessary for us to reproduce them. Mr. Brudno's article should be read with an understanding of the proper point of view. Mr. Brudno is a Russian by birth, and we thought it interesting to present the opinions of a foreigner upon such a subject as the American Novel. Naturally, his conclusions and characterisations are his own and not necessarily ours. As for Cooper, his fame is so securely established as to stand in need of no defence from any one.

IV.

Somebody who signs his or her letter "Sweet Marie," but whom we suspect to be a man and who addresses us as "Good-looking Sirs," raises an old, old question in the following letter:

I notice that in your publication you frequently speak of "the American People." Will you kindly tell a puzzled reader just what you mean by that term? Surely you are as well aware of the fact that there is no longer such a people as you are of the fact that the ocean is salt. Yet you, who can not be ignorant of statistics of immigration and birth rate, still persistently speak of something that does not exist, and has not existed for years. You

have even spoken of the inhabitants of this country as "Anglo-Saxons." You should guess again. Most of us have names that no Anglo-Saxon could pronounce properly.

(1) When we say "the American people" we mean the people who inhabit the United States of America, just as when we say "the German people" we mean the people who inhabit the German Empire. Neither people is a homogeneous one, since the German Empire contains millions of Poles and tens of thousands of Danes and Wends, not to mention hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are not merely unassimilated, but who hate everything that is German, with all their souls.

(2) The inhabitants of our country, taken *en masse* are Anglo-Saxon in a very real sense, because without reference to blood, their language, laws, political institutions, and social traditions rest upon an Anglo-Saxon base.

V.

We always like a correspondent who obstinately refuses to be put off or down. That is why we are so fond of Jessica who returns pertinaciously to the charge with these crisp sentences:

Dear LETTER BOX:

Despite your considerate suggestion, I absolutely refuse "to guess some more" about the meaning of that Easter cover. Your manner of avoiding an answer was a credit to your cleverness but not to your ingenuousness. If thy brother ask for bread wilt thou give him a stone, or ask him to guess again? I confess it with fear and trembling, but the fact is, I have a dread suspicion that you yourself are unable to explain the meaning of that cover. Is that true?

JESSICA.

In spite of her refusal to guess some more, Jessica has really done so and she has guessed exactly right. To tell the truth, we never had the slightest notion of what that Easter cover meant, nor have we now. Furthermore, we don't believe that the artist had either. But that is really the beauty of the cover. It is not supposed to *mean* anything, but to be symbolical—to symbolise something that is appropriate and suggestive and full of an esoteric significance. But it will be unkind of Jessica if she writes

us another letter and asks us precisely what this is.

VI.

Here is something which ought to be sent to book publishers rather than to the editors of a magazine. The query comes from Indianapolis.

Why are the fly-leaves of books so often made of soft paper? Most persons wish to write their names on them and when the ink spreads it is very annoying.

We shall have to relegate this question to the category of mysterious problems which we propounded some years ago and to none of which have we ever received a single answer. We shall repeat them here in the hope that some new readers of THE BOOKMAN may help us out:

(1) Why do Americans who say "whilst" instead of "while" always have grease-spots on their clothes?

(2) Why can a good cigar never be obtained from a tobacconist who, on his sign, spells the word "segar"?

(3) Why do telegraph offices never have any small change?

(4) Why are savings-bank officials always suspicious and uncivil, while national bank officials are invariably courteous and obliging?

Perhaps Jessica can guess the answers.

VII.

Owing to the example set by Miss Carolyn Wells and the gentleman with Polka Dots, there has begun a movement to make the Letter Box a receptacle for miscellaneous poetry—a tendency which we are obliged to repress. The poems published in the last number have evoked a number of longer poems intended for the present number. It seems unwise as a general rule for the Letter Box to depart from prose except now and then when some very short, pungent bit of verse is sent to us. Therefore, we must thank our correspondents for their very clever contributions in verse and take account merely of what is said through the more pedestrian medium. The following letter has to do with a criticism which alleged that THE BOOKMAN strikes too often the personal note. Thus, a lady

in Butte, Montana, sends us a letter in which she says:

The protest of the Soul with Several Stripes against my praise of the magazine's personal note was so picturesque with its alliteration and mixed metaphors that the desire to embalm it in verse was irresistible. The personal note, I would wish to add, still appeals to me. I can not conceive of a "recognised authority" without a personality back of it. Authors who take the reader into their confidence are always the most delightful—as witness Thackeray and Barrie.

This matter of the personal note has been regarded by a correspondent in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, from an entirely different point of view. He writes as follows:

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

It seems to me that you are losing your former joy of battle. Here is a man criticising you as being amateurish in your personal note and you make no answer whatever. Formerly you would have flattened him out. Are you bored or just lazy?

This gentleman, although he speaks of what we used to do, has evidently not read THE BOOKMAN from the beginning. Our magazine has been established for nearly ten years, and in that time pretty nearly every kind of criticism has been made upon us and has been duly answered. Therefore, when we find some new subscriber asking us a question that has been asked a dozen times before, or making the sort of attack that we have frequently repelled, it does afflict us with a sense of weariness. To such persons we can only say: Look up the back numbers of THE BOOKMAN and find in them the answer to your question or the parry to your thrust. But as to the charge that the personal element is too conspicuous in our pages, we don't mind saying once again what we have not infrequently said before. From the main body of a literary magazine, personality ought to be excluded, since it obscures the dry light of criticism and produces the effect of biased judgment. Still, we have never been able to think of our readers as embodying a mere abstraction, a congeries of impersonal atoms. To us they are always living, breathing human beings who are very near us and who are full of prejudices and preferences and positive opinions—just as we are. It is a delight

to run counter to their prejudices, and jar their preferences, and make them question the soundness of their opinions; and it is a still greater delight when they turn upon us and do the same thing for us. And this one corner of the magazine, the Letter Box, has been set apart for just such a purpose,—as a sort of friendly tilting-ground wherein we challenge all our dearest foes, whether they strike our shield with blunted lance or with the point. Those who, like the Soul with Several Stripes, dislike this sort of thing can always skip the Letter Box, and they are not at all obliged to contribute, as he did, to its alleged objectionable features.

VIII.

Having made this explanation we must crave the indulgence of our readers for a little confession that is purely personal to ourselves. Some time ago we received from Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company a pretty volume by Miss Mary White entitled *How to Do Bead Work*. This book was not sent to the Editors in general or to the magazine, but personally to us. We don't know why Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company should have specially favoured us with a book about beads. We have never given any serious attention to the subject of beads. When we have a holiday and are going off into the country, we never plan to spend the time in stringing beads, nor do we carry beads around with us to work on in our moments of repose. Still, we must confess that we felt just a little flattered to think that Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company regarded us as an authority on beads, and we thought that we would read up the bead-book, and write a review of it, to sustain our reputation, as it were. To tell the truth, bead-work seemed rather a simple sort of thing. We had an idea that all you had to do was to get some beads and either a string, or a wire, or a piece of thread, and just stick it through the beads. Almost anybody could do that.

Unfortunately we found out that there is a good deal more in this bead business than we had any idea of. We got mixed up in the very first part of Miss White's book,—in fact, on the twelfth page, where we found this passage:

"But beware, if you raise Job's-tears, of using them in their natural state. They should be boiled before stringing, for a tiny grub is often found in them and he may at any time make a meal of the silk on which the beads are strung or appear on your muff inopportunoely."

Now isn't this rather awful? Why should we boil beads, anyhow? And then there is the grub which might come out on our muff at almost any time. To be sure, we haven't any muff, but he might get up our sleeve and that would be worse still. In fact, we began to skip at this place, and turned swiftly over into the middle of the book in the hope of finding something that would give us a clue to the plot. Our eyes lit upon the following:

8th round.* Decrease star 1 bead, 2 s. c. in next st. 1 s. c., making 3 sts. between star.*

9th round. 5 beads in star, 1 s. c., increase in next 3 stitches, making 7 stitches between stars with a bead in middle stitch.

10th round. 4 beads in star, 3 s. c., 3 beads, 1 s. c., 1 widen.

11th round. 3 beads in star, 3 s. c., 5 beads, 1 s. c., 1 widen.

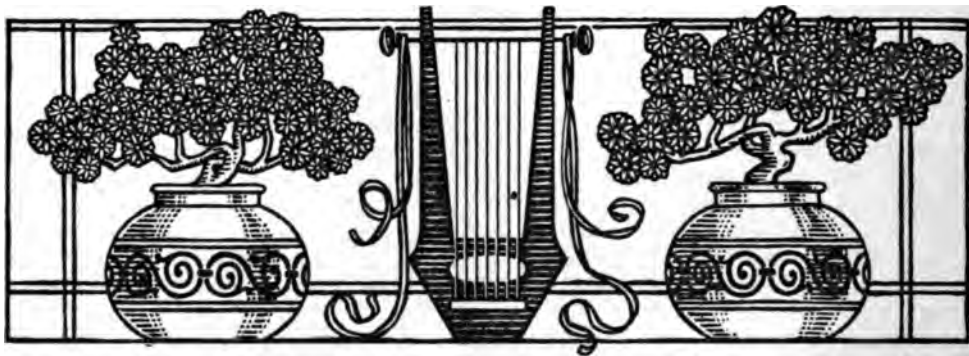
12th round. 2 beads in star, 3 s. c., 7 beads, 1 s. c., 1 widen.

13th round. 1 bead in star, 3 s. c., 9 beads, 1 s. c., 1 widen. This finishes star.

14th round. 11 beads, 2 s. c., 1 widen, 2 s. c. The increase is at point of star.

After that we stopped. We don't think that we shall ever review this book, though we are sure that it is a very good book. Also it has pictures in it. But inasmuch as we could not review it, and as we are still under obligations to Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company for their courtesy, it occurred to us to make the whole thing a personal matter and tell the tale to our readers in this unobtrusive corner of the magazine.

We now close the Letter Box until the autumn, and we wish that all those who read it may have exactly the right sort of a summer.



THE BOOK MART



READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED New York.

American Book Company:

The Tempest.
Macbeth.
Twelfth Night.
Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Othello.
Hamlet.

A new edition of Rolfe's Shakespeare for use in schools and for general reading. The editor is William J. Rolfe, Litt. D., formerly Head Master of the High School at Cambridge. The volumes in this new edition are smaller and more convenient in shape. A concise account of Shakespeare's metre has been inserted.

Forms of English Poetry. By Charles F. Johnson, L.H.D.

Suitable for young people and for general readers. The volume contains the essential principles of the construction of English verse.

Dickens's Christmas Stories. Edited by Jane Gordon.

These stories are now issued in the well-known series of Eclectic School Readings. They are repeated as originally published, except that some of the descriptions have been left out, others abridged, and allusions unfamiliar to American readers have been omitted.

Outlines of Universal History. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D.

A standard work, now issued in a new and thoroughly revised edition, comprising a narrative of the most important events in the world's history, with their causes and consequences. Tables of bibliography direct the inquirer to additional writers on the various topics. The book is adapted either for continuous study, or as a reference manual for consultation.

Moratin's *El Si de las Niñas*. Edited by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D., and F. M. Joselyn, Jr.

The latest addition to the series of

Spanish texts. One of the most popular of this dramatist's works, exposing the results of a conventional, misguided education.

Bates's Euripides—Iphigenia in Tauris.
Edited by William Nickerson Bates, Ph.D.

This edition has been prepared to meet the needs especially of students who are reading their first Greek play, and for this reason there is included in the introduction and notes much matter intended primarily for that class of readers. The book is, however, equally useful to other students.

Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.
Edited by W. W. Bigelow.

This representative German drama is here presented for class reading, treating fully of the Mastersingers and their guild.

Smiles's *Self-Help*. Edited by Ralph Lytton Bower.

These essays are here presented in a form adapted especially to American readers. An appendix contains brief biographies of most of the important persons mentioned. A book to be used for supplementary reading in schools.

Elements of Algebra for Beginners. By George W. Hull, M.A., Ph.D.

A feature of this book is a clear and logical discussion of all those processes that throw light upon the operations of arithmetic. This is a valuable addition to Professor Hull's widely-used series of mathematical text-books.

Lives and Stories Worth Remembering.
By Grace H. Kupfer, M.A.

Intended for pupils of the third year, this volume of the Eclectic School Readings aims to make children familiar with some of the masterpieces of literature, and with some of the world's most inspiring men and women.

Gateway Series of English Texts. General Editor, Henry Van Dyke, Princeton University.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Edited by Edward Mims, Ph.D.

George Eliot's Silas Marner. Edited by Wilbur Lucius Cross, Ph.D.

Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America. Edited by William MacDonald, Ph.D., LL.D.

The latest additions to this new series, which will include all the college entrance requirements in English.

Stories from Life. By Orison Swett Marden.

The latest book of Eclectic School Readings, by the well-known editor of "Success," intended for fifth and sixth year pupils. It contains brief life stories and incidents from great lives.

Elementary Algebra. By J. H. Tanner, Ph.D.

The book is designed to meet the most exacting entrance examination requirements of any college or university in this country, and especially the revised requirements of the College Entrance Board.

Appleton and Company:

Nature's Comedian. By W. E. Norris.

Mr. Harold Dunville is by nature a comedian, an actor by profession. The story of his life is an odd one, and the ending not the kind of ending usually associated with a comedy.

How to Know the Butterflies. By John Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock.

A manual of the butterflies of the Eastern United States, by the professor of Entomology in Cornell University, and a lecturer in nature study at the same university. There are forty-five full-page illustrations from life, reproducing the insects in natural colours.

Adolescence. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph., LL.D. Two Volumes.

This work is a study of the psychology of adolescence, and its relation to physiology, anthropology, sociology, sex, crime, religion, and education. The author is president of Clark University and professor of Psychology and Pedagogy. Dr. Hall has now in preparation a work on Psychology, which he says should logically have been published first.

Nancy Stair. By Elinor Macartney Lane.

A story of Scotland in the days of Robert Burns, by the author of that delightful novel, "Mills of God." Judging by the frontispiece, Nancy Stair was a

real beauty—perhaps "the handsomest girl in three kingdoms," as the author claims.

The Poems of Henry Abbey.

In his preface, Mr. Abbey says that he has included in this revised and enlarged edition all of the poems that he cares to retain.

Little Gardens. How to Beautify City Yards and Small Country Spaces.

A small volume designed for the uses of the "family whose lands are a house lot." It contains a number of suggestions which may be found useful to such a family.

Dorothea. By Maarten Maartens.

In his sub-title, Mr. Maartens calls his book a "story of the pure in heart." Dorothea is a Dutch heiress, whose father, with a heart anything but pure, marries her off to a German nobleman. A review will appear later.

Brentano's:

Man and Superman. By George Bernard Shaw.

At the present time when Mr. Shaw and his work are stimulating the minds of American readers, his new play will be of especial interest. It is in four acts, with a preface in the form of a letter to his friend Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley. In the third act Mr. Shaw pictures his idea of hell, and the characters revel in satirical small talk. John Tanner, leading man, is a modern Don Juan who keeps a Revolutionist's Hand Book, and the volume is supplemented with notes from this book, and with maxims in the following vein:

In heaven an angel is nobody in particular.

Decency is Indecency's Conspiracy of Silence.

Civilisation is a disease produced by the practice of building societies with rotten material.

Do not waste your time on Social Questions. What is the matter with the poor is Poverty: what is the matter with the Rich is Uselessness.

A Dictionary of Etiquette. By W. C. Green.

Points of good breeding and rules for all social functions are given here in the form of a dictionary. The rules are as concrete as possible, and the book should prove of more practical value than the usual book on etiquette.

Century Company:

A Daughter of Dale. By Emerson Gifford Taylor.

The story of a university town. Barbara, the young heroine, is the daughter of a professor, and the men who are bewitched by her many attractions are undergraduates. The author is a Yale man, and is instructor of rhetoric at that college. It is interesting to note that in the past year there have been quite a number of novels of university life; the ones that we recall being "The Law of life" (Cornell), by Annie McClure Sholl, "The Torch" (Stanford), by Herbert Muller Hopkins, and "The Steps of Honour" (Harvard), by Basil King. The present story is undoubtedly intended to represent Yale.

Crowell and Company:

Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations. With Preface and Introduction by Hector MacPherson.

A condensed edition which originated in the desire to make accessible to the reading public the epoch-making ideas of Adam Smith. The introduction is of a biographical nature.

Dillingham:

Jack Barnaby. By Henry James Rogers.

The hero of this story writes a problem novel, and, not satisfied with that, becomes involved in a love affair with two women. The book is trash, to put it frankly.

Desire. By Charlotte Eaton.

A book of verse by a woman whom Ella Wheeler Wilcox describes as "the feminine re-incarnation of Walt Whitman."

The Other Side of the Story. By Leslie Derville.

A novel of Washington life, that is, that part of it represented by the clerks, men and women, employed by the government. It cannot be said that the book is written in a very dignified vein.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Russia as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

A companion volume to Miss Singleton's "Japan," published a few weeks ago. The aim of the book is to present in a compact form a comprehensive view of the Muscovite power. The volume is divided into six parts: The Country and Race, History and Religion, Descriptions,

Manners and Customs, Art and Literature, and Statistics.

The Double Garden. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

A volume of sixteen essays, among the subjects being "Our Friend the Dog," "The Modern Drama," "The Wrath of the Bee," "Sincerity," "In an Automobile," and "Universal Suffrage." The collection is an acceptable addition to the works of Maeterlinck, which the publishers are bringing out from time to time in uniform binding.

Forest and Stream Publishing Company:

American Big Game and Its Haunts. Edited by George Bird Grinnell.

This is the fourth of the Boone and Crockett Club's books; the preceding volume, *Trail and Camp Fire*, was published in 1897. Among the articles in the present volume may be mentioned "Wilderness Reserves," by Theodore Roosevelt, "The Zoölogy of North American Big Game," by Arthur Erwin Brown, "Big Game Shooting in Alaska," by James H. Kidder, and "Preservation of the Wild Animals of North America," by Henry Fairfield Osborn.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Letters from an American Farmer. By J. Hector St. John Crèvecoeur.

This new edition is reprinted from the original one hundred and eleven years after Matthew Carey's reprint of the first London edition. Professor W. P. Trent has written a prefatory note, and Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn the introduction.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Alternate Sex or the Female Intellect in Man, and the Masculine in Woman. By Charles Godfrey Leland.

In his preface, Mr. Leland sets forth his views on the subject of the alternate sex, and space prevents us from quoting more than one paragraph, in which he says "that men and women are, in strict accordance with the opinion of the most recent physiologists, radically different as regards both body and mind, although social or domestic life has given them much in common." Mr. Leland died before the book was ready for publication.

Grafton Press:

Our Political Degradation. By Rush C. Hawkins.

Short essays by General Hawkins on "certain facts which every thoughtful

citizen of the United States should know." Some of the subjects are "Manhood Suffrage," "Brutality and Avarice Triumphant," and "Some Results of Criminal Materialism." The author, besides bearing the title of Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. V., is an officer of the Legion of Honour of France.

Harper Brothers:

The Gates of Chance. By Van Tassel Sutphen.

The scene of this book, a somewhat fantastic tale, is laid in New York, and the two principal characters are young men of so-called Bohemian tendencies.

Bruvver Jim's Baby. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

The story of a small mining settlement in the West in which one of the residents discovers a strange baby and thereby upsets the whole camp. It is a good story to select when one wants to laugh.

The Light of the Star. By Hamlin Garland.

In this novel, Mr. Garland has turned aside from the plains for a time, and has chosen for his background stage-life in New York. A dramatist, a stage manager, and an actress take the place of the types with which Mr. Garland's name has long been associated.

Kings and Queens I Have Known. By Helene Vacaresco.

A large volume which gives the personal and informal account of a lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva). The publishers label it as "a vivacious book of gossip about royalty."

The Son of Light Horse Harry. By James Barnes.

A story of adventure, especially intended for boy readers, which follows the career of General Robert E. Lee from his days at West Point through the Mexican War. It is interesting to note that the frontispiece is the reproduction of an original sketch made by General Lee just prior to the Mexican War, and which he presented to General James Barnes, the author's father.

The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland. By Michael Davitt.

This work sums up the life of Parnell, Davitt, and other Irish agitators. The author has himself had an interesting career. At the age of seven he was evicted by his landlord; at the age of ten he lost

his right arm in a Lancashire cotton mill. After many other experiences, he joined Parnell in 1879, and helped to found the Irish Land League.

In Search of the Unknown. By Robert W. Chambers.

The adventures of a professor "in search of the unknown." His assistant, more in search of love affairs than anything else, gives a sentimental flavour to the book, which is written in a humorous vein.

Success Among Nations. By Emil Reich, LL.D.

In his preface, the author sums up the purpose of this volume as follows: " . . . the attempt has been made to initiate the reader into the psychological view of History, by giving in outline and by means of a few illustrations, a bird's-eye view of the human forces that have raised some nations to the glory of success, while their absence has prevented other nations from holding their own in the battle for historic existence."

The Gems of the East. By A. H. Savage Landor.

A complete work on the topography, ethnology, civil and political conditions of the Philippines to-day. In his travels over thousands of miles of territory, Mr. Landon explored districts never before visited by white men.

Lane:

Mademoiselle Blanche. By John D. Barry.

This is the first in the series of popular novels which Mr. John Lane is to bring out under the title, "The Canvas Back Library." Although Mr. Barry wrote this story some years ago, it has not been forgotten, and it is now in its fourth edition. Mademoiselle Blanche is a Parisian circus performer, a type of woman seldom found in fiction.

The Philanthropist. By John F. Causton.

A new novel which, like its predecessor "The Comedy of a Suburban Chapel," deals with the activities, social and otherwise, of an English parish.

Life Publishing Company:

Tomfoolery. Text and Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.

An excellent little bit of nonsense for the summer time. The verses are funny, and the drawings are funnier.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Love's Proxy. By Richard Bagot.

A new novel by Mr. Bagot is always welcome, as we recall with pleasure his "Donna Diana," "A Roman Mystery," "Casting of Nets," and "The Just and the Unjust." The present novel is a story of London, its society and its politics.

Old West Surrey. By Gertrude Jekyll.

A large volume with over three hundred illustrations reproduced from photographs taken by the author. These notes and memories of Old West Surrey are written by one who has lived all her life in that part of the country, and she gives her impressions of the ways, lives and habitations of the older people of the working classes. Many of the illustrations show the houses, the furniture, and the types of men and women of Surrey.

The Dread Inferno. By M. Alice Wyld.

A small volume containing notes for beginners who wish to study Dante.

The Church and Its Organisation in Primitive and Catholic Times. By Walter Lowrie, M.A.

A large volume which the author describes as an interpretation of Rudolph Sohm's *Kirchenrecht*. Dr. Sohm is Professor of the Juristic faculty of the University of Leipsic, and best known in this country as a writer upon Roman law.

The Evolution of Modern Liberty. By George L. Scherger, Ph.D.

A study of political theories, in which the author traces their development and genesis as embodied in the Bills of Rights and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man.

Macmillan Company:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister.

A paper covered edition of Mr. Wister's popular story of a Horseman of the Plains.

The Flame Gatherers. By Margaret Horton Potter.

A story of India in the thirteenth century, which gives a vivid picture of Indian life during the years of the Mohammedan invasion. The book is divided into two parts: "Flesh-Fire" and "Soul-Fire." It is dedicated to Gerhardt Hauptmann, for whom the author professes profound admiration. Reviewed in this number.

The Faith of Men. By Jack London.

A collection of short stories dealing with the people of the Northland. There

are but eight stories in the volume, most of them having appeared in various magazines.

The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett.

One of the important books of the month. It is a romance of Mary, Queen of Scots, which Mr. Hewlett, in his subtitle, describes as "The Six Years' Tragedy." It is reviewed in the present number.

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill.

A new novel by the author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" is another important event of the month. *THE BOOK-MAN* will review "The Crossing" in a forthcoming number.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. Volume V.

This work is to be complete in six volumes. The present one deals with "The Romantic School in France," while the sixth and last will be entitled "Young Germany."

Poems of Thomas Campbell. Selected and Arranged by Lewis Campbell.

A pocket edition of Campbell's poems which the editor has divided and classified under separate headings. The frontispiece is from a painting by Sir David Wilkie.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Two Plays of Israel. By Florence Wilkinson.

These two plays, "David of Bethlehem" and "Mary Magdalen," are commented on in the Chronicle of the present issue, and a new photograph of Miss Wilkinson is reproduced in connection with them.

Putnam's Sons:

Popular Tales from the Norse. By Sir George Webbe Dasent.

A new edition of Dasent's "Tales from the Norse." The book has been out of print for a number of years, and the edition, which contains a memoir by Arthur Irwin Dasent, has been prepared for publication on both sides of the Atlantic. We understand that but few copies will be published on this side.

The Veil of the Temple; or, From Dark to Twilight. By William Hurrell Mallock.

A romance of English society in which the characters represent the fashionable, political, and intellectual world of to-day. **Clarence King Memoirs. The Helmet of Mambrino.**

The Board of Management of the Century Association have brought out this King Memorial Book, which contains a number of personal memoirs contributed by James D. Hague, John Hay, William Dean Howells, John La Farge, Edmund Clarence Stedman, William Clary Brownell, and Edward Cary, also a reprint of Mr. King's story, "The Helmet of Mambrino," which appeared in the "Century" for May, 1886. The book is handsomely printed and bound, and serves as a unique memorial of a man held in high esteem by all who knew him.

James Lawrence. By Albert Gleaves.

The fifth volume in the series of "American Men of Energy." James Lawrence was a captain in the United States Navy and commander of the "Chesapeake." There is a short introduction by Admiral Dewey.

Russia. Her Strength and Her Weakness. By Wolf von Schierbrand.

A study of the present conditions existing in Russia. The author's main object in writing this book has been to lay bare, without bias, the sources and extent of Russia's strength and weakness.

The Island Pharisees. By John Galsworthy.

A novel which satirises certain types of men and women to be found in English upper society.

Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods. By H. Irving Hancock.

A manual for use in schools and at home, by the author of "Japanese Physical Training," and "Physical Training for Women." The courses contained in the present volume are intended to extend through a whole school year.

The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited in Three Volumes with Notes, Supplement and Enlarged Index. By S. C. Lomas. With an Introduction by C. H. Firth, M.A.

The first edition of this work appeared in December, 1845, and in the text of the letters in this new and enlarged edition every effort has been made to see the originals where they exist, in order that any errors might be corrected.

Frederick the Great and the Rise of Prussia. By W. F. Reddaway, M.A.

A new volume in the series of biographical studies entitled "Heroes of the Nations," edited by H. W. Carless Davis,

Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. In sketching the career of Frederick the Great and defining its relation to the rise of Prussia, Mr. Reddaway has made free use of printed works on the subject, especially Frederick's "Œuvres," and "Politische Correspondenz."

Belgian Life in Town and Country. By Demetrius C. Boulger.

The last in the series of "Our European Neighbours," edited by William Harbutt Dawson. All of the volumes are illustrated.

Rand, McNally and Company:

King Arthur and His Knights. By Maude L. Radford.

The stories in this book have been collected from *Morte d'Arthur* and *Idyls of the King*, and adapted for reading in the fifth and sixth grades of schools. The stories are illustrated. The author is an instructor in English in the University of Chicago.

Duchess of Few Clothes. By Philip Payne.

A Chicago comedy, by the author of "The Mills of Man," a novel published last year.

Scott-Thaw Company:

A Book of Sundial Mottoes. Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt.

The second volume in The Garden Lover's Series. The mottoes are chosen from a rare old work entitled "Mechanick Dialling," and the Latin as well as the English versions are given.

Stokes Company:

The Magnetic North. By Elizabeth Robins.

A strong and vivid story of the Yukon trail, of the privation and hardships of life near the Arctic circle. Miss Robins's "The Open Question" created an unusual amount of discussion at the time of its publication several years ago. "The Magnetic North" is reviewed in the current number.

The Penetration of Arabia. A Record of the Development of Western Knowledge Concerning the Arabian Peninsula. By David George Hogarth.

The purpose of this book is to describe the exploration of inland Arabia. The author has made a study of the literature of Arabian travel, and he wishes his work to be regarded "as a mere essay in the polarisation, appreciation, and introduc-

tion to the public of other men's first-hand work." There are a number of illustrations, and maps by J. G. Bartholomew.

Scribner's Sons:

Brave Hearts. By W. A. Fraser.

The dozen stories in this volume deal with the romance of the modern horse race in the United States, Canada, England, and India. It would be interesting to see what a typical jockey would think of this book.

The Dark Ages. By W. P. Ker.

The first in a series entitled *Periods of European Literature*, to be complete in twelve volumes, edited by Professor Saintsbury.

Fort Amity. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

A novel of adventure, the scene of which is laid in America at the time of the French and Indian War. The story opens with the storming of Fort Ticonderoga, and the plot centres upon the British movement in French Canada.

The Bye-Ways of Braith. By Frances Powell.

A new novel by the author of "The House on the Hudson." The scene is laid in Braith Manor, which the first American Braith built, in imitation of the ancestral home of the Braithes in England. A secret room and many mysterious passages explain the reason for the title.

Bred in the Bone. By Thomas Nelson Page.

There are seven Southern stories in this volume. Mr. Page says he has selected this title, not so much because of the first story as because all the stories are founded on traits of character which have appeared to be bred in the bone.

The Seiners. By J. B. Connolly.

The first long novel to come from the author of "Out of Gloucester," and it goes without saying that this is also a sea story. This is the first book of Mr. Connolly's in which women appear among the characters. Reviewed in this number.

S. R. I. Community:

The Confessions of a Railroad Man.

This is the work of a well-known railroad man and a friend of his, neither of whom wishes his identity to be revealed. At the age of twenty, the railroad man accepted a position as clerk to the Land Commissioner of the Iowa Railroad Land

Company, with headquarters at Chicago. After that his experiences were many and his advancement rapid.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Revere Publishing Company:

Alicia. By Albert A. Hartzell.

A member of the Buffalo Bar is responsible for this novel of "romance and tragedy."

Boston.

Badger:

A Book of Verse. By John Lewis March.

A collection of short and long poems, fifteen in all.

Hayfield Mower:

The Hayfield Mower and Scythe of Progress. By the Mower-Man. Volume I. Numbers 1 to 26.

This volume is supposed to contain selections from twenty-six numbers of the Hayfield Mower, a representative country newspaper, says the author, "edited with aggressive horse-sense and the homely fearlessness of one who naked-eyedly sees things in their unclothed reality, and speaks with the strenuous tongue of untrammelled conviction."

Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

An Island Garden. By Celia Thaxter.

This book was first published about ten years ago, elaborately illustrated. In its present form it is a reprint without illustrations, published at a reasonable price.

English and Scottish Popular Ballads.

Edited from the collection of Francis James Child. By Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge.

A complete one-volume Cambridge edition of the ballads based on Professor Child's collection. The volumes in this edition are thoroughly edited and are intended as an aid in the study of the poets and their works.

A Texas Matchmaker. By Andy Adams.

Mr. Adams intends to write a trilogy of the plains. The first was "The Log of a Cowboy;" the present volume deals with the cattle on the ranch, and the third will bring them to the market. The matchmaker is an old cattleman, while the narrator of the tale is Tom Quirk, the hero of "The Log of a Cowboy."

The Penobscot Man. By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

Mrs. Eckstorm tells of the experiences and adventures of the Penobscot river-

men. The book should be added to the number of "out-door" stories which make their especial appeal at this season of the year. A photograph of the author appears under Chronicle and Comment.

Francis Parkman. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick.

Mr. Sedgwick bases his biography of Francis Parkman upon the historian's diaries, notes, and letters. The volume belongs to the series of American Men of Letters.

Beowulf and the Finnesburgh Fragment. Translated from the Old English, with an Introductory Sketch and Notes by Clarence Griffin Child.

A new volume in the Riverside Literature Series. Mr. Bliss Perry is now the editor of this series, having succeeded Horace E. Scudder in 1901.

Lee and Shepard:

How a Little Girl Went to Africa. Told by Herself. By Leona Mildred Bicknell.

A little girl of ten has told in her own words a journey which she undertook in the company of her father and mother, who went as missionaries to the Zulus in South Africa.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Shadow of the Czar. By John R. Carling.

The romantic story of an English officer's love for a Polish Princess. This is a new edition and follows closely after Mr. Carling's "The Viking's Skull." **White Aprons.** By Maud Wilder Goodwin.

A new and popular edition of Mrs. Goodwin's romance of Bacon's Rebellion.

The King's Henchman. By William Henry Johnson.

This novel of the sixteenth century first appeared in 1897.

Up and Down the Sands of Gold. By Mary Devereux.

A love story of the present time, which was first published in 1901.

A Detached Pirate. By Helen Milecete.

The romantic story of Gay Vandeleur, a pirate, which first appeared in the "Smart Set," afterwards published in book form in 1903.

With Fire and Sword. By Henryk Sienkiewicz.

A new edition of the authorised and

unabridged translation from the Polish, by Jeremiah Curtin.

Without Dogma. By Henryk Sienkiewicz.

Sienkiewicz's novel of Modern Poland, translated by Iza Young.

A Dream of a Throne. By Charles F. Embree.

The dramatic story of a Mexican revolt, first published in 1900.

Kismet. By Julia C. Fletcher.

This love story, in which the action takes place on a Nile voyage, appeared as long ago as 1876.

A Daughter of New France. By Mary Catherine Crowley.

A historical romance of Sieur Cadillac and his colony on the Detroit. It was first published in 1901.

A Maid of Bar Harbor. By Henrietta G. Rowe.

The story of a Down-East girl.

When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads. By Payne Erskine.

A story of the South after the war, which at the time it first appeared received condemnation from Southern papers and praise from the Northern papers. **In the Country God Forgot.** By Frances Charles.

A story of life to-day in Arizona.

The Love-Letters of the King; or The Life Romantic. By Richard Le Gallienne.

This book, as well as the volumes preceding it, are being published by the Messrs. Little, Brown and Company in a popular edition, bound in cloth, and sold at seventy-five cents each.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Doris Farrand's Vocation. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden).

The story of a young girl who seeks her vocation in church work and amid the social environments of college and church. The young man who helps her in these matters is studying for the ministry. The book is in "Pansy's" usual vein, and should appeal to young readers.

Evelyn Byrd. By George Cary Eggleston.

This is the third and last of what Mr. Eggleston calls "a trilogy of romances," in which he endeavours to show the character of the men and women of Virginia. The two preceding novels are "Dorothy

South" and "The Master of Warlock." Some of the characters familiar to the readers of the other books appear in the present story.

Pilgrim Press:

A Case of Sardines. By Charles Poole Cleaves.

The story of a sardine-factory girl. The scene is laid on the Maine coast, and the characters are the people of that locality.

Poet-Lore Company:

The Brownings of America. By Elizabeth Porter Gould.

"From the first of their literary career," says the author in this monograph, "America not only honoured the Brownings, but the Brownings honoured America." She goes on to tell of the various Browning Societies here, the number of memorials, and recalls to the reader the friendships which existed between the Brownings and certain well-known Americans of their day.

Robinson, Luce Company:

The Foolish Dictionary. By Gideon Wurdz.

Here are a few of the definitions found in this book of foolishness:

Cupid: A Driver of Darts.

Cupidity: A driver of sharp deals.

Feint: A pugilist's bluff.

Faint: A woman's bluff.

Individuality: A harmless trait possessed by one's self. The same trait in others is downright idiocy.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Kin O'Ktaadn. By Holman F. Day.

A new volume of verse, by the author of "Up in Maine" and "Pine Tree Ballads." In a sub-title, Mr. Day describes this little book as "verse stories of the plain folk who are keeping bright the old home fires up in Maine."

Under the Vierkleur. By General Ben Viljoen.

A novel of adventure in South Africa during the late war. General Viljoen was born in South Africa in 1868, and at the age of thirty represented the city of Johannesburg in the legislature of the Transvaal. He came to this country in 1903. He is also the author of "My Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War."

West Company:

First Lessons in the New Thought, or

The Way to the Ideal Life. By J. W. Winkley, M.D.

A small book containing practical suggestions to those who care to study and to follow the doctrine of mental healing.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

Modern Electricity. By James Henry, M.E., and Karel J. Hora, M.S.

A practical working encyclopædia to be used as a text-book for students, apprentices, artisans, and engineers.

Lyon and Healy:

The Hawley Collection of Violins.

A large and profusely illustrated volume on the history of the makers of violins, with a review of the evolution and decline of the art of violin-making in Italy from 1540 to 1800. The publishers have spared no expense in the preparation of this brochure, and in their preface they say that "the work has been entirely a matter of love." The twelve violins which have come into their possession, and which are the subject of the work, were originally the property of the late Mr. R. D. Hawley, of Hartford, Connecticut.

McClurg and Company:

Sermonettes. Selected and Translated from the French of Félicité Robert de Lamennais. By J. L. Jacobson van Hemert.

The greater part of these sermonettes has been taken from *Paroles d'un Croyant*, *Une Voix de Prison*, and *Le Livre du Peuple*. Monsieur de Lamennais was born at St. Maol in 1872, and died in Paris in 1854.

Stone and Company:

The Highroad. Being the Autobiography of an Ambitious Mother.

A review of this book may be found elsewhere in the current number of **THE BOOKMAN**.

Thompson and Thomas:

Tattlings of a Retired Politician. By Forrest Crissey.

These tattlings take the form of letters which pass between the Honourable William Bradley, ex-Governor and veteran politician and his friend Ned, who is still "carving a career back in the old State." The illustrations are by the well-known cartoonist John T. McCutcheon, and add considerably to the amusement afforded by the author. The book appears at an opportune time, and it will probably have a large sale.

Cleveland, Ohio.**Clark Company:**

Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travelers. (Volume I.) By Archer Butler Hulbert.

The Cumberland Road.

Two new volumes in the series of Historic Highways of America. This work has received mention under this department in preceding numbers of **THE BOOKMAN**.

The Philippine Islands. 1493-1898. Translated from the Originals. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Volumes XI., XII., and XIII.

These three volumes cover the period from 1599 to 1605.

Indianapolis.**Bobbs-Merrill Company:**

The Cost. By David Graham Phillips.

Mr. Phillips's new novel, like his "Golden Fleece," is a story of modern American business and politics. It is stated that it was one of the most successful serials which appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post," and it is already being mentioned among the six best selling books. Reviewed in this number.

The Castaway. By Hallie Ermine Rives.

In a bright red binding, with brightly coloured illustrations by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, "The Castaway" will probably take its place with "Hearts Courageous." Miss Rives dedicates this story of "three great men" to Post Wheeler, Litt.D.

London.**Allen:**

The Ethics of the Dust. By John Ruskin.

A pocket edition of the ten lectures which Ruskin delivered at a girls' school in 1865.

Memphis.**Paul and Douglass Company:**

Poems. By Walter Malone.

In this volume may be found poems which appear in Mr. Malone's other books. "Songs of North and South," "Songs of Dusk and Dawn," "Songs of December and June," and "Narcissus and Other Poems." Mr. Malone is a lawyer, in Memphis, and his work appears from time to time in **THE BOOKMAN** and other magazines.

Philadelphia.**Jewish Publication Society of America:**

In Assyrian Tents. By Louis Pendleton.

A story of adventure, with the scenes laid in Jerusalem.

Lippincott Company:

Olive Latham. By E. L. Voynich.

It is said that Mrs. Voynich has spent fourteen years upon this book. It is a story of Russia, and a review of it appears elsewhere in the present number of **THE BOOKMAN**.

Present Day Japan. By Augusta M. Campbell Davidson, M.A.

A large, illustrated volume, the material of which was not in the first place intended for publication. The author gives her personal impression of Japan, after having arrived there "with no feeling but curiosity and gradually falling under its manifold charm through the sympathy brought by increasing familiarity."

St. Louis.**St. Louis News Company:**

Brief History of the Louisiana Territory. By Walter Robinson Smith, Ph.M.

A concise manual of the history of the Louisiana Purchase, based upon four lectures which were delivered before the Washington University Association on the Mary Hemenway Foundation. The author is an instructor of American history in that university.

Washington.**Neale Publishing Company:**

I Dine With My Mother. From the French of Pierre-Henri-Adrien Decourcelle. By Evelyn Clark Morgan.

The translation of a little French play in which appear five characters. The scene is laid in Paris in 1765.

Lucas-Lincoln Company:

Princess and Pilgrim in England. By Caroline Sheldon.

The first of a series of books of travel to be written by Miss Sheldon, and to be published under the general title, Familiar Guide Series.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between May and June, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday.) \$1.50.
4. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Four Roads to Paradise. Gordon. (Century.) \$1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Company.) \$1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. A Woman's Will. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday.) \$1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Transgression of Andrew Vane. Carryl. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Anna the Adventuress. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

5. How Tyson Came Home. Rideing. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Spencer Autobiography. (Appleton.) \$5.50 net.
3. The Adventures of Elizabeth In Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Descent of Man. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Life of John Andrews. Pearson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$5 net.
6. Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant. Shaw. (Story.) \$2.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Alicia. Hartzell. (Revere Publishing Company.) \$1.25 net.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. Jewel of Seven Stars. Stoker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) \$2.50.
6. By the Fireside. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Robert Cavalier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
6. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Lux Crucis. Gardenhire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. Heart of My Heart. Meredith. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.25.
2. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. A Texas Matchmaker. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Autobiography of Herbert Spencer. (Appleton.) \$5.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. Felice Constant. Sprague. (Stokes.) \$1.08.
2. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.08.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.08.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.08.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.08.
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.08.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Grafters. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) \$1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. By the Fireside. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1 net.
6. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.00.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Little Union Scout. Harris. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.25.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) Paper, 25c.

New Haven, Conn.

1. A Daughter of Dab. Taylor. (Century.) \$1.50.
2. Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Company.) \$1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. Clarence King's Memoirs. (King Meml. Com. of Century Associations.) \$2.50 net.

New Orleans, La.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. Daughters of Nijo. Watanna. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Bright Face of Danger. Stevens. (Page.) \$1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. Where the Tides Come In. Thurston. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Daughters of Nijo. Watanna. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Admirable Tinker. Jepson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. Uncle Mac's Nebraska. Lighton. (Holt.) \$1.25.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

1. Robert Cavalier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Issue. Morgan. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. The Effendi. Whitehouse. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Rebecca. Wiggan. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. A Woman's Will. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper's.) \$1.50.
3. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Extracts from Adam's Diary. Twain. (Harper's.) \$1.50.

Toledo, Ohio.

1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Adam's Diary. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

Toronto, Canada.

1. The Silent Places. White. (Morang & Co.) \$1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.
3. Strong Mac. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Mussion Book Co.) 75c.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. Quintessence of Ibsenism. Shaw. (Brentano's.) \$1.
2. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentano's.) \$1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Letters from England. Bancroft. (Scribner.) \$1.50 net.
6. Cashel Byron's Profession. Shaw. (Brentano's.) \$1.25.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50

4. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan Co.) \$1.50.
5. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan Co.) \$1.75.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. Adam's Diary. Mark Twain. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.25.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS.
A book standing	1st on any list	receives	10	
"	"	"	8	
"	"	"	7	
"	"	"	6	
"	"	"	5	
"	"	"	4	

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure & Phillips.) \$1.50.	150
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50	112
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50	89
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.	87
5. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.	81
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	71



August, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

*Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN."
Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost. & &*

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

It is about time that a sharp warning should be administered to the literary thief—the word plagiarist has far too pleasant a sound—for during the last few months his daring has become positive arrogance. Formerly, the literary thief was content to steal from those who were injured only indirectly by the act. He turned over the forgotten poems of dead men; he pilfered stories from the French, changing the titles and the names of the characters and forgetting to give credit to the original source; he adapted to his own use the plots of tales which he found between the covers of old magazines. The literary thief of the present hour, however, finds these methods entirely too tame, as the following anecdote will show:

Some time ago a literary woman wrote a novel based on certain episodes in the life of a very great English poet—let us say that it was Keats. The manuscript completed, she forwarded it to a publishing house. There it remained five or six weeks, at the end of which time it was returned with a note, saying that, while the tale was an exceptionally well-written one, its subject did not possess any of the attributes of popularity. The author then sent it to a second publishing house, by which it was accepted. Now comes the sequel. Recently the author of the novel about Keats picked up a new book bearing the imprint of the firm to which she had first submitted her manuscript. To her amazement she found that the writer of the new story had not only taken her character and her plot, but had incorpo-

rated in the book the very historical inaccuracies of the first manuscript. Neither she nor the lawyer whom she consulted were aware of the fact that the writer of the second book was in a position that assured easy access to the manuscripts of the firm to whom the original tale had first been sent, yet without that knowledge and simply from the resen-



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF VICTORIEN SARDOU

blance of the second story to the first, the lawyer urged the bringing of an action. The fact that in an earlier book, purporting to be written by the author of the second novel about Keats, an entire chapter is practically copied word for word from an article appearing in a leading magazine in 1879, eliminates completely the charitable possibility of "coincidence."

Mr. Randall Parrish, the author of *When Wilderness Was King*, a novel which for the last few months has been appearing with great regularity in the booksellers' reports, is a native of Illinois. His education was completed at the University of Iowa, and in that state he was admitted

**Randall
Parrish**



RANDALL PARRISH.

to the bar. After practising law for some years, he went to Arizona and New Mexico, prospecting through the mountains, and meeting with various adventures. Mr. Parrish has also served his time as a newspaper man on various Western dailies, among them the old *Chicago Times*. *When Wilderness Was King* is Mr. Parrish's first novel, and it is said that he wrote it in three months.

Mr. Henry W. Lanier, whose *Romance of Piscator* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is a very well known figure in the American publishing world, and for the past four years has been one of the five partners composing the Doubleday, Page Company, of which he is also the secretary. Mr. Lanier is by birth a Georgia

**Henry W.
Lanier**



HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.



LIMNERSLEASE.
The Country Home of the late George Frederick Watts.]



THE LATE GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.



ANDY ADAMS.

man, but was educated in and near Baltimore. He prepared for Johns Hopkins University, but was obliged to give up his college course on account of trouble with his eyes. He became a civil engineer on the Belt Line Tunnel in Baltimore, and then spent a year and a half in the West Indies, locating a railroad across the mountains in the Island of Jamaica. In 1894 he developed an itch for writing and an idea of starting in the publishing business, and straightway went to New York. Nine fruitless months were spent in delivering letters of application to publishers (from which there were no returns) and in producing a great number of articles and stories (practically all of which were returned, with thanks). Then one day he accepted a position in a downtown "flimsy" office, and was assigned to cover hospital cases the following Monday. Before Monday, however, one of his letters to the publishers bore fruit, and instead of going into Associated Press work, he started in the Art Department of *Scribner's Magazine*. With the Scribners he remained in the Art, Book, Editorial, and Advertising Departments, until the autumn of 1898, when he joined Mr. Doubleday, who at that time was one of the partners of the Doubleday & McClure Company.

Andy Adams, to whom his friends and publishers have given the picturesque name of the "cowboy novelist," was born in Indiana, but his twentieth year found him on the plains of Texas in full cowboy war paint. For ten years he followed this life, when, after various vicissitudes, he turned up at Colorado Springs in the early nineties. *A Texas Matchmaker* follows the *Log of a Cowboy*, published last year, and the third book, now in preparation, will deal with the marketing of cattle. The photograph of Mr. Adams which is reproduced herewith is the work of Mr. Charles Craig, dubbed the "Indian artist," of Colorado Springs.

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Mr. Samuel Merwin, the author of *The Merry Anne* and *Calumet K*, was born at Evanston, Illinois, thirty years ago, and was educated at the public schools at Evanston and at Detroit, and at Northwestern University. The greater part of his boyhood was passed on the shores of Lake Michi-



SAMUEL MERWIN.

gan, and he derived at first hand his knowledge of the lake, the schooners that ply its waters, and the men that sail them. About six years ago, in collaboration with Henry K. Webster, he wrote *The Short Line War*, and followed up its success with *Calumet K.* His new novel, *The Merry Anne*, is a tale of Lake sailors, introducing a band of smugglers and contraband whiskey.

Hildebrand Anne Beauligh, the young "Sherlock Holmes in knee pants," who is the hero of Edgar Jepson's *The Admirable Tinker*, is not entirely a fictitious person. He has an original in real life, the youthful son of the author, Selwyn Jepson, who already at the age of five has developed a fine resourcefulness and cleverness especially in getting the best of his parents. The escapades of his infant offspring gave Mr. Jepson the idea which expanded itself into *The Admirable Tinker*, and, in fact, young Selwyn was the direct in-



SELWYN JEPSON.
The original of "The Admirable Tinker."



MARTIN HUME.

spiration of many of the stories. Mr. Jepson is a very fond parent, and it is because he thinks that the country is good for children that he lives in a remote London suburb instead of at the centre of the city itself, which personally he would much prefer. He has a disdain for the country, which he says is "very monotonous; nothing but grass, grass, grass; and trees, trees, trees."

Martin Hume, the author of *The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots*, bears the distinction of being a successful author in two languages. He is one of the leaders in the modern literary movement in Spain, and contributes almost regularly each month historical articles of fiction to the leading Spanish monthlies, *Nuestro Tiempo* and *La Lectura*. He is a member of the Royal Spanish Academy and of the Royal Academy of History, and holds a Commander's cross, given him by the Queen Regent in recognition of his literary work. His family has been connected over one hundred years with the diplomatic service in Spain, and he himself was born in Madrid. He is the editor of *The Calendar of Spanish State Papers* in the English Public Record Office, and in that capacity has produced nine thick volumes. But this is only one side of Major Hume's character. He has had experience in war and in the political

arena. He is a retired officer of the Third Battalion, Essex Regiment, and was at one time connected with the Turkish Army, serving in the battles of Karahasan Koi and Popkoi. His political career was not particularly successful, though he was



FORD MADDOX HUEFFER.

a Liberal candidate three times for a seat in Parliament. His *Love Affairs of Queen Elizabeth*, with two added chapters showing the personal side of the virgin queen's love episodes, is about to be published in this country.

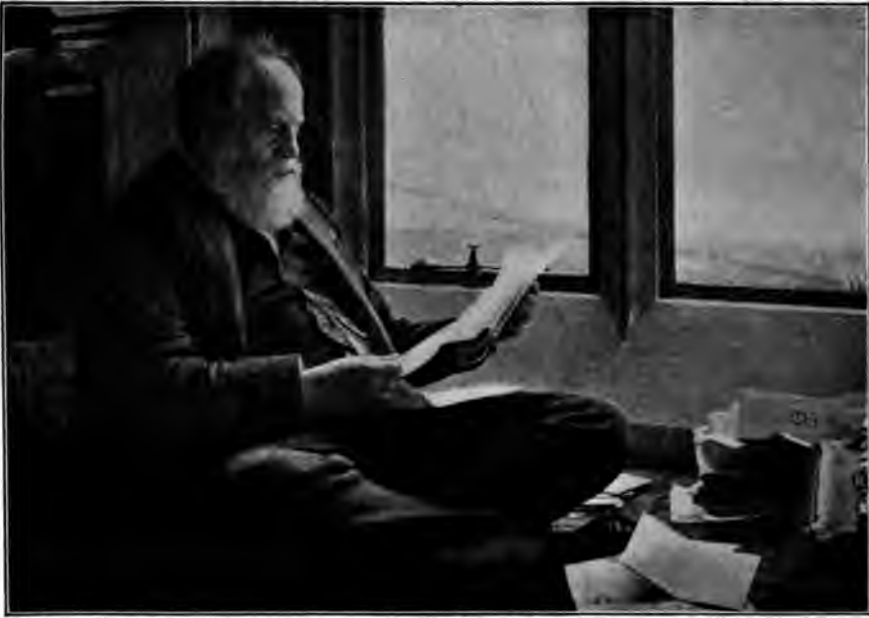
Ford Maddox Hueffer and Joseph Conrad are jointly responsible for *Romance*. From such a collaboration it is likely that Mr. Conrad will get whatever there is of honour and Mr. Hueffer whatever there is of blame, or be swamped altogether. The fact is, however, that Mr. Hueffer is quite as interesting a person in his way as Mr. Conrad. He is a nephew of the Rosettis,

and has a number of successful books to his credit; his first, *The Brown Owl*, has run into ten editions. The history of the collaboration between Mr. Conrad and Mr. Hueffer is interesting from the fact that it was Mr. Conrad who asked to be allowed to work with Mr. Hueffer. The plot of the story almost as it now stands had been flashed into Mr. Hueffer's brain by some incidents in the famous Admiralty trial of Cuban pirates. On having it recounted to him, Mr. Conrad's enthusiasm took flame and he begged to be allowed to collaborate. Forthwith, the two began the book. That was some half a dozen years ago, in the beginning of their friendship. Between the starting and finishing of *Romance* the two friends produced another collaboration, *The Inheritors*. Mr. Hueffer is Conrad's literary adviser, and a good deal of Mr. Conrad's work is done at his house, especially the last chapters of stories, which Mr. Conrad finds most difficult to write. Mr. Hueffer, though a descendant of the Rosettis, makes a good deal of sport of the mysticism and symbolism of the pre-Raphaelites. To an inquisitive person who inquired recently how he wrote, he replied with perfect gravity that he could not write anything unless he was "standing, with a tame duckling fast asleep between his feet"—a story which was quoted seriously and with mild surprise by one of our newspapers.

To judge from the first number, Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story, *The Marriage of William Ashe*, now running serially in *Harper's*, will have the same setting as *Lady Rose's Daughter*—politics and the best London society and a salon where celebrities gather, including the Prime Minister; and if we may safely reason from its predecessors it will so insist on the refinement of some of the characters that you will long to hear them say something coarse, and the virtues of the good people will engage their entire attention, and some will be witty, but you will have to take her word for it and some will be charming, but they will give no sign. At certain points mirth will be invited and the occurrence of hearty laughter even mentioned in



Mr. Matthew Arnold—To him Miss Mary Augusta (his niece, afterward Mrs. Humphry Ward). Why, Uncle Matthew, oh why, will not you be always wholly serious?



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF W. T. STEAD.

the text, but at these moments neither she nor you will feel quite comfortable. The truth is, it bores her to unbend, and as may be seen from the accompanying cut by Mr. Max Beerbohm she prefers that others should not do so. There are, of course, many light characters in Mrs. Ward's novels, but whether light or heavy, her people never have any interest apart from what they are called upon to prove. All of which does not prevent her from writing a good story, for if she is not aware of human beings, she is at least aware of tendencies of thought, and we read few new novels that betray a consciousness of either. She is, in fact, a good allegorist, and when did an allegorist ever need a sense of humour? He must begin early as she does in the picture and remain so, if possible, through life.



Although the biographical notices of Mr. John Ames Mitchell include a very respectable number of books from his pen, he is most generally known as the editor of *New York Life*. He was born in New York January 17, 1845, but his childhood was passed near Boston. He studied at Exeter, New

Hampshire, and then at the Harvard Scientific School, afterwards turning his attention to architecture. He worked for three years at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris. As an architect, he practised in Boston for some years, and then gradually drifted into artistic and decorative work. On his second trip to Paris for the purpose of study he remained four years. During that time he produced several etchings, published by *L'Art*, received honourable mention at the Paris Exposition, and studied drawing and painting in Julian's atelier, and afterward with Albert Maignan. In October, 1880, he returned to New York, and soon became imbued with the idea that there was a field in America for an artistic, satirical journal. The result was *Life*, of which the first issue appeared January 3, 1883. Mr. Mitchell's latest novel, *Villa Claudia*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number.



In some paragraphs in our April number about Thackeray's American Friends and Prejudices, à propos of the series of letters written by the English novelist to the Baxters, we quoted Thackeray's comment on the unfriendly spirit in

**Thackeray and
the New
York "Herald"**

which a part of the American press and notably the New York *Herald* had received his lectures on the English humourist. On several other occasions of his later life he referred with more or less bitterness to these criticisms. "I remember at New York coming down to breakfast at the hotel one morning," he wrote in the Roundabout Paper "On Screens in Dining Rooms," "after a criticism had appeared in the New York *Herald* in which an Irish writer had given me a dressing for a certain lecture on Swift. Ah! my dear little enemy of T. R. D., what were the cudgels in *your* little billet doux compared to those noble

New York shillelaghs? All through the Union, the literary sons of Erin have marched, *alpeen*-stock in hand, and in every city of the States they call each other and everybody else the finest names. Having come down to breakfast, then, in the public room, I sit down, and see—that the nine people opposite have all got New York *Heralds* in their hands. One dear little lady, whom I knew, and who sat opposite, gave a pretty blush, and popped her paper under the table cloth. I told her I had had my whipping already in my private room, and begged her to continue her reading. I may have undergone agonies, you see, but every man

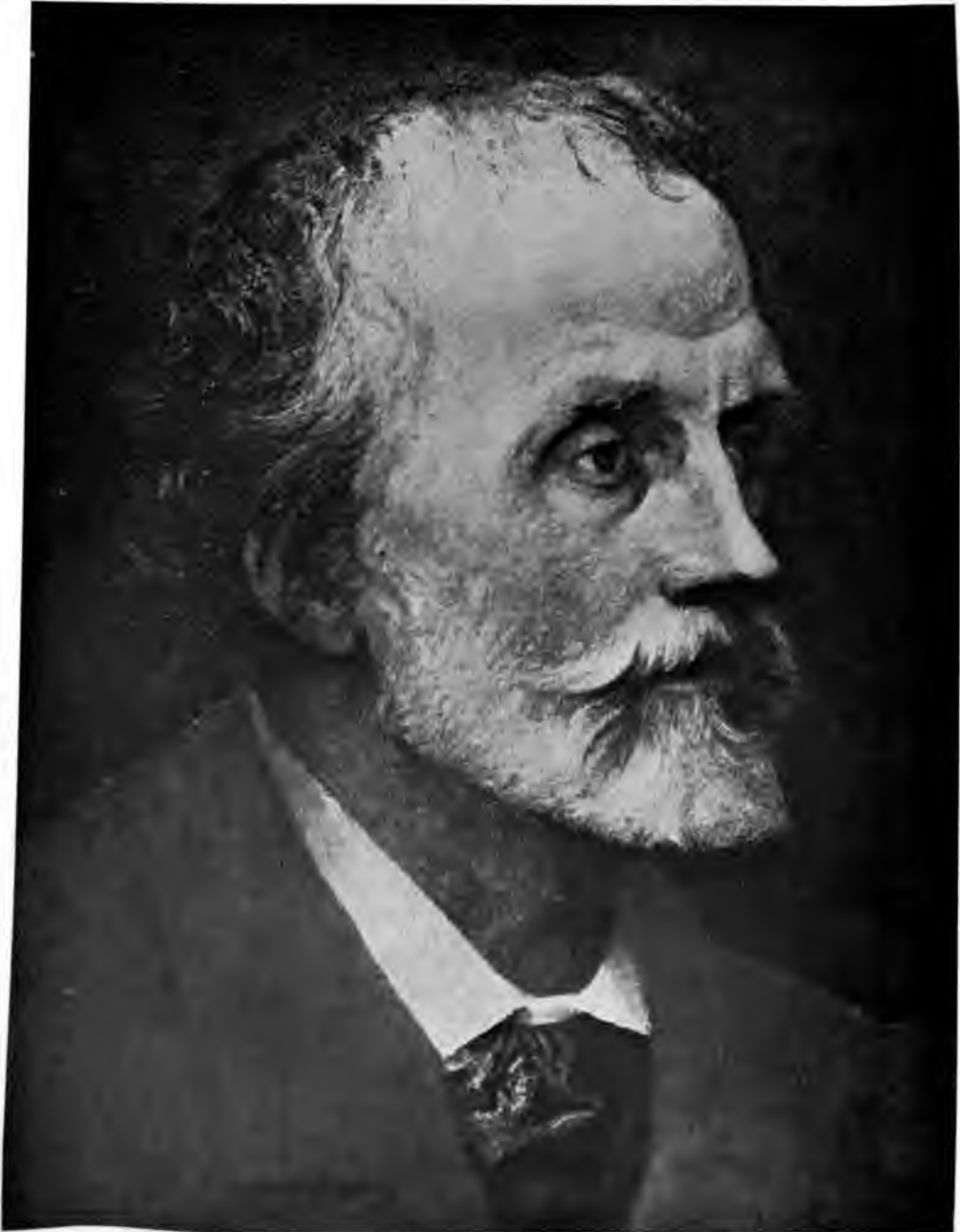


JOHN AMES MITCHELL.

who has been bred at an English public school comes away from a private interview with Dr. Birch with a calm, even a smiling face."

Now as among all the delightful Roundabout Papers "On Screens in Din-

ing Rooms" has always been one of our favourites, we took occasion when in a public library a few weeks ago to pore over the dusty volume containing the file of the *Herald* for the year 1852, in search of the slashing which caused the little lady to whom Thackeray alludes such



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

visible embarrassment. We found it at length in the issue for November 23d of the year named in an editorial entitled "Mr. Thackeray and Dean Swift." The editorial reads in part as follows:

Mr. Thackeray, of London *Punch* and author of *A Book of Snobs* and some other work, in his first lecture in this country has proved himself as great a literary snob as any described in his book. This writer has been vastly over-rated on both sides of the Atlantic. Here, since his advent, he has been outrageously puffed by the press, and like

Dickens he will probably be courted and fawned upon by all the snobs of every circle. In return, when he arrives in his own country, he will, we suppose, as the author of *American Notes* did before him, lampoon the character and institutions of the American people, who afforded him their hospitality. He is now 'a chiel amang them taking notes an' faith he'll prent 'em.' That his descriptions of the men and manners and politics of our country are not likely to be of a friendly or kindly nature seems evident enough from the fact of his virulent, wholesale attack on the character of the illustrious Dean Swift, which reminds



MRS. ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE.

one of a living donkey kicking at a dead lion, or a dwarf making an onslaught on a sleeping giant.

The *Herald* editorial concludes with the following eulogy of Dean Swift:

He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to Ireland. Thackeray's lecture has not the merit of being even a decent caricature of Dean Swift. But enough of Thackeray!



Mrs. Elinor Macartney Lane, author of *Nancy Stair*, the story of a Scotch girl who wrote verse and flirted in the days of Robert Burns, showed an inclination for story telling when a baby. At the age of four it is said that she was borrowed by neighbours to entertain their guests, and when nine years old received praise from James Russell Lowell for a school essay. Some years ago Mrs. Lane started a paper called *The Trifler*, which paper has the peculiar distinction of being published wherever the editor happens to be. Mrs. Lane's first novel, *Mills of God*, appeared in 1901.



The late Mr. Clement Scott was, as is well known, opposed to the drama of ideas, and to the younger writers on the stage he seemed a champion of about everything they disliked. An obituary notice in his own paper, the *Daily Telegraph*, declares that "he was not, in the true significance of the word, a critic * * * A brilliant impressionist, an unflinching advocate, a fearless partisan if you will, but not a critic." This evidently implies, says Mr. Max Beerbohm,

"That a critic is a dry person who can minutely dissect the subject, and then can separate those parts of it which are respectively according to certain rules which he has learned, good and bad, and can then with a steady hand weigh them in a pair of scales and register the balance for our inspection; and it is evidently implied that no other kind of person is a critic. Well, the kind of person here described is indubitably a critic, and indubitably a useful critic, and not so uncommon as one might fear. But it is foolish to pretend that he exhausts the possibilities."

Then he adds this very sensible view of the value of Mr. Scott's work in dramatic criticism:

"And Mr. Scott, even when he was standing in the way of dramatic progress, was indirectly doing good, for that he excited interest no less in what he hated than in what he loved. People were tempted to see what he cursed, not less surely than they were tempted to see what he blessed. It is bad to excite animosity against good things. But it is worse to engender indifference to them. That is what the ordinary critic succeeds in doing."

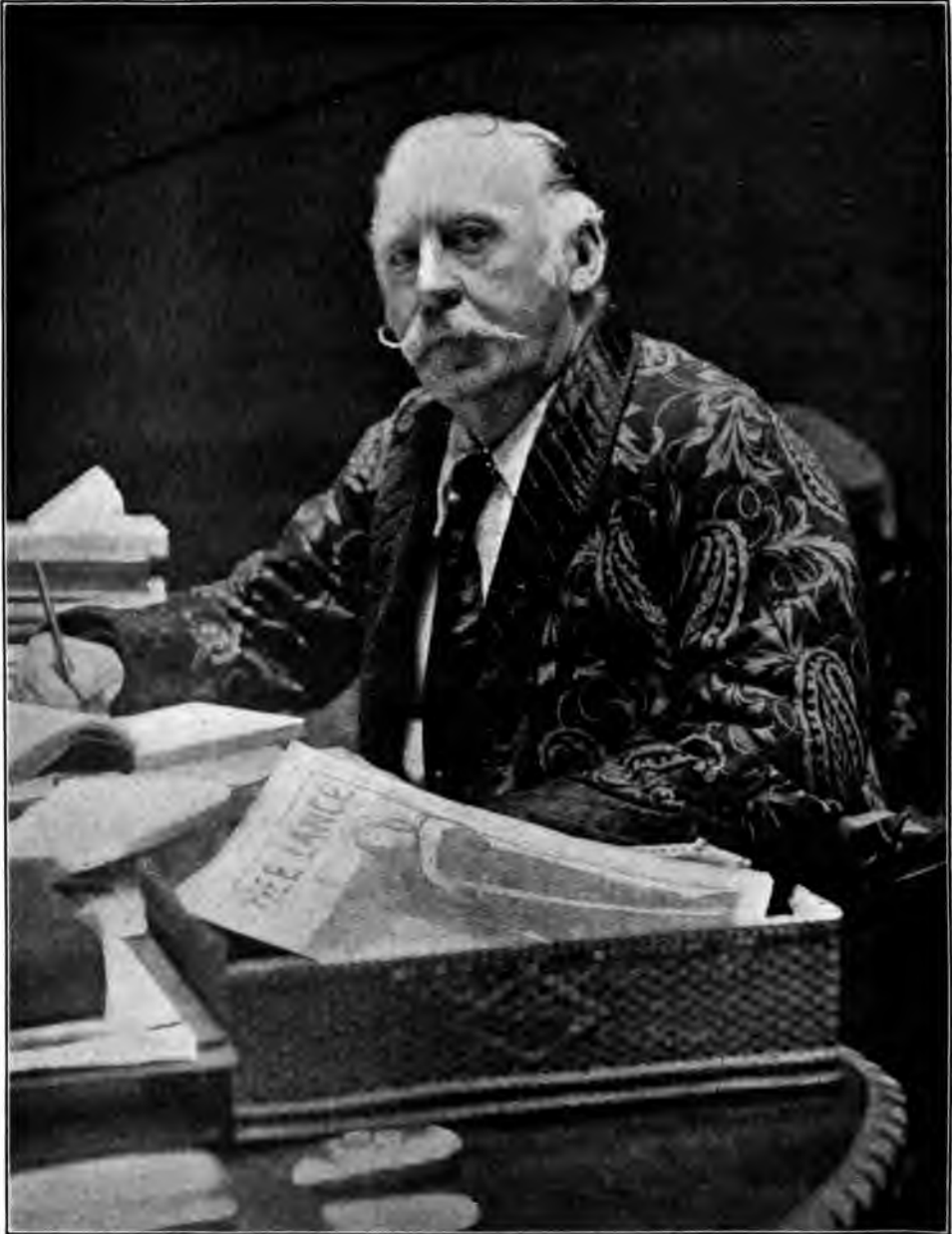
This will seem to some too much like the doctrine, "No matter what you do, if your heart be true," but surely no good can come of narrowing the definition of dramatic criticism so that it will exclude every writer in the English language who has aroused any interest in this subject. Our leading critic is Mr. William Winter, as far above Mr. Scott as the latter was above those studious cultivators of natural phlegm to whom Mr. Beerbohm refers. Yet many of us would almost trample each other down in our haste to see any play that Mr. Winter damns with certain of his picturesque adjectives. When Mr. Winter says "tainted" we think of Ibsen. If he says "putrid," we are off like a shot in high hopes of finding something as workmanlike and clean as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. And so it goes. You learn the personal equation in time and allow for it. You may be sorry to find it so often in your way, but somehow when you read those writers who have it not you feel sorrier. Better the honest critics who sometimes go wrong than the kind who are never tempted.



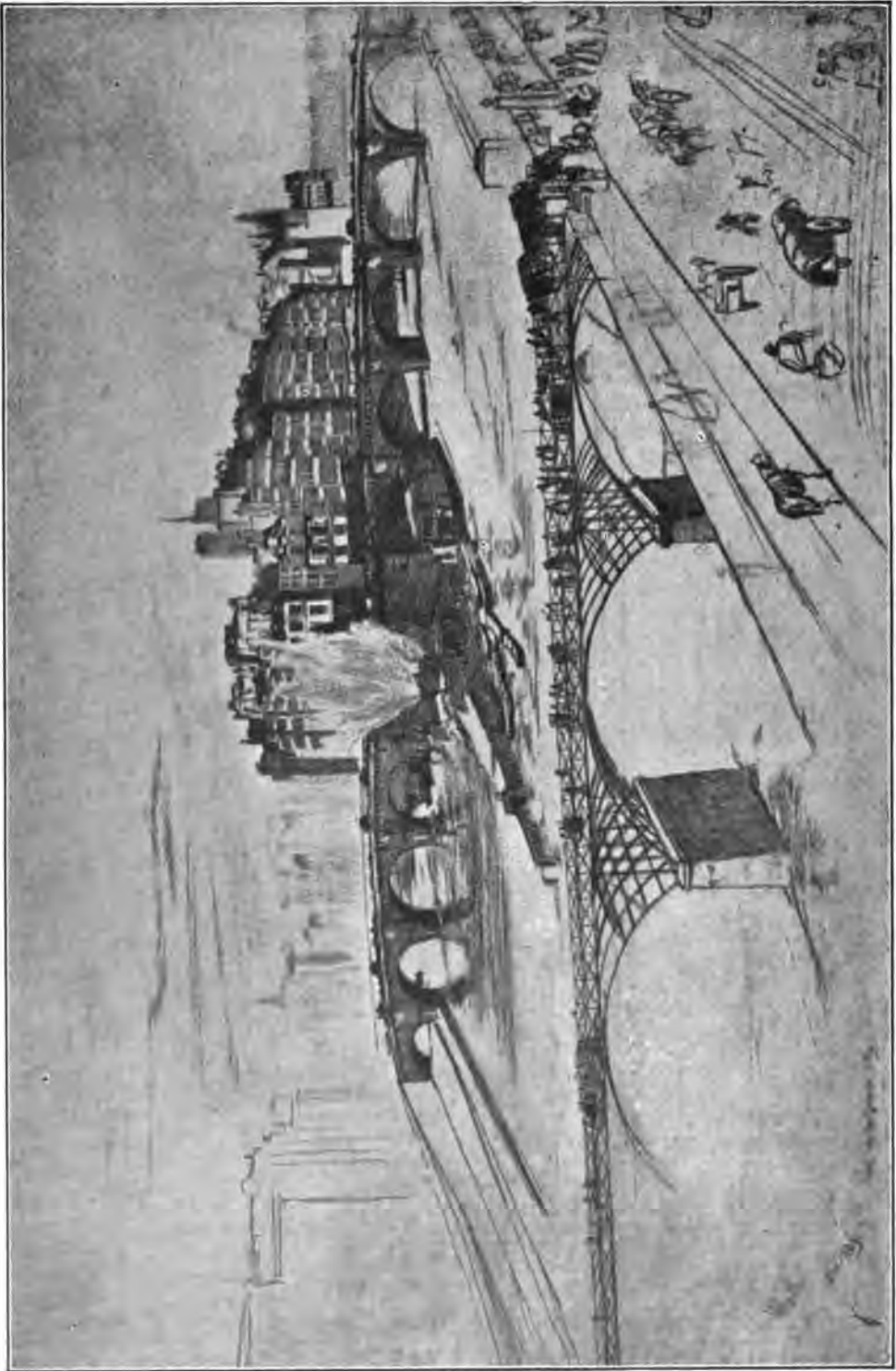
As perfect a picture of the Joe Sibley who appeared in *Tribby* when Du Maurier's story was running serially as one could desire is drawn in Mr. Mortimer Menpes's *Whistler as I Knew Him*. This is a delightful book in two ways. In the first place, the illustrations are exceptional. In the second place, the author, writing in an easy and unlaboured style, gives you an impression of Whistler which you will not easily forget. Mr. Menpes's devotion to the Master, as he calls him, did not blind him to the preposterous sides of Whistler's character,

and with a very keen sense of humour he has shown Whistler at work and at play, at the tailor's, and at the hair-dresser's, flying into a perfectly senseless but quickly forgotten rage at his most intimate friends, or strutting down Bond Street in a coat that made him the observed of all the passers by.

In the chapter entitled "Master and Followers," Mr. Menpes gives a very interesting idea of the rank that Whistler held in the estimation of those who followed his methods. "We were true Followers," he writes, "and in the first stage of our enthusiasm we had such a reverence for the Master that, highly as we



THE LATE CLEMENT SCOTT.



WHISTLER'S ILE DE LA CITÉ.

esteemed Velasquez and Rembrandt, we still looked upon these persons as mere drivellers in art compared with him. Strange, eager amateurs we would recognise sometimes, but only because they painted on the Whistler lines. One lady, I remember, used to paint flowers. We thought her work very fine. She had no academic training; but we placed her highly because she painted on grey panels and in sympathy with Whistler. He, of course, we placed far above Raphael. In fact, we couldn't stand Raphael, because Whistler had said that he was the smart young man of his period. One rainy day Whistler was sitting in my dining-room poring over a large volume of Raphael's cartoons. After spending two hours with them, he came to the conclusion that Raphael did not count. But he was pleased, he said, to have had the opportunity of placing the smart young man of his day. Rembrandt we recognised to a certain extent, because Whistler had been heard to say that he had his good days. Also, however, he had remarked that Rembrandt revelled in gummy pigment and treacly tones: so Rembrandt, in our opinion, did not occupy much of a position. Canaletto and Velasquez we placed high, very high, but not, of course, on the same plane with Whistler. The only master with whom we could compare our own was Hokusai, the Japanese painter."

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It is presumably by the President's permission that a firm of publishers has issued a selection of **President Roosevelt's** "pithy sayings" from his **velt's Epigrams** books and speeches under the title, *The Strenuous Epigrams of President Roosevelt*, but the result is that things like this are going around in the newspapers:

I would like to be President again, but I would far rather be a whole President for three years than half a President for seven years.

* * * * *

We must all either wear out or rust out. My choice is to wear out.

* * * * *

The wellbeing of the tiller of the soil and the wage worker is the wellbeing of the State.

It is dangerous. There are light-minded people whose fancied sense of humour is so dear to them that they will turn against any man who is too often made to seem ridiculous. It was shown in the case of ex-Mayor Low, whom



This sketch expresses the feelings of one of our readers about a "very bad break" which appeared on page 439 of the July issue. Our own feelings could not be expressed in language that would be wholly parliamentary.

many deserted out of sheer frivolity. Even in politics it is possible to breed enemies by ennui. There are light-minded people, we fear, whose votes have actually been endangered by the encomiums of Mr. Jacob Riis. The use of the word "strenuous" has already embittered a finical few against the President, and if "epigrams" like these are scattered about they will surely knife him at the polls. Moreover, they make even the simple-minded feel a little blasé.

An article which appeared in the March number of this magazine entitled "The Literary Parasite" and signed Leslie Selleck has brought on the writer and editors praise and blame in nearly equal measure. The letters we have received are too voluminous to print in full, but some idea of their contents may be had from a few extracts. Mr. William A. Dresser of the Author's Agency, Cambridge, Mass., refers "to the very sweeping article with the offensive title, 'The Literary Parasite'" as not only unjust but as likely to prejudice people against his line of work. He adds:

"If the article had been a fair and reasonable one,—criticising only the objectionable methods of a few people known to prey upon the public in this field as in many others,—it would, of course, have been a very different thing; but the whole article, both in statement and spirit, is of such a sweeping, exaggerated, and misleading nature that it could not possibly fail to convey an entirely unjustified and harmful impression, sure to react upon any conscientious literary worker rendering legitimate aid in the field of criticism, revision, and practical advice.

"I might take up the article in detail, showing either gross inaccuracy or misleading statement, especially in those portions relating to what the writer chooses to call 'Authors' Parasites'; but an impartial reading of the first two pages and the closing paragraph will amply show what I mean, and I think you will at once see that many of my clients and friends have been well justified in expressing surprise at the publication of so radically sweeping an article in *THE BOOKMAN*."

Readers will perhaps recall that Mr. Selleck did not confine his attention to the literary agent, but slashed right and left at the school official, the correspondence school, "the appealing reviewer," "the club lecturer," "the dishonest publisher," "the acquisitive author," "the book dealer with a scheme," the "fake literary journal," the "literary adviser" and others. He divides literary parasites into publisher's parasites and writer's leeches. "The writer's leeches," he says, "are the more flagrant in method, the hungrier, and on the whole the meaner."

He certainly was sweeping, taking no

more account of exceptions than Solomon did when he said all men are liars. Yet to some he did not seem a whit too radical. A lady in Helena, Montana, for instance, hails him as a champion:

"Your clever article in the current *BOOKMAN*," she writes, "came to my notice and I am taking the liberty of sending you a letter I received recently from one who, it seems, is the greatest parasite of them all. I wrote him just to see what his scheme was, and I'm wondering if any one will be idiot enough to send him \$35, which he so confidently says is to pay his expenses! I really think that such an one should be exposed, and your caustic pen, tipped with vitriol, may use this letter, if it chooses, with my permission."

The letter, which is from a literary agent in a western city, contains passages as alluring as any of those which Mr. Selleck quoted in his article:

"I place manuscripts of nearly all kinds of books, plays, short and serial stories, poetry, music, scientific works, etc. I placed one book in January of this year that has already sold 100,000 copies and is still selling at a rate of 50,000 copies a month. . . . I have never had a dissatisfied client. . . . I have placed all manuscripts I started out to place . . . I require each author to pay \$35 in advance, which is to pay his share of my advertising and travelling expenses. . . . My success and prestige with publishers is not to be attributed to luck. I never offer a worthless publication," etc.

Now, it is hard to believe that the honest and efficient literary agent will be in any wise injured by Mr. Selleck's censure of the other kind. It so happens that he has met mainly the other kind (who after all are rather common and conspicuous), so he feels toward the whole class as some of us do toward plumbers and gasmen and politicians. We have had better luck, and to remove any misapprehension we swear here and now that there *are* good literary agents; that by contrast they appear almost saintly; and if Mr. Selleck's warning can induce incautious authors to take more pains in seeking them out, it will benefit every one concerned. And to judge from the frequency with which they have been taken in, in spite of repeated exposures, they are not a particularly prudent tribe, and therefore need rather emphatic advice.

A new volume of Kipling's stories is to be published in the autumn by Doubleday, Page & Co., under the title of *Traffics and Discoveries*, and will contain one comparatively long tale, "The Army of a Dream," hitherto unpublished. The others are all short stories which have appeared in the magazines. This is the first collection of Kipling's tales since *The Day's Work*. The latter, according to the publisher's announcement, "reached a wider circulation than any other book of short stories in recent years," and this will certainly surpass it in merit, if not in sales, for some of the stories in *The Day's Work*, it will be recalled, were the measure of Kipling at his worst. He had a mania for beast fables at the time and for machinery and boilers—and he mentioned by name all the parts of a steam engine and made them talk to one another and preached a moral lesson on trade unionism by a dialogue between horses in the pasture. Many critics gave him up for lost, but he was only preoccupied or resting, as was proven soon afterwards by the publication of *Kim*, the best and most mature of all his writings. He is, in fact, a lusty, self-renewing creature, not at all the kind that writes itself out, though occasionally absent-minded.

In the earlier criticism of Kipling's work there were loud complaints of its "swagger" or "know-it-all" quality. A few years ago a fellow author declared that Kipling's was the voice of the Hooligan, and the question was debated with much anxiety in the press till the late Sir Walter Besant came out with a peace-making article, in which, without committing himself to either side, he begged authors not to call each other names, because it was bad for property. Mr. George Moore has lately expressed what these critics had in mind, but he has done so more shrewdly than they and with full acknowledgment of the writer's gifts:

"Kipling's whole personality," says Mr. Moore, "suggests the words 'I know a trick worth two of that'; they are in a way an abridgment, a compendium of his attitude toward life; he browses like a horse in tether

within the circle of 'I know a trick worth two of that.' * * * It is the key in which he always writes; he indulges in some modulations, but the key of 'I know a trick worth two of that' is never quite out of his ears, and if one were so minded one could trace it through all his prose and a good many of his poems. Nearly the whole of *Kim* was written in this key. Now and then he modulates into the world and its shows, the Great Wheel, etc., but one knows that the terrible key of 'I know a trick worth two of that' is never far off. And he delights in *Kim* just as he delighted in *Dick*, and his admiration is so spontaneous that it is impossible to read *Kim* without saying to oneself, 'Kim is Mr. Kipling.' Kim is never taken in, and not to be taken in is in Mr. Kipling's eyes a sort of north star whereby one steers the bark of life. Kim is a spy, but spying is called the Great Game, and nothing matters so long as you are not taken in. Mr. Kipling's beast-kind is the same as his mankind and the animals that we are to admire are those that 'know a trick worth two of that.' He does not venture among god-kind, but if he did his gods would 'know a trick worth two of that.'"

In all that has been written of Kipling this is the only passage that we hope he has read.

By far the best criticism of the last few months has come from the novelists.

Besides the *Avowals* of Current Criticism Mr. George Moore, which in spite of eccentricities and exaggerations contains many passages as suggestive as the one above quoted, there is Mr. James's extraordinary essay on D'Annunzio in the last *Quarterly* and Mr. Zangwill's destructive comparison of the actual Japan with the Japan invented by Pierre Loti. It is strange that so little has been said about Mr. James's paper, which shows him at his very best—as penetrating as in his recent novels and with vastly more interest in the world around him. Some of these essays will outlast several of his books, but you hear little about them, probably because they are not "news" according to magazine standards. A new thought on an old subject, a novel point of view, a brilliant bit of critical analysis has not the quality of "news" as defined by most literary editors. "News" consists in publishers' announcements or the discovery of one of Thackeray's washbills or any new book

by any new writer with photograph or where the author of a very good seller is spending the summer. Which, of course, is entirely proper and defensible, for journalism aims at the sort of folk that are most abundant, but at first thoughts it seems a little queer that English and American "literary news" has so little to do with literature. Were it not for that, Mr. James's essay would have been cited many times as the sanest and most acute bit of literary criticism published in several years.

What has become of Pierre Loti's Japan? Mr. Zangwill asks unkindly—that painty toyland with its over-polite, sensuous little folk, who were so unfit for the business of life, so "decrepit at heart," that it needed only a little shake to smash their empire to pieces? Were it not for the present war our heads would still be full of Loti's notions. Loti's Japan has gone to join Tom Moore's United States, the America of Kipling's Notes and the Cuban War of Mr. Harding Davis, for it is truer of the literary man than of anybody else that "the fact looks to the mind as the mind likes the look," though somehow we are taken aback every time it is brought home to us.

It is not our purpose to throw open these columns to advertisements, but we cannot withhold a helping hand from Mr. Adair Humourist Welcker of 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, who sends us two printed slips with mucilage on the back ready for pasting, praising a "book of humour," written by himself. The accompanying letter reads as follows:

"If you will send me a marked copy of your publication containing the matter of either of the enclosed slips I will send you a copy of a book of humour that is An American Classic, for the reason that in its own inimitable nature the humour is not ever to be surpassed, and besides this, there is that in the work that will cause every American having the interest of his country at heart not to regret at any time after receiving it that he has become possessed of a copy."

We have heard of authors who have

praised their own work anonymously, and we know of one in very good standing who wrote an unsigned letter to an editor pointing out a myriad of beauties which he feared the editor had overlooked. But this direct and open method is still uncommon. To be sure there was Mr. Coogler of Columbia, but Coogler laid no claim to humour. He only classed himself in the front rank of bards.

Among the little character sketches with which President Eliot prefaced his bestowal of honorary degrees at the Harvard Commencement, was the following: "I now create Honorary Master of Arts Archer Milton Huntington, scholar, son of a strenuous and broad-minded man of business, author, editor of *The Poem of the Cid*, the most comprehensive and judicious collector of this day in the field of Spanish literature." The "strenuous and broad-minded man of business" was none other than the late Collis P. Huntington, whose record seems to most of us to demand either a more definite and vigorous description or none at all. We understand from baccalaureate addresses that on these stirring occasions there are young men "standing on the threshold," ready to begin "the battle of life," and that their eyes are fairly popping out in quest of the most elementary moral advice, which accordingly is given them in bucketfuls. Now they may in their innocence ask who was this man of business so "strenuous and broad-minded," and finding out who he was and how ample his reward, say, "We, too, may be 'strenuous and broad-minded,' if the laws do not change in the meantime, and legislatures do not rise in price, and stocks are no harder to water, and railways no easier to wreck. Lives of billionaires remind us we may make our own sublime." And forth they fare to the "battle of life," each with a C. P. Huntington hope thumping in his manly bosom along with a university ideal and a few years later half a dozen of them may be hanged. For they *do* get caught sometimes, even in the land of freedom. There are high Huntingtonian qualities, which if not concealed very prudently, lead but to the cell. It was careless of President Eliot not to remem-

ber this. But if he said it deliberately and as a result of financial stress we urge every loyal son of Harvard to send him a money order by the next mail, and we throw open these columns to subscriptions for his relief. The president of our foremost university must have a freer use of descriptive adjectives for people like the late Mr. Huntington or his thoughts will strangle him to death.

✱

The final instalment of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's *Diary* will close, he tells us, with the first Privy Council held by King Edward. Sir Grant Duff's "Diary" As it began on January 1, 1851, it will cover just half a century. In the part that was recently published the record had so far dwindled into triviality that the most assiduous reviewers could find scarcely an anecdote that was worth repeating, and had it not been for the hopes raised by

the earlier portion few would have waded through it. We owe many capital stories to him and are duly grateful, but it is a pity that he should run on and on with that dreary faith in the power of great names to sublimate commonplace. Mr. McCarthy did the same thing in his *Reminiscences*, expanding to two large volumes the material for an article in a magazine, by the simple expedient of writing a page every time he shook hands with a celebrity, two pages if the celebrity said "How d'ye do." The "bon mots" and "witty replies" of Sir Grant Duff's last book reveal a standard that no man on earth has failed to attain. Nor is there any natural human malice to comfort us. "It was never meant," he says, "to be a repository of indiscretions * * * If I was to leave behind me a published diary, I said to myself that it should be one of the most good-natured books of its kind." Where would Pepys be without his indiscretions?

MOTHER EARTH

Tired child, you know me best,
Light upon my bosom lying,
Pain unknown and joy your quest,
Laughter, leaf and bird-wing flying,
Neither doubt nor love your guest,—
Tired child, you know me best.

Heart, you know me not at all,
Through the world's mad tumult pressing,
Blind unto my older thrall,
Strayed beyond my dumb caressing,

Laggard foot and burning stone,
All of life a restless striving,
Heart the alien is alone,
Only I can give you shriving.

Tired child, you know me best,
Stealing back, the world-spent lover,
Faint and soul-sick from the test,
All my boughs shall cool and cover.

Bee shall hum and wind shall croon,
Unseen arms are mine that bound you,—
Rest, and with the leafy noon
Older dreams shall flower round you,—
Lo, the balm of grass my breast!
Tired child, you know me best.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

VI.

THE REPORTER

By Edward W. Townsend

THE three essential qualifications of a good reporter are an instinct which reveals the points of a story which should be lifted up, or featured, because they will make interesting reading; an aptitude for securing the information relating to such points; and a sense which adopts the style of treatment, in writing, best suited to the subject. Training, technique, literary qualities, which may be acquired, are of minor consideration with the practical city editor in determining whether a novice will or will not do. The work of a beginner is searched for evidence of a temperament which promises the qualifications first named, and when that is found the candidate will be laboured over, drilled and trained with hopeful patience. Without that inherent quality a stylist enriched with all the learning of all the schools is considered an unprofitable object of office effort. How often a reporter of average abilities is found even among the selected few who are able to secure a trial may be judged from this statement by the city editor of one New York paper known for its labour of love in developing talent: "We try about thirty-five 'kindergartners' a year—usually college graduates—and it is a good

year when we find one who gives us hope that he may be developed into a reporter with an instinct for the interesting end of a story, and a sense of how to put it into attractive shape. That is all we look for; we gladly give the technical training."

It is often the lack of a sense of proportion which accounts for the failures. The handling of a piece of news which furnished not only a second, but a third and fourth day story recently, will explain this point which I wish to make clear before going forward with an account of a reporter's activities. A diver is caught in the mouth of a great pipe at the bottom of a reservoir. He may be alive when the story reaches newspaper readers, and there is the suspended interest, a vital, powerful interest for the story. A score of reporters learn identical facts, but send off by telegraph much varying stories. While one laboriously tells of the physical conditions at the intake of the pipe, another compiles a list of names and dates—facts suited for the story of the reservoir, not the diver!—a third searches his brain for words descriptive of horror, and vows never again to take an out-of-town assignment without first pocketing a thesaurus. But the twentieth man is writing a simply worded story of the acts,

The following story from the New York *Tribune* will give an idea of the great variety of points which a metropolitan newspaper must cover in order to insure a complete and satisfactory account of a great disaster such as the burning of the *General Slocum*:

About 11 o'clock on the morning of June 15 this bulletin came into the office from Police Headquarters:

"The steamer *General Slocum*, carrying a Sunday school excursion from the East Side, is on fire in the East River opposite One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. Women and children are jumping into the water, some with their clothing on fire. Ambulances have been called from four hospitals. Casualties will be heavy."

The city editor grabbed his telephone and sent a hurry call to the head of the art de-

partment for photographers. Inside of ten minutes two had packed their cameras and were on their way to the scene. One reporter was in the office at the time—the men are not due to work until 1 p.m. He was dispatched at once as a sort of outsider to look the ground over and report immediately to the city editor the extent of the disaster. Then the telegraph and telephone were called into requisition to summon to the office every available man on the staff. The "day off" which every newspaper man looks forward to each week as a relief from his wearing toil had to be sacrificed by several. Some were not due at the office until 7 p.m., but all were required to start for the office on receipt of the message. By 12.30 p.m. ten men were ready to take assignments—that is, orders to "cover" certain parts of the "story." By this time the "outsider" had telephoned that the dis-

words, expressions, of a group of men trying to reach, or communicate, with the imprisoned diver; tells of their hopes, fears, labours, sacrifices; of the trials and failures of another diver, his sturdy courage, manly grief—all this concerned with one unseen man pinned down in the depth *who may be alive!* He tells not of pressure of water, of suction, but of a mud-died oaf who will not leave the air pump though racked with pain and dropping with fatigue; a doctor who has sat for two days on the raft to be at hand when the diver shall be released; tearful women on the shore; a great man in New York who crowds the resources of a great railroad to rush means for rescue—because the man down there *may be alive!* Why, half of New York forgot business and pleasure that day discussing this drama

of suspended interest which one reporter alone had the instinct to feature proportionately. Had the diver fallen off the edge of the reservoir dam, broken his neck and died at once New York would not have read so much as the few lines its papers would have printed about the accident. There were a dozen accounts which contained more information—mere facts—than the one referred to, but their writers lacked the instinct of the first-class reporter.

The one good story out of twenty reports of the same event may be written by a novice, because city editors cannot always tell from a bulletin that it relates to a story of good possibilities; and even if a good story is hinted at, the good reporter—one known to be good—may not be available. He is a rare bird.

aster was of enormous proportions, that the death list could not be less than two hundred and was more likely to be five hundred. Bulletins bearing the same distressing information were pouring in from police headquarters. One reporter of long and varied experience, especially in "covering" accidents, fires, crimes and the like, was assigned to write the main story—that is, the general narrative. A younger man was sent along with him to look up outlying points and work under the orders of his older associate. They headed straight for the scene.

But the general narrative or main story was only a small part. There were a hundred and one phases that had to be described. What did the officers of the company owning the boat have to say about the disaster? What was their explanation of the swift destruction of the "good ship" to which they had intrusted the lives of some hundreds of human beings? There were other questions which could be answered in the same neighborhood. The government inspectors of steam vessels were responsible for the safe condition of the boat. When had they inspected her and what was their last report on her? How many persons was she allowed to carry, and had she exceeded her legal limit on the day of the disaster? These were cognate phases and the sources of information were close together. So the city editor gave to one man the general subject of investigation down town.

Then there was a possibility of criminal prosecution for negligence, and the Police Department would have to make an inquiry. Police Headquarters and the District Attorney's office had to be watched for these points, and another man was so assigned.

The neighborhood from which the unfortunate passengers of the *Slocum* came would be a scene of mourning and distress. Inci-

dents around the homes of the dead would be many and interesting. There would be no end of dramatic scenes in "Little Germany," so one man was sent up to the East Side with orders for a graphic description of the happenings in the stricken district. He was told especially to watch the church from which the ill-starred excursion went out and the office of the sexton and the home of the pastor, to which undoubtedly many pathetic reports of dead and missing would be carried. The arrangements for funerals were part of this assignment. Another man was sent to the same neighborhood to collect all the experience of survivors that he could get hold of. Every man on the story was told to do the same thing, incidentally, whenever opportunity offered.

The feats of the rescuers, the care of the injured by the doctors and nurses at North Brother Island, where the *Slocum* had been beached, the recovery and care of the dead at the island were left to the "main story" man and his aid, as they were on the ground, and these points would form a material feature of the general narrative. The "outsider" in the mean time had been sent to the hospitals to get the statements of the injured captain and other members of the crew. Experiences of survivors as they related to the general facts of the disaster were to be part of the main story. The "main story" man and his assistant were gathering them on the ground at North Brother Island.

So much for special mention of a few of the chief phases that had to be developed promptly. To make a long story short, here is a transcript of the assignments which were recorded by 1 p.m. on the day of the disaster:

Slocum accident—general story.
See St. Mark's Church.
See federal boat inspectors.

WORKING UPWARD.

For the sake of getting at the work of the shop let us assume that a new man has fallen upon his longed-for chance, and turned in a good story. Then the city editor will eagerly examine the new man's copy before handing it out to be read and edited by a copy reader. He sees its excellence and its faults. For the latter he cares but little; they will be remedied by the copy reader. But for its evidence that a new man with a sense of proportion has been discovered he gives thanks—not so loudly, however, that the new man hears them. He may be of the not unknown kind who would be spoiled by premature praise, but he gradually finds that he has made a hit at the city desk. Better, bigger, and more important assignments are given to him, he is called to the desk and talked to about his work; hints as to his faults from the office view point are more frequent than suggestions that he is a coming man. He is nursed along, watched carefully—more so than he realizes—and tried with more difficult stories, stories his office thinks highly of though they may be but little esteemed in other offices. Then he is discouraged, for he finds himself again assigned with commonplace men from other papers. But he soon learns that there is a vast difference in different offices in the estimation with which the same story is regarded—that's part of his training—and comes to know that the man he is to please is not his old instructor in literature, but his present city editor, and

writes for him and at him. The city editor knows what the class of readers his paper reaches want, so of course, in pleasing him the reporter is pleasing his other readers. Though a city desk painfully lacks in warmth, the reporter is not without praise: his fellows are not slow to give that—"Pretty good yarn of yours this morning, old chap"—or the exchange readers show him one of his human nature stories on its round of the press; and maybe, after a year of good work, he will be called to the desk and told "The chief left word that he liked that story of yours this morning."

Big stories come to him now, and he begins to live a wonderfully varied life, to have in a month experiences a successful man in another profession might not have in a lifetime. He is made to take his part in many forms of human activity. He must tell of crimes, and report the trials of criminals; tell of crusades, and picture crusaders, moral and political; describe the launching of a great war ship, then tell the details of a shipbuilding trust's failure from its human nature side, on another page from that whereon the Wall Street man tells the story as a specialist; the inauguration of a president calls for his general introduction one day, and the marriage of a Chinese notable supplies the material for his next day's story; a railway "horror" finds him one night helping doctors and train men in the stress of their work, while he is absorbing a picture of wreck and suffering, and calculating on the time it will take him to

See Knickerbocker Steamboat Company.
When was *Slocum* inspected? Her capacity.

Overloaded steamships.

See Collector Stranahan.

Homes of victims and East Side.

Other big steamship disasters.

Effect on summer excursions.

Rescues by factories in Long Island City.

Scenes at North Brother Island.

History of the *Slocum*, her capacity, etc.

Injured at hospitals.

See captain and crew.

All these points had to be thought of quickly in order to give the reporters time to gather their facts and write their "copy" early. Suggestions from other members of the staff were freely offered, and helped out the list of assignments, but the city editor was responsible for the framework of the story and for getting the men to work promptly.

Several reporters were kept in the office

on reserve to look up points which might develop as the details of the disaster came to light. For instance, the story of a survivor might reflect seriously on the conduct of another person in a different part of the city, or might disclose an important source of information which would have to be explored on the instant.

All afternoon the evening papers were being searched for suggestions, and the bulletins from Police Headquarters came pouring in, bearing one detail after another which required investigation. Reporters were calling on the telephone from various points, and supplementary orders were communicated to them as details came to light.

In the evening a fresh detail of men had to be made to let the reporters sent out in the afternoon come in and write their "copy." Certain points had to be watched continuously, and, as fast as one man came to the office to write the news he had gathered, another was sent to take his place.



A REPORTER AT WORK AMONG THE BODIES OF THE "GENERAL SLOCUM" VICTIMS
ON THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT STEAMER, "MASSASOIT."

reach the nearest telegraph office and write his copy; the next night there may be fun enough in a diagnosis of an irate prima donna's summoned sore throat to take him, in evening dress, to the apartment of an angry or aggrieved diva; in the morning, before he is disposed to leave his bed, he is ordered to hustle down to Sandy Hook to relate how a sixteen-inch gun is fired in trial; that evening he misses a dinner engagement because some young woman in the Berkshire Hills who has acquired the getting-lost habit is at it again, and "there seems to be a good story in it, somehow," the city editor remarks as he points to a time table which shows that a train connection in darkest Connecticut can be made only if the Grand Central station is reached in half an hour, and "you can dine on the train."

THE DAY'S WORK.

I have memoranda to show any reader disposed to doubt that this relates no imaginary sequence of events in the duties of a reporter.

A morning paper reporter, if not covering an early assignment, reports to the city editor at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and is assigned to his afternoon work. Ordinarily he collects his material, and has his story written in time to take another assignment for night work at about half past five o'clock. Then he is at liberty to dine and meet his fellow man until the hour when his night assignment calls him, usually about 8 o'clock. But the afternoon story may have an end which projects into the night; there is yet material to collect. Then dinner is cut and the performance becomes continuous. Generally the night story can be written and turned in by midnight, and with that the day's work is done, and supper is in order. That is a day of good hours. The night assignment may inconsiderately develop new points until the necessity of getting something into print calls the reporter to his office to write. In that case another man is sent out to take up the unfinished end, and the man who has been at work on it all day finishes his writing as late as 2 o'clock in the morning, and then goes uptown for the first meal of the day he has eaten with any deliberation.

Unless a story is unusually big, or has a great many ends, it is given to one man. Even with several ends this is possible because of a system which all offices profess to prohibit their men from using, but which they generally wink at, nevertheless. By this system the reporters from all the papers covering the same story meet, and divide it up into what are called ends, agreeing to meet later for an exchange of material. I never knew such an agreement to be broken but once. One man chanced upon an important development in the story while covering his end, and at the meeting for exchange withheld it, giving, however, some material of a sort he was expected to get. Every other reporter was "called down" hard by his city editor the next day for having missed the point. But there was a second day story, and the man who had held out his material was kept out of the combine and unmercifully beaten on the day's work. Then he was wiggled by his city editor, and on the third day begged of his fellows to be restored to grace, saying that his position depended on the day's story. A man with a vital vocabulary and a command of vigorous condemnatory phrases was told off to express the opinion of the combine to the sinner, who was again taken into the agreement. We afterwards learned that his city editor had offered a reward to any member of his staff who would betray a combine for the benefit of his paper. It is a fact that that man was driven out of the profession by his fellows, but his paper thrives, preaching daily the beauty of high morals and exalted ideas in human conduct. This exchange of news, even where there is but one end of a story, is a usual accommodation among reporters, and one would be ashamed of them if it were not so. City editors affect to disapprove of it, but never, within my knowledge, have punished for it. Reporters who work year after year, side by side, seeking news under cheerless, disagreeable, and not infrequently dangerous conditions, develop a character of comradeship which destroys desire to beat or scoop each other. Indeed, most scoops result from accident or chance, and not from design, and are heard of more in the shop talk of novices and outsiders than among experienced reporters.

COVERING THE LEXOW INVESTIGATION.

Something akin to the scoop is sought for constantly, and is matter of open and friendly rivalry. This harks back to what I had to say about the qualifications of a reporter. Among the men covering a big sensational trial, or investigation, say, there is daily effort by the first-class men to select a point in the day's proceed-

ings to lift up into a prominence which gives it the appearance of an exclusive feature in the report. As nearly all papers restrict their reporters to a chronological order in the narration of testimony, this featuring of some one point would be difficult were it not that to such stories an introduction, generally written by the man on the case—though sometimes by



RICHARD CROKER LEAVING THE AMERICAN LINE PIER, UPON ARRIVAL FROM ENGLAND. ACCOMPANIED BY REPORTERS WHO INTERVIEW HIM AS THEY WALK UP THE STREET.



ALONG POLICE HEADQUARTERS' NEWSPAPER ROW.
The offices along Mulberry Street where the criminal news of the day is written for the New York papers.



A "HERALD" REPORTER AT THE EAST TWENTY-SECOND STREET POLICE STATION GETTING INFORMATION
[ABOUT A MURDER FROM THE SERGEANT.]

an office man—heads, or “leads” the news. In this introduction the skillful man brings forward and emphasises a feature of the story in a way to make it appear like an exclusive piece of news. That is as near to a scoop as reporters generally try to get over their rivals.

If one is supposed to blush when writing of himself, consider my blushes blushed at this point, for I shall say something about the hardest piece of newspaper work I ever did, by way of showing the amount of work a reporter is sometimes called upon to do. After the first two or three days’ sittings of the Lexow Committee, I reported its proceedings alone for the *Sun*. For many weeks I wrote daily stories which at first ran three or four columns, without illustrations, two thousand words to the column. Then they were raised to five or six columns, then to seven or eight, and ended with a nine-column story, every one of which I turned into the desk before going to dinner. But my dinner was a movable feast in those days, coming anywhere from eight to eleven o’clock in the evening.

The proceedings of the committee were notable for lively incidents, the number and astonishing character of witnesses,

and the startling nature of the testimony, and one was supposed to miss no incident, closely pen-portray each witness, and give all the testimony which would make good reading; neglecting no side-light which added to the interest of the story—such as the nature of the crowd in attendance, effect of startling testimony on different members of the committee, and on people among the spectators. Recalling this case suggests a peculiarity about reporters which has always interested me, but which I have never seen referred to in stories or books about newspaper men, that is, their inability, when not on duty, to find entertainment in a kind of thing with which their duties have made them familiar. A man who for years wrote the introduction to big football stories used to mourn that he could not see a game without having to write it. When he took a night desk position he went gleefully to the next game played near by, but came away worn and uncomfortable. “I was writing the (modified) thing all the time,” he wailed, “and worried about missing any matter which would make good introduction.” I know of a dozen such incidents; men who longed for the theatre, opera, race track, field sports, if they could go and not



REPORTER TESTING A LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS FOR THE PURPOSE OF A SUNDAY "SPECIAL."

have them to report. But when chance came, and they went, they mentally reported what they saw, and worked instead of playing. After the Lexow Committee came another one. I had left the shop then, but I hunted up an old comrade and asked to be taken into a hearing. "Ah, ha," said I, "I'll enjoy this—no work, only my untroubled observation!" Well, I was there the day Croker said he was in politics "for my own pocket all the time," and made famous the phrase: "That is my private business." Like the man on the Bowery, I didn't have a good time at all. I found myself mentally writing an introduction to the story, searching for words which would best render the calm insolence of the witness, his fixed belief, startlingly evident though unexpressed, that he was a chosen mortal, a superior being to the puny fellow who dared to ask questions; his dumb, but unmistakable, wonder why swift punishment did not overtake the questioning lawyer. I plugged away at my work, noting the effect of the witness's answer on his hearers, the pugnacious joy of

some, disgust of others, the fear of some—well, there I was, working hard when I had sought amusement!

THE INFANTA, THE OFFICER, AND THE REPORTER.

Valuable work is done by reporters who have the same assignment every day, such as ship news, police headquarters, the Tenderloin precinct. The work of such men benefits by a large acquaintance among those prominent in the fields of their activities. They come to be recognised as institutions, and acquire many privileges. No one in the customs service or at quarantine thinks of denying an interview to the ship news man; at police headquarters the Commissioner makes an interview with the reporters a part of his day's work; at the Tenderloin station the reporters have almost an official standing. But aside from men on such regular assignments I think a reporter is handicapped rather than helped by a large acquaintance. The less the element of personal relation disturbs the balance of the reporter's professional mind the better



REPORTER IN THE NEW YORK MORGUE OBTAINING DATA ON A "STORY."



A REPORTER INTERVIEWING AN ACTRESS ON THE AMERICAN LINE PIER, WHILE HER BAGGAGE IS BEING EXAMINED BY A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.



AN ELECTROCUTION IN SING SING PRISON.
Reporters for the Newspapers on the stools at the right.

he can do his work. Most big interviews are arranged for by the office, and the casual interview turns out better reading matter if the reporter and the person interviewed are strangers. It is an error to suppose that interviews are difficult to obtain: they are more often asked for by persons seeking to be interviewed than refused by persons sought. With a few notorious exceptions New York papers seldom, if ever, ask for an interview which is not gladly given, and to which it is entitled, as we have come to consider the rights of newspapers. Anyway, interviews are a poor feature of a paper's daily offering of entertainment or instruction. Even in the story of a great person, a foreigner, say, and a notable, what he may say is usually poor reading compared to the pen sketch of his appearance, manners, and surface characteristics any good reporter can give from observation. When the Spanish Infanta was here I wrote her story for a week, and I was said to make pretty good reading of it, though I never tried to interview her. And that reminds me of a story: When

she was taken to West Point on a Government ship the naval officer in charge of the trip—whose greatness as he saw it had been overlooked by the press—at first refused to let any reporter on board. General Horace Porter, a committeeman, induced him to modify the severity of his exclusiveness to the extent of permitting one reporter to sail, and the combine designated me for the duty. I was having a satisfactory time with the officers in the mess room when one of them came in bursting with laughter. He explained that, as I was the only man on board not in uniform, the Princess had asked who I was. The officer, who did not like reporters, saw his opportunity, and replied: "Oh, that is the caterer's man."

INTERVIEWING A CONDEMNED MURDERER.

I have had some interesting interviews, though. Once I was sent to report the execution of a man who had had four trials in four years in four counties for a murder, and every time convicted, and three times succeeded in securing a new



JULIAN HAWTHORNE AND OTHER REPORTERS COVERING THE GALVESTON DISASTER.

trial. With another reporter, and those grisly named, though usually cheerful, persons, the death watch, I sat up all night with the condemned man. I interviewed him with all the skill I had, to discover if he pretended his expressed belief that he would not be hanged. It became interesting as the hour for the execution approached, for I saw that he felt as certain that he would escape as that the day would dawn. The day did dawn, in fact, and soon afterwards the man was told to make ready to follow the sheriff. That did not shake his belief, nor did the exhortations of the good priest who begged the man to abandon thoughts of the world and prepare his mind and soul for death.

He raved half an hour on the gallows, and his last shriek—through a black cap—was to the people to save him. But one seldom meets with so interesting a person on an interview assignment.

WIRING COPY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

All reporters can tell stories of frights they have had over conditions which seemingly make it impossible to get copy to the office. Once I was sent out of town by a San Francisco paper to get the story of a wreck. I was the only reporter who caught the train by which, and a stage, the scene could be reached the afternoon of the day the bulletin came announcing the wreck. The nearest tele-



INTERVIEWING HALL CAINE ON THE DECK OF AN INCOMING OCEAN LINER.



REPORTERS WATCHING THE NELSON HOUSE ON FIFTH AVENUE FOR REGINALD C. VANDERBILT, WHO WAS BEING SOUGHT BY COUNTY DETECTIVES.

graph office was in a country store, whose clerk had mastered the instrument only well enough to send slowly a few lines of marine news, so I took with me a first class operator from the San Francisco office. I left my operator at the village inn and went to the wreck, where I found material for a fine story. A country lad had saved the only two survivors, and his story, and theirs, gave all the points I lacked. A rattling good story, and I had not been two hours from the inn. I procured myself a good dinner after getting the story out, and sought my operator. He was speechless! Really, I never saw a dumbier man. He could not stand on his feet when I tried to make him do so. His two hands and legs and fingers all had gone limp to enough to make him as good as a dead man. I could control his hand with a telegraphic key, which might be looked at. It was grasping at a straw. But as the help of sympathetic villagers I did not see that the grocer's store and operator bore the instrument. Then he returned to the island again.

wrote the first sheet of copy, and placed it before him. He took hold of the key and began to work, weaving about on the chair as like to distil into a jelly on the floor, presently. I wrote on. He finished one page before I wrote another. The grocer clerk—who confessed that he could not have sent my copy in a week—quieted my fear that the man was only messing with the key. The local man said he had never heard such rapid, clean sending. I wrote, and the speechless one sent, and for hours only the sharp, business like click of the key was heard: not a break, not a query, not an interruption. At my last words on the last sheet of copy, "Good night," the man at the key managed to keep after an effort, "I am all right," and then he fell off the chair and slept peacefully until morning. Readers will recall the story of Guy Mannerling of a law clerk who took his lesson a lifetime of long hard devotion while in the chamber of an attorney. Some feared that some readers might doubt that story, and has a not very interesting truth. I did not read that not true.



HAWTHORNE IN THE BOSTON CUSTOM HOUSE

SOME LATELY DISCOVERED FACTS WHICH ARE AT VARIANCE WITH THE
HITHERTO ACCEPTED DATA OF HIS BIOGRAPHERS

IT was a long time after Hawthorne's death before the public mind was in a frame favourably to welcome any praise of the man or his work. He died during the closing years of the Civil War when his countrymen were absorbed by superior cares and anxieties and the passing of even so celebrated a person could excite but a secondary interest.

Moreover, he had unfortunately antagonised the prevailing political opinion of his section by his dedication of "Our Old Home" to Franklin Pierce, and by several of his public writings, particularly his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1862, "Chiefly on War Matters." The tone of these and a certain untimely flippancy of treatment of persons and events in the latter, caused great offense and practically ostracised their author from society at the North.

The asperities so occasioned naturally were not to be allayed at once. Perhaps they have not to this day been entirely

obliterated. The wounds inflicted by a friend rankle longest, and those incurred in political strife heal slowly and sometimes leave ineradicable scars. Some reason, despite his established claim to distinction, there must be to account for the fact that the name of the man who made Salem famous stirs little or no enthusiasm there, but at best only chary recognition when it is not a stolid indifference, in answer to a stranger's inquiries about him, his haunts and relics.

It is not unaccountable then that not until twelve years after his death and the war and much of its animosities were things of the past, that is to say in 1876, did his publishers deem the time propitious to revive Hawthorne's claims as one of the most illustrious of American men of letters by presenting the first authoritative biography of him to public attention. The volume was modestly entitled "A Study," but embodied the essential facts of his life, and in many re-

spects an adequate analysis of his genius and its product. The work was written by his son-in-law, George P. Lathrop, himself a man of letters, and who in having access to Hawthorne's correspondence, diaries and literary remains was eminently competent to perform the task.

From these sources and from people who had known Hawthorne—he himself never saw him in the flesh—Mr. Lathrop drew what may be said to comprise the gist of pretty much all that has since been so voluminously retold and descanted upon concerning the eminent novelist's career. He is likewise primarily responsible for several inaccuracies in statement of certain alleged facts and dates regarding Hawthorne's first government place, which have been hitherto accepted without question, but which are at variance with official records recently brought to light.

Mr. Lathrop being a Boston man and the editor of a literary journal published in that city, it might well be taken for granted that he would instinctively turn for the verification of these points to the original and most obvious source of accurate information—the archives of the Boston Custom House. The abundant references in the earlier note-books, without being specific as to details, unmistakably point the direction in which such details should be sought, and it is hence all the more remarkable that Hawthorne's first biographer should have failed, as he unquestionably did, to consult these records. Moreover, it is a matter of lasting regret that he did not avail himself of his opportunity, since had he done so there undoubtedly would have been discovered and so preserved much biographical material concerning Hawthorne which with good reason is believed to have existed in the old files so lately as 1894, but which in the Spring of that year was destroyed by fire. By a fortunate accident, however, some fragments of this precious material, to be noted hereafter, were saved out of the more than 200 tons of official documents, many of them of historical value, that perished in the flames.

The errors referred to, trivial perhaps in themselves, rise to importance as being related to an eminent man like Nathaniel Hawthorne, and, although his fame does not depend on a date or a designation,

their perpetuation has led to some undue estimates and false conclusions that it would seem both individual and public interest are concerned to have set right.

Mr. Lathrop's misstatements have been copied with the fidelity of a photographic process by successive biographers, including also Professor Woodberry. For convenience these errors will be here indicated as they reappear in the latter's work and so offer a ready means of comparison with the authentic facts supplied by the records and documents referred to above. In the first place it is stated on page 86 of Woodberry's "*Nathaniel Hawthorne*" that the latter was "appointed a weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House at a salary of \$1,200."

The writer has examined among others of the old record-books of the Boston Custom House that were saved from the flames, one in which appears a verified copy of the official letter recommending Hawthorne's appointment, and of which the following is a transcript:

CUSTOM HOUSE, BOSTON,

Jan. 17, 1839.

Sir:—I have appointed Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., of Salem (biographer of Cilley) a measurer, in place of Paul R. George, dismissed, and request your approval of his appointment.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE BANCROFT, Collector.

HON. LEVI WOODBURY, Sec'y of the Treasury.

This abstract settles beyond controversy Hawthorne's official designation to have been that of a Measurer instead of a Weigher and Gauger, the two positions being differentiated by the character of the duties pertaining to them and by the amount of their respective compensation.

Much stress has been laid by some writers on the assumed niggardliness of the Federal government in rewarding a man of genius like Nathaniel Hawthorne with so insignificant a stipend as \$1,200; while considerable undue commiseration and indignation has been expressed at the ignominious services—that of measuring coal, salt and other commodities on "nasty little barges and vile-smelling schooners"—required of this gentleman and scholar.

Concerning this, however, it should be remembered that up to 1839 Hawthorne



"THE WAYSIDE," CONCORD, MASS. THE SECOND RESIDENCE
OF HAWTHORNE.

Previously occupied by the Alcotts. The last years of Hawthorne's life were spent here.
It was the scene of his "Septimus Felton."



"THE OLD MANSE." BUILT ABOUT 1765 BY EMERSON'S GRANDFATHER.
Hawthorne lived here from 1842 to 1846 and made it famous by the "Mosses."

was comparatively unknown and undistinguished. He had, indeed, written many tales and sketches for the few magazines and annuals of the time, but as these were mostly published anonymously he had acquired little reputation from them except among a limited local circle of friends. This is indicated by the circumstance that Bancroft himself a man of literary attainments and associations, in recommending Hawthorne's appointment mentions him merely as the "Biographer of Cilley," that individual having been a classmate of Hawthorne, who subse-

quently, while a member of Congress from Maine, was killed in a duel that caused something of a sensation. Hawthorne's "biography" was a slight performance of the "tribute to friendship" kind, and as it was published in the *Dewey Review*, very likely had found its way to the notice of the statesmen at Washington. Hence the collector's reference.

Relative to the implied paltriness of his compensation, it is submitted that even an income of \$1,200 in 1839, estimated by the purchasing power of that sum



OLD CUSTOM HOUSE.

House Street, Boston (built in 1822), in which Hawthorne had his office 1839-41—his "darkening denizen."

then as compared with the same now, was a generous emolument, and to Nathaniel Hawthorne at that period it must have seemed comparative affluence. For at the time he was seeking the place he confessed to his friend and confidant, Horatio Bridge, that he had never earned in any one year of his life, with all his literary industry, a sum exceeding \$300.

As to the supposition that his duties were demeaning, Hawthorne at least did not appear to consider them as such. On the contrary he viewed his situation in a philosophical light and rather plumed himself, it would seem, on his ability to adapt his personality and superior capacities to the lowly conditions which necessity had forced upon him. Indeed, a letter which he wrote to George S. Hillard while seeking something to do at another time, indicates his feeling in that respect. He says in this epistle:

"I shall not stand upon my dignity; that must take care of itself. *Do not think anything too humble to be mentioned to me.*"

In the case under immediate consideration he appears indeed to regard it as a distinct gain that he had been compelled to mingle with the humbler toilers in the hive of human industry, for as he writes in his journal at the time, "from henceforth I shall be entitled to call the sons of toil my brethren and shall know how to sympathize with them, seeing that I likewise have risen with the dawn, and borne the fervor of the midday sun, nor turned my heavy footsteps homeward till eventide."

As additional confirmation of the records cited above, the readers of THE BOOKMAN are herewith presented with a concrete piece of evidence, now first published, which sufficiently speaks for itself,

GEORGE BANCROFT, Collector of the Customs for the District of
Boston and Charlestown.

Mch
1839

J. Nathl Hawthorne

For my services as Measurer of Salt, Coal, &c. from *Jan 17.*

to *Mch 3* inclusive, being *73 days*

at \$1500 per annum, is *\$304 7*

BOSTON, *Mch 30* 1839 RECEIVED of GEORGE BANCROFT,
Collector of the Customs, for the District of *Boston & Charlestown* the
sum of *three hundred four 7/10* Dollars, in full for my compensation as Measurer, &c. as per account above stated.

\$ 304 17

Nathl. Hawthorne

J. Nathl Hawthorne

a Measurer

of the Customs for the District of *Boston and Charlestown*, do hereby certify on oath, that I have performed the services stated in the above account; that I have received the full sum therein charged, to my own use and benefit, and that I have not paid, deposited or assigned, nor contracted to pay, deposit or assign any part of such compensation to the use of any other person, nor in any way, directly or indirectly paid or given, nor contracted to pay or give, any reward or compensation for my office or employment, or the emoluments thereof.

So help me God.

Sworn and subscribed before me,
this *30th* day of
April 1839

Nathl. Hawthorne

Erasmus
Jas. P. Pierce

in the accompanying photograph of an official voucher, so called, containing two of the finest and most characteristic specimens of Hawthorne's autograph probably in existence. The finding of this invaluable relic and its rescue when so much else that must have borne his handwriting among the ancient records was consumed in the Custom House fire of 1894, seems in connection with the attending circumstances little short of miraculous.

The precious document had reposed apparently unsuspected and unknown for more than half a century in the disused and obsolete files of the customs record loft which was situated in a building adjacent to the Custom House proper. The merest accident brought it to light. An official in an idle hour while curiously looking over some of the old files, chanced to overturn a case of musty papers which by the accident were spilled upon the floor. In replacing them in proper order he was attracted by the endorsement on one of them and found it to be this pay-voucher of Hawthorne's. It was the excellent condition of the document which by its long seclusion from light and use had preserved both print and signatures in all their freshness, that probably struck the finder, rather than its importance as a unique relic of a celebrity, of which importance it is believed he was unaware. However this may be, the official casually exhibited his find to several associates, one of whom apparently recognised the paper as worth securing at least for a keepsake or a curiosity without, as it afterwards seemed, appreciating its historical or commercial value as a rarity. At all events the voucher, though restored at the time to its place in the files, subsequently disappeared but a short period previous to the occurrence of the fire mentioned, and might well have been supposed, if any question had been raised concerning it, to have perished then in the general wreck of Uncle Sam's ancient documents. Thus the abstraction of Hawthorne's pay-voucher from the government files, setting aside any question of motive or ethical considerations, was at any rate the means of preserving it from annihilation.

The official who had secured the document and had it in keeping, apparently

either did not appreciate its intrinsic value or for good reasons did not choose to exploit the fact that it was in his possession. He retained the voucher in his residence, where it seems to have escaped the casualty of meeting the eye of either connoisseur or professional autograph-hunter up at least to the time of the said official's death.

That the full significance of the character of the relic, and the emphasis which has been placed on its worth as a rarity may be realised, it seems necessary to point out that the document constitutes both a receipt and a voucher, hence the duplicate signatures, which was given under oath by Hawthorne in accordance with a government requirement of the time, for his first quarter's pay.

As will also be observed it fixes the amount of his salary at \$1,500 instead of \$1,200, a considerable augmentation. Furthermore, an enhanced value, at least sentimentally, is derived for it from the fact that this sum of \$304.17 represents the first money Hawthorne ever received as a Federal officer, and was probably a larger amount than he had ever previously possessed at any one time in his life.

There yet remains one other correction that should be made in Professor Woodberry's "last word." Still following his predecessors this biographer states (p. 104) that "in the spring of 1841, immediately after the change of administration in March, Hawthorne lost his place in the Boston Custom House."

Other biographers, perhaps confusing the Boston incident with his removal from the surveyorship at Salem at the incoming of the Taylor administration (1849), have more definitely charged the Whig party with deliberately turning Hawthorne out of office in 1841 because he was a Democrat. Such evidently, too, is Professor Woodberry's meaning, though he does not dwell on it. And this might be a natural supposition if the fact that he was removed at all in that year were true. But it is not true.

The tendency of government officials to cling to their tenures has become crystallised into the epigram that "few die and none resign." This was not exemplified in Hawthorne's case, for, recurring again to the Boston Custom House records, there will be found therein, under the

proper date head, three separate affirmations to the fact that Nathaniel Hawthorne *did* resign his position as Measurer on *January 1st, 1841*. One of these is a formal notice thereof from Collector Bancroft to the Surveyor of the port, who was Hawthorne's immediate superior, another is from the Collector to the Secretary of the Treasury, to the same purport and nominating his successor, while the third is from the Secretary acknowledging the receipt of the notification of the resignation and confirming the new appointment.

Thus undue odium has been cast upon the Harrison and Tyler administration of 1841, which not only did not come into power until sixty days after Hawthorne's resignation and hence could have had no influence in causing his removal during the interval, but which there is reason to believe would not have removed him at all if he had desired to stay, since the reasons and influences that caused the loss of his place at Salem were inoperative to a large degree during his term at Boston.

Hawthorne's action in resigning his position would seem sufficient to prove that he had no such desire. If further evidence of his state of feeling in this respect were wanting, the entries in his journal of the preceding year would supply it, for they abound in tokens of his unhappiness while in office, of his ever increasing discontent with his place and its surroundings, and furthermore intimate that he was already casting about for some means of release. For example, he says—and the words carry of themselves the doleful strain of a lamentation—that “the best part of himself has forsaken him” “in this darksome dungeon into which dismal region never comes any bird of paradise.” And another time he shows that the itching for story-writing, never wholly subdued, is growing more ardent and is goading him to seek the old-time freedom and immunity from the distraction of hindering pursuits which it was the peculiarity of his genius to require for its expression at all.

And after but a twelve months' experience in office he bursts forth with this wailing cry: “I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping

from this unblest custom house, for it is a very grievous thralldom!”

And in almost exactly one year later he seems to have found the desired way. What instrumentality it was that opened the gates to the liberty he sought is not precisely indicated, but may be surmised. He had without doubt saved a good portion of his salary, for his habits were frugal, his associates few, and living at that period in Boston was relatively inexpensive. Besides he was a single man, and with an income far above his needs he was thereby given the first opportunity his life had afforded for laying up something in view of future contingencies. The strongest incentive to make such provision that a young man can have Hawthorne certainly possessed at this time, for he was engaged to be married and was anxious to wed.

It was undoubtedly a part of his plan looking to the consummation of this obligation, that tempted him to join the Brook Farm community, which he almost immediately did after throwing up his custom house situation; and the concatenation of these several circumstances would seem to point to the conclusion that his resignation of that place had its sufficient motive in his marriage project. The failure of whatever hopes he may have entertained regarding the community experiment as an aid to facilitating that purpose appears not to have operated as a deterrent of the event itself. He was sagacious enough to foresee the ultimate and not remote end of that association of idealists and to withdraw from it before he had sunk all his savings in the Utopian scheme. His marriage quickly followed upon the departure from Brook Farm, and he retired thereupon to the Old Manse at Concord to realise for a time at least the ideal life of a man of letters—connubial bliss with uninterrupted leisure to read and dream and write.

Hawthorne is one among many eminent men of letters who have sought a livelihood in political office which the pecuniary rewards of their genius failed to supply. The list is a long one, including such names as Chaucer, Burns, Charles Lamb, Anthony Trollope, Herman Melville, Richard Henry Stoddard, to cite only a few.

Probably the consulate at Liverpool yielded an aggregate sum in hard cash during his four years' tenure of the office far in excess of all that Hawthorne ever realised from the copyrights and royalties on his books. Of most great modern authors we are fairly well-informed regarding the pecuniary returns received from their literary labours. Their heirs and their biographers generally appear to take pride in inviting the world to share their confidence in a matter in which after all the public, as the dispenser of these honours and rewards, may be said to have a legitimate interest and concerning which it is entitled to feel some degree of curiosity.

We know nothing even approximately, however, regarding the increment Hawthorne derived from any or all of his writings, though it is not meant to imply that such knowledge has been deliberately withheld. The reservation more likely is due to a lack of sufficient data or the substantial rewards of literature in Hawthorne's case may not permit of a prideful comparison with those of his, in this respect, more successful brethren of the pen. Certainly the sale of none of his books was large, measured by the astonishing editions of popular fiction which we of to-day are accustomed to note, not even of those of many of his contemporaries. *George Edwin Jenson.*

THE CURE AT SARANAC

THEY call it the open-air cure in Saranac (albeit there are those not initiated into the curative degree), but to the outsider it would seem to be the book cure. Everybody is reading most of the time. When they are not, they are either talking books or taking their temperature, the latter an art in itself, which is developed to a marvellous degree by those who have the chronic Saranac habit. They always talk in tenths, these temperature folks do. It is remarkable the way they can divide and subdivide the graduations on the clinic thermometer, for which they have paid \$1.25 at Kendall's—if you don't get your drugs and things at Kendall's you are like the man from New Orleans who accents the last syllable. They will take their temperature immediately before and after each meal, half way between, and again before they go to bed. If it is 101.1 at three o'clock this afternoon, whereas it was 101.2 at the same hour yesterday, a letter is written home about it, the exertion of which immediately increases the temperature a full degree; but this is not known, because it won't be time to take it again until six o'clock, and then it will have dropped to perhaps 100.7. It does not matter how high the fever may be be-

tween times, if it only can be officially recorded low at the stated hours for "taking" it, why, everything is all right. A young woman was "running temperatures" last winter and was put to bed. She wished to go sleighing one afternoon and her physician promised permission provided her temperature would be normal. When she saw him coming to the house on the afternoon in question, she reached out of her open window—one wonders why they have windows in Saranac, since they are always open—and broke off an icicle, a piece of which she placed under her tongue. She took the thermometer from the doctor with the utmost confidence, and this time he didn't have to remind her to hold it well under her tongue. When the doctor looked at the thermometer he became greatly agitated and the first thing the girl knew she was the centre of a commotion caused by a nurse, maids, and hot water bottles. Pretty soon a saline solution was administered. She then overheard the doctor telling the nurse that the temperature had dropped to 94, and he feared in her frail condition she could not survive such a collapse. The girl was uncertain then whether the icicle played a joke on her or on her doctor. She didn't go

sleighting and that doctor didn't call on her again.

But the temperature stunts are only an incident to this story. It is books that strikes the visitor as being the *modus operandi* of the Saranac cure. It does not matter whether or not you ever have read a line in your life, if you go to the Adirondacks as an invalid you will be reading before you know it, and, what is worse, you will get to talking about what you read. You may be a splendid bricklayer, and have gone along plying your trade for years, oblivious of Robert Louis Stevenson, but you won't be in Saranac a day until you have heard that Stevenson spent a winter there, and the second day you will be writing home for *The Master of Ballantrae*, or else buying it at "The Book Store," provided your allowance is not too limited. The reason you chose *The Master of Ballantrae* is that you have been told that Stevenson wrote it "over there on Baker's stoop." Stevenson troubled that stoop of Baker's very little during the winter he boarded at the cottage. In fact, he was anything but a faithful taker of the "cure." However, he was a celebrity, had been to Saranac, and Saranac will never forget him. They also read everything available about Frank Ives, the billiard player, who, like Stevenson, spent a winter in Saranac, and later, unlike Stevenson, chose Arizona instead of Samoa to die in. By and by, if any publisher is enterprising enough to print "The Letters of a Self-Made Jockey to His Boss," by Danny Maher, there is sure to be sufficient sale for it in Saranac alone to defray the expense of the first edition, because Danny gets enough "cure" in the village every winter to last him during the racing season. *David Harum* is, of course, a great favourite among the invalids, not because it is *David Harum*, but because poor Westcott took the cure at Meacham Lake—and died. Then there is Cooper, and the members of the Philosophers' Camp of long ago, on the Lower Saranac—Lowell, Emerson, Stillman, and the rest. And how philosophically a motorman may be seen delving into the *Fable for Critics* just as serious as though he was making the turn at Union Square, more so perhaps because at Union Square the motorman does not care, but in Saranac he does care be-

cause he knows that there you are judged by what you read.

There is, of course, not enough "local" reading to go round, and so the authors directly associated with the Adirondacks form only a portion of the aggregate wisdom that is daily absorbed. The village has its circulating library, and there is another library at Dr. Trudeau's sanitarium. Both of these contain standard works and also the current novels. A man who was a fine carpenter before his health "broke down," and whose reading previous to his trip to Saranac had been confined to the newspapers with the biggest headlines, may be seen to spend an hour in the library looking for a book he thinks he will like. He will pass by Will Carlton and Mr. Dooley, although his name may be Pat Keefe; will glance at the volume on the Dickens shelf, may read a line or two in *Vanity Fair*, and then he deliberately will take down Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* and carry it to his cottage, confident that he has a work worth reading. He will then put in a couple of weeks of as hard work as he ever did on a scaffolding.

Off in a lonely corner of a cottage porch, a young girl who "broke down" in an East Side sweatshop and is "taking the cure" through the courtesy of some charitable organisation, has a bulky volume of Balzac on her knees—as droll a spectacle as any character she can be reading about. A coachman is reading *Les Misérables*. He had never read *Black Beauty*. A stenographer is poring over a translation of the *Æneid*, although on the very shelf from which she took the volume was the *Enchanted Typewriter*, but she didn't see anything in that title to attract her. Then, too, as an observer remarked at the time, Virgil is a much quieter name than Bangs and the doctor told her to do quiet reading.

And so it goes throughout the resort. Every one is reading, and most of them chose the last books in the world one would pick out for them. Many instances could be cited just the reverse of those that have been told. A professor in a well-known university spent an entire winter reading *Mr. Potter of Texas*, and other such yellow-backed novels. A literary woman of considerable attainment confined her reading the same winter to

newspapers. An actor spent a winter reading the Bible, searching for the derivation of Hall Caine, perhaps. A ballet dancer spent her time studying Shakespeare and often didn't cut the wrappers of *The Metropolitan* and *The Clipper*, which she received regularly by mail. This, however, was only in keeping with the Saranac idea, which if it cannot cure is certain to develop impossible ambitions.

As might be expected, the health colony is also a relentless consumer of new books and magazines, but comparatively few newspapers are read. Somehow, the average New Yorker cannot tolerate a morning paper at eight in the evening—that is the time the morning papers reach the resort, unless the single track road, north of Utica, of the greatest railroad system in the world, is doing things (which it generally is), in which case the papers won't arrive until the following morning.

Next to Stevenson, the champion author in Saranac is Beatrice Harraden, and well she may be, for in *Ships That Pass in the Night* there is presented the daily story of the Adirondack health resort. Read Saranac for Petershof, the Adirondacks for the Alps, and no other change would be necessary to set the mournful but fascinating Swiss romance on this side of the Atlantic. The disagreeable man is in Saranac—he is there by the dozen; so is Mrs. Reffold—she is at every boarding house and every one, unless something more than his lungs be affected, can pick out a Bernardine. Then there is Warli, the dwarf; who ever entered the Saranac post-office for a couple of years back without seeing him at the register letter department?—and those registered letters mean as much to the invalids in Saranac as they did in Peters-

hof. They may mean so many sleigh-rides a week, or none at all, or they may mean "Zinfandel" for dinner, instead of "Pomery."

Some of the invalids after a time acquire something of a literary knack. A quantity of harmless and amusing rhyme is turned out, some of which is clever. Most of this is done by persons who never discovered that they had such a talent until they got to Saranac (and so the burdens of the place multiply). One popular rhyme has the cheerful title of "The Last Lament of a Lingerer Lung-er," and it was written by a man who vows it was his first offense in alliteration—"lunger," it may be explained, is Saranacese for consumptive—it is certainly as logical and not nearly so hopeless a term. A young woman, suffering with a high fever and headache, wrote, one night, limericks, with a stanza for each letter of the alphabet. She never had any pretensions as a rhymster before, but hit off some features of the life which can be recognised at once by any invalid who ever put up in the village—put up is the only term that expresses what it is to be an invalid and to be in Saranac. Two stanzas are:

C was a curious cure
Consisting of air fresh and pure.
Inhale it for say
Twenty-six hours every day
And health you will surely secure.

V was a versatile village
Where neither stock raising nor tillage
So appealed to the heart
As the exquisite art
Of devising new methods of pillage.

And with it all, some get better, while all learn how to read.

Edmund Ryan.



THE LOVE OF AZALEA

By Onoto Watanna

IN THREE PARTS

CHAPTER I.

IT was drowsy in the little mission church, and the gentle mellifluous voice of the young preacher increased rather than dispelled the sleepy peacefulness. The church, if such it could be styled, was well filled. The people of Sanyo knew it for the coolest of retreats. They drifted aimlessly in and out of the church, making no pretense of either understanding or appreciating the proceedings. It was a curious congregation, one which, innocently enough, never thought of assisting the pastor. They came to see the white priest, not to listen to the pleading message he brought, which as yet they could not understand. His Japanese was too correct. Spoken slowly and painfully in the unfamiliar accent of the Caucasian, it was often quite unintelligible. But, as was said, the church was cool, the villagers curious, and the minister an unending source of wonder to them. If some of the congregation waited patiently throughout the length of the sermon, it was not because they deemed this the proper thing to do, but because they knew they would be treated to another form of entertainment, which they childishly enjoyed. For, after the sermon, the minister closing the large black book before him and opening a small red one, would raise his voice, throw back his head, open his mouth, and sing aloud in a voice which had never lost its fascination for his hearers. He had done this from the first, leading an unresponsive congregation in hymns of praise; but singing to the end alone. No aiding voice took up the refrain with him nor was there even the music of an organ to bear his clear voice company. Through the opened windows the chirp of the birds floated. Sometimes a baby, grown restless, laughed and crowed aloud.

On this particular Sunday, however, the minister, who appeared unusually happy, had introduced an innovation. As its nature had been whispered about the

village, the service in consequence was well attended. Behind the minister's small sandal-wood pulpit a bench had been placed upon which the people saw seated five of the most disreputable waifs of the town. At first they were hardly recognisable. From smudgy-faced, soiled and tattered bits of flotsam, they were transformed in garments of white—miniature surplices they were.

The minister beamed upon them. The boys looked stoically back at him. This day those in the church forgot to look about at the various objects of interest, forgot to drowse, for all eyes were intent upon that little row behind the priest. When the sermon was ended and the minister turned to the red hymn book, the boys arose to their feet, and as his baritone voice was raised, five piping and discordant minor voices joined with him.

The result of the minister's effort for a choir was immediate. It broke up the apathy of the congregation.

Groups lingered about the mission house after the service—groups of curious child-women for the most part. The question discussed from every standpoint was the seeming elevation of these most unsavory and godless of town waifs. How could these good people guess that the young minister, restless at the seeming fruitlessness of his labours, had given of his own meagre salary to induce the hungriest of the town, for so many sen, to be respectable for one day in the week? What would not a Japanese vagabond do for a sen or a sweet potato? Submit to a bath, a robe too clean to touch, and the pleasure—sometimes pain—of mimicking the voice of the white man.

The mellow tinkling of temple bells disturbed the gossips. It was the hour of noon, when the gods were good and for a little prayer would give them sweet food and excellent appetites. So straight from the temple of the white priest they dispersed, through the valley to the opposite hill where the Shinto Temple, golden-tipped, beckoned them to the prayers they mechanically understood; a mo-

ment only in the temple, nodding heads and prostrating bodies, and after that, home and the noon-day meal. Thus every day. Only on the Sunday, since the coming of the foreign priest, they had added to the routine this weekly pilgrimage of curiosity to the white man's temple. Strange, indeed, were the ways of the foreign devils!

"Let us wait a little while," said a round-faced, merry-eyed maid of fifteen, grasping the sleeves of girl friends.

Azalea was departing slowly when recalled by the raised voice of her friend. At a short distance from the other girls she paused and looked back inquiringly.

"Wait till they come out," continued the speaker, Umé-san by name, "those beggars, and we will have some fun."

"Oh, good!" agreed Koto, snapping her fan upon her hand—"we will find out what the white beast says to them."

"Perhaps," suggested Luji, stretching herself—she was fat and indolent and the church seat was hard—"he pays them."

Azalea looked interested.

"I wish," said she wistfully, "he would pay *me* something."

"Perhaps he will," said Luji, nodding her head slowly; "my honourable father says he is rich—very rich."

"And my honourable father says so, too," said Umé.

"Oh, all foreign devils are," declared Koto conclusively.

"Well, but Matsuda Isami says he is not," said Azalea. "And Matsuda knows surely."

"Matsuda is jealous," said Koto. "He wants to be always the richest. The gods despise avarice."

Azalea was fluttering her fan somewhat nervously. She regarded it thoughtfully, then closed it sharply.

"I am avaricious," she said, with the point of her fan touching her pretty red underlip.

Her friends laughed at her, and she blushed.

"Yes," she said, "I am avaricious. The gods will despise me truly. I adore money! I would like to have one hundred yen all to myself."

"What would you do with it?" questioned Umé, the oldest of the four.

"I would leave my step-mother's house," said Azalea simply.

"Here they come!" cried Koto. The girls fell into an excited little line by the church door, one behind the other. Out came the choir, their surplices doffed, their washed faces wide with smiles and their little eyes shining. Five sen rattled in the sleeve of each. The girls had drawn in hiding behind the church portico in order to surprise them. Now they sprang out into view, and grasped the boys by the sleeves. Thinking they were being set upon for their hard-earned sen, a series of angry shrieks and snorts burst out. Their faces set at rest by the merry laughter of the girls, they were finally induced to tell all they knew. The minister, it seems, had brought them to his house at various times, had fed them on sweet potatoes and rice cakes, and had taught them to sing just as he did. For this public effort in his temple, he had given them each—well, they did not propose to tell any one how much he had given, but the intimation was that it was a sum sufficient to keep them in luxury for some time to come. Furthermore, they, the members of his choir, were to have this same sum given to them as a weekly income, for singing, just like the white priest, in his church, each Sunday.

Azalea sighed and sitting on the church steps looked at the fortunate boys with envious and wistful eyes.

"And does not the white beast want females also to sing?" she asked.

"Females!" repeated one of the boys. "Did the gods ever favour females?"

"The foreign devil is not a god," said Azalea thoughtfully. "Who knows, perhaps he would pay *me* also to sing with him."

"Time to go home," said Koto, and she pulled Umé's sleeve. "Are you not hungry? Come Azalea!"

"She won't give *me* to eat, my most honourable mother-in-law," said Azalea. "I need not go there."

"You will soon be a beggar, too, Azalea," laughed Koto, "and the white man will give you charity. But come, girls."

Clinging to each other's hands and almost tripping over each other's heels, the three girls fluttered homeward down the hill, leaving Azalea sitting alone, looking

moodily and reflectively at the choir boys, now counting their money. She knew that they, like her, were orphans. Unlike her, they had not an uncharitable roof, called by her ungracious step-parent a home for her. Shelter beneath it was only grudgingly accorded, because Azalea's step-mother was vain and feared the criticism of neighbours and the wrath of the gods should she turn Azalea out. As it was the young girl was only half fed and her clothes were those half worn ones thrown to her by arrogant and fortunate step-sisters, yet the girl's nimble fingers made those same threadbare garments objects of attractiveness, which set off her own appealing beauty. But she was 17, unmarried and unhappy. Something must be done soon, or she would become the bride of the river. Her step-mother's scoldings grew with the girl's increasing beauty and grace. She did not know this was the cause, only she knew life was becoming unbearable.

The choir boys had already shuffled a portion of the way down the hill slope, when she sprang to her feet and ran after them.

"Gonji!" she called one of them by name. "Wait just a moment."

They stopped and she overtook them. She was breathless when she reached them.

"Is it because you are beggars," she said, "that this priest favours you?"

Gonji nodded.

"I," said Azalea, spreading out her little hands, "am also a beggar."

They laughed at her. Only the homeless were beggars in their eyes. In addition, members of her sex were received among them only when they had reached the old witch age. The country knew many old women beggars, who drifted, whining, upon their staffs from town to town. Often they were blind and clung to the rope about the neck of a tailless cat, which led them. Who had ever heard of a maiden beggar? So Azalea's statement was received in laughter.

"How much did the minister give?" she demanded, ignoring their jeers.

"Five—ten—maybe one hundred sen," glibly lied Gonji.

Her eyes widened and shone.

"Oh!" she said.

"That's only for the singing," said

Gonji, "if we become convert to his religion he will pay more."

He turned to his companions for verification. They had moved on their way and he made to join them.

"No, no, don't go! Wait a little while, please!"

"Well?"

"What is 'convert'?"

"Why," the Japanese boy of sixteen racked his brain for an explanation of the word, "why that's to—ah—that's just abandoning the gods for a new one."

"Oh!" His sleeve dropped from her grasp and she drew back, her face somewhat blanched.

"Abandon the gods!" she repeated. "But if we do that, then the gods will be angry with us."

"That is true," nodded Gonji reflectively. "It's bad business," he added.

"Perhaps," she essayed almost timidly, "that new God is also kind and good."

Gonji shook his head skeptically.

"The priest at the temple says that he is really an evil spirit."

The girl shuddered. She turned away from Gonji and he resumed his way down the hill.

Azalea walked listlessly back to the mission house. When she had reached it, she paused irresolute. A sudden idea had come to her. Why should she not *pretend* to be converted? When the barbarian priest had paid her she would go to the shrine of Kwannon and confess her lie. She would give half of the money to the gods, who would forgive her; she was hungry and ill-treated and she wished to leave the home of her step-mother, who was cruel to her. If money could be earned by a little lie, why should she not earn it? She would! She would!

The young minister closed and locked the door of the church. Turning on the threshold, he paused a moment before descending the little flight of steps, and looked about him at the smiling, sunny landscape.

The bells of the neighbouring temple were melodious and he found himself absently listening to them. With his hands clasped behind, and his head somewhat bent, Richard Varley turned slowly towards his home.

It was only the length of an iris field

from the church, a pleasant saunter. The minister was wont to dream upon these walks—dream of the future harvest which would repay his earnest labours.

He had come quite close to his garden gate before he perceived the little figure waiting there. It was her voice—her odd, breathless voice, which called his attention to her—though he heard the one word "convert" spoken in English. The rest of her speech was unintelligible.

She stood in the sunlight, her cheeks vividly red, her eyes wide with excitement and with fright. It was that fearful, piteous something about her whole attitude which from the first reached and appealed instantly to the sympathies of the minister.

"You wish to speak to me?" he asked.

"Yaes," she said, nodding her head, and then very swiftly as though she had learned the words by rote—"I am convert unto you, Excellency."

"Convert!" His eyes kindled and he stared at her without speaking a moment. Her head drooped, as if from its own small weight.

"Yaes," she said in the lowest, the faintest of voices, "I am convert—Christian!"

He seized both her hands, and held them warmly in his own.

"Come into my house, my child," he said. "Let us talk it over."

Her hands fluttered in his, then she suddenly withdrew them. They slipped back into her sleeves. She stood uncertainly before him, hesitating to pass through the gate he had opened for her.

"Come!" he urged, gently.

CHAPTER II.

Even while the minister in the coolness of his study softly and gently questioned his faltering "convert," a wily and smooth-speaking Nakoda was visiting her step-mother. Madame Yamada, as the latter was called, knew the marriage broker well, and being the mother of two daughters by a marriage previous to that with Azalea's father, she welcomed him with more than usual cordiality.

Would not the estimable Mr. Okido remove his shoes and eat the noon meal within her humble house?

The estimable Mr. Okido would.

Madame Yamada sent a scullery maid flying to his feet, where, kneeling in the humblest attitude, she removed his dusty sandals. Then she brought fresh water with which to bathe his feet.

Madame Yamada, who had not engaged the services of Okido, was curious to know the nature of his mission to her. She disguised her curiosity, however, under the blandest of manners. With swift acuteness she introduced her daughters into the room and had them serve the man, throughout the meal glancing under her eyelashes to watch the effect of her daughters' sundry charms upon the Nakoda, who she knew would not fail to dwell upon all such points with his employer. But strangely enough, Okido scarcely seemed to notice the presence of her daughters and ate his meal in somewhat stolid silence. After the repast he permitted the pipe to be lighted for him and proceeded to smoke at his leisure.

Madame Yamada could contain her curiosity no longer. At a sign from her, her daughters withdrew. Then she addressed the Nakoda.

"In what way," she asked, "is the humblest one indebted to the esteemed Okido for his honourable visit?"

Okido put down the pipe on the hibachi and turning toward Madame Yamada looked at her keenly.

"You have daughters, Madame Yamada."

"Two," she answered, promptly.

"Three," said Okido, slowly.

The esteemed one was mistaken. The gods had only blessed her with two.

Nay the gods had been kinder. Were there not three, including her step-daughter?

"Ah, yes," Madame Yamada smiled coldly.

"Let me repeat," he said, slowly. "You have daughters."

"Yes," she allowed the word to escape her lips impatiently. Would the stupid broker never come to his business?

"And, I," said Okido, "have a client who desires the hand of one of your daughters."

A red spot appeared in either of Madame Yamada's cheeks.

"What is the name of his honourable

parent?" she asked, no longer attempting to conceal her interest.

Okido leaned toward her impressively. "His name is Matsuda Isami."

Madame Yamada's hands trembled. She scarcely could control her voice.

"What—the——"

"Yes, the rich Matsuda Isami."

The woman thrilled with maternal pride. Her bosom heaved. "And which of my daughters," she asked, "has pleased the taste of the exalted Matsuda?"

Okido rubbed his hands softly.

"That one," he said, "who is augustly named Azalea."

Madame Yamada started to her feet with a cry. Then recalling herself she sat down again and for a space of a long moment did not stir. She regarded the Nakoda with baleful eyes. Suddenly she found her voice.

"Excellent Okido," she said, "the humble one cannot marry the youngest of her daughters first. Pray return to the exalted Matsuda and say from me that I am willing to consent to his marriage to my oldest daughter."

"What," cried the amazed Okido, "you refuse?"

"Who spoke of refusing?" she asked in an agitated voice.

"Your answer is a refusal, Madame."

The woman was silent, her mind busily at work.

"Listen, Okido," she finally said, "a promise was made by me to the august father, now dead, of the girl Azalea. He bade me promise him that Azalea should be given to no one in marriage save with her own consent. So! I withdraw the offer of my oldest daughter as bride to Matsuda, and instead say this: Bid the exalted one win first the consent of Azalea. He is then welcome to her."

"Good!" said Okido, arising and shaking the crumbs from his hakama. "We will make direct suit to the maiden."

Madame Yamada had arisen also. "Yes, that is it," she said, "and for that purpose heed the advice of one experienced in such matters. Let his Excellency visit much the home of the humblest, and, in person, press the suit."

Okido regarded her uneasily. "My business——" he began.

"Oh, Excellent Okido," interrupted the woman, "I promise you that you will earn your fee. Further, should the suit of your client fail—should the girl be obstinate and refuse his proposal, bear in mind, good Okido, that a double fee will be in your palm if my oldest daughter finds favour in the eyes of Matsuda."

Okido nodded his head slowly. He was thoughtful as the maid slipped on his sandals. As he left the house he stopped at the threshold and looked back at Madame Yamada. Her colourless face was drawn into strange lines. Her long eyes were half closed. Upon her face there was calculation—cold, cruel. She slowly repeated her words. Again nodding understanding, if not assent, the marriage broker went on his way pensively toward the house of Matsuda Isami.

CHAPTER III.

As Azalea walked homeward from the minister's house, she could still hear in dreamy fancy the eloquent tones of his voice. She found that though beyond his presence she still thrilled at the very memory of his face. He had cast a spell upon her, she told herself. He was a disciple of the Evil One. She must go to the temple of Kwannon for help. Possibly the priests there would give her some talisman which would preserve her from any spell the barbarian might cast upon her. For though her ruse had failed and her sleeves were empty of yen, yet still she had promised the minister to visit him again the following day. Now she found herself wishing that the morrow would come speedily.

Her step-mother met her at the door of the house. Her lips were drawn in a strange fashion apart and her long teeth showed. This was her manner of smiling. It was uglier and more sinister than a frown. Azalea quickened her steps, the colour beating up into her face. When she saw that set smile upon Madame Yamada's face she stopped abruptly before the woman. But her step-mother spoke in the most amiable of tones:

"You must be hungry, my daughter,

since you have not had your noon meal."

The girl raised her eyes inquiringly toward the woman. Then she answered simply:

"Yes, mother-in-law, I am hungry."

"Come into the kitchen then, Azalea. The maid has kept your rice warm."

Azalea was too much accustomed to the vicissitudes of fortune to wonder at the sudden generosity of the step-mother. She ate the rice and sipped the fragrant tea with mechanical relish. The meal was unexpected, but none the less palatable to a hungry young girl. She suspected that her step-mother required something of her, but her mind occupied with its late thoughts of the minister had no reason for speculation over the motives of her step-mother. She let Madame Yamada herself open the subject.

"Daughter," said the woman, "would you enjoy a trip to Tokyo?"

Azalea looked up quickly; then she answered shortly:

"No."

Madame Yamada's eyes narrowed. She controlled her feeling however.

"What, Azalea! You do not wish to go to Tokyo, where everything is so gay and bright and beautiful?"

Azalea rested her chin upon her hand and looked out from the kitchen shoji across the fields. She did not answer.

"You are becoming old," said the step-mother. "You will have to earn your living soon."

Azalea did not move, but her step-mother knew she was listening to her words.

"Here," she continued, "there is no way in which you could earn money, for you are of samurai descent and your august ancestors would not rest easily should you be reduced to manual labour."

"Mother-in-law," said the girl, quietly, "you would be ashamed before our neighbours if I were to obtain work here. My august ancestors would feel no shame."

"What could you do here?"

Azalea looked at her small white hands thoughtfully.

"I could work in the mills," she said, and added with a girlish sigh, "but it would maim my hands."

"Yes, and also your back, your knees, and afterwards your spirit. Let the stout

peasant women labour that way, Azalea. Such employment is not for one of gentle birth. You shall go to Tokyo."

"What shall I do there?" inquired the girl.

"You have beauty and youth," said Madame Yamada, slowly.

The girl moved uneasily and then catching sight of the expression upon her mother's face, she made as if to arise; but the other held her by the sleeve.

"Why do you start so?" she inquired gruffly. "Do you suppose I referred to the yoshiwasa?"

"Yes," said Azalea, white to the lips. Her voice became passionate. "I will not go there," she said. "You shall not sell me. I am the daughter of a samurai."

"Foolish child! Who spoke of selling you to the yoshiwasa?"

"Ah, your eyes spoke, mother-in-law. Besides what other employment could my youth and beauty find in Tokyo?"

"Are there not geishas and tea house girls, and is not their employment esteemed admirable?"

"Yes, but I have not their accomplishments and I am too old to learn how to dance. To be a geisha, I have heard, one must apprentice at the age of twelve. I am eighteen years. Yes, I am getting old," she finished.

Madame Yamada, who sat behind her, looked at her with eyes that held no mercy. In some manner the girl must be sent away. Matsuda should then be told that she preferred the life of gayety in Tokyo to marriage with him. After that, Yuri-san, the oldest daughter, would console and win him. Azalea had always appeared passive and obedient by nature. This sudden impulse of stubbornness was as unexpected as it was disturbing to her step-mother. What if this slim young girl with her childish face of innocence should develop the strong will of her samurai parent? Madame Yamada smiled unpleasantly at the prospect, and her smile boded no good for the young girl.

Meanwhile Azalea continued to look out dreamily through the opened shoji toward the hill, upon whose slope stood the little peaked mission house. The

words of the minister kept repeating themselves in her head.

"There is only one true God. He it was who created the world—and you. He loves you, and will watch over and care for you always."

Ah, if it were only true, thought Azalea. If this new God would only be kinder than those she had known, then she might even close the eyes of her heart to the words of the priests of Kwannon, and forget they had told her the God of the barbarians was an evil spirit. She would prove Him. If He proved unkind to her she would believe it, but if it were otherwise, why how could the evil one be kind? It was not possible.

"Answer when you are spoken to," broke in her step-mother's sharp voice.

Azalea started.

"I did not hear you speak, honourable step-mother."

"Your ears are accommodatingly dull. You did not care to hear."

Azalea sighed, then pressed her lips together, as if to prevent the retort that might have escaped them.

Madame Yamada bent toward her.

"Do you wish to marry?"

Azalea reflected.

"No—o," she said, softly, and then "perhaps, yes. It would be a solution of my troubles, step-mother, would it not?"

"Would you marry any one who asked you, then? You appear to lack the common qualities of maiden modesty."

"I did not say I would marry any one," said the girl, flushing, "but almost any one would be kinder than you."

They were daring words and she anticipated their effect upon her step-mother, for after having spoken them she made a frightened motion from the older woman, who had seized her arm and was cruelly pinching it. Tears of pain came into the girl's eyes, but she made no outcry. Suddenly Madame Yamada flung the girl's arm from her.

"Did my touch hurt then?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Azalea briefly, her arm still sore though released.

"Yet," said her step-mother, "the pain inflicted by a woman who is weak, is nothing to that inflicted by a man. What

will you do when your husband beats you?"

"I do not know," said Azalea mechanically, and then added slowly, "but I should not weep, mother-in-law. I would not give him that pleasure. But," she paused, "all husbands do not beat their wives. Perhaps the gods will favour me with a kind one. I should not marry him otherwise."

"How will you test his kindness?" asked her mother scornfully.

"I will know," she answered. "I will see him and love him before I marry him."

She arose and fluttered her sleeves back and forth. Her arm was in pain. She moved it thus mechanically as a nervous method of relief, but Madame Yamada had seen the figure coming along the white road toward their house, and she leaped to her feet like a savage.

"What!" she cried. "You stand shamelessly in the open doorway shaking your arms in unmaidenly fashion because a man approaches."

"I did not even see him," said Azalea, shrinking before the anger of her step-mother's expression, "and mother-in-law, see for yourself. The man is Matsuda Isami. Is it likely I would fling my sleeves at him?"

"At him most of all," said her step-mother hoarsely. "Do not deny it, shameless girl?"

Before Azalea could recover from the surprise occasioned by these words, Madame Yamada with one black look cast back at her, had left the kitchen, and was hastening to the front part of the house, there to prostrate herself with slavish sweetness and politeness before the exalted Matsuda Isami.

CHAPTER IV.

Matsuda Isami was a small, sharp-eyed man of possibly forty. He was rich and powerful, the landlord of many of the families in Sanyo. The people feared him while they respected his employment of hundreds of coolies, and it was said his parsimony had made him rich and kept the whole community poor. In some way direct or indirect nearly every one in the community was in his service or debt. He was the magnate of the

town, and accordingly hated, feared, dreaded. He had come on foot to the humble home of Madame Yamada, he, the taciturn, cold-hearted head man of the town, and all because Azalea, walking in the sun, in a kimono, patched, faded but pretty, had turned her head toward him quite recently and smiled with childish impudence. Few people smiled upon Matsuda. This shabby daughter of a samurai, who in the early days had made no secret of his lordly contempt for the rich tradesman, had captivated Matsuda by one fleeting innocent smile. Matsuda desired her now above all things, and swore by all the gods that he would have her.

Wealth and power, after all, were not sufficient to gratify the insatiable greed of his nature. He was desirous of something more priceless, and for which he would have given up all his possessions—this beautiful young girl, Azalea.

With impatience he listened to Madame Yamada's servile words of compliment and welcome. Hardly had he seated himself, and with a gesture refused the proffered pipe, when he spoke of the object of his visit.

In accordance with her suggestion conveyed to him through the Nakoda, he had come in person to make his suit to her daughter. He desired to see her at once.

The prevaricating words of temporising that came to Madame Yamada's lips were not even listened to by him.

Her daughter not at home? Very well, he would go then at once. Thereupon he arose. Madame Yamada bit her lip until the blood came. Then she clapped her hands and bade the maid who answered tell the eldest daughter of the house to hasten at once to assist the most exalted Matsuda with his clogs. The latter, however, kicked his feet into the door, returning only a curt nod to her deep and graceful obeisance. Madame Yamada, clasping her hands in despair, followed him to the door.

Would not His Excellency wait a little while?

No, His Excellency would not—that is to say—yes, His Excellency would; for just at that moment His Excellency, cast-

ing a keen glance about him, saw a little figure sitting on the door-step in the garden to the rear of the house.

"Your daughter, I perceive," he said, indicating Azalea, "has returned."

The angry blood buzzed in Madame Yamada's ears, but she answered calmly enough:

"Why, yes, it is true, Excellency." Then raising her voice she called to the girl: "Azalea!"

Matsuda, returning to the interior of the house, seated himself in the guest room, lighted his pipe and drew a long whiff. Then he looked at Azalea sitting before him pensively. His little keen eyes going from her to her step-mother, and catching the glance of baffled fury bestowed by Madame Yamada upon her daughter Yuri, he allowed a sound which was oddly like a chuckle to escape him. Then he put the pipe down and again regarded the maiden Azalea. He said:

"It is the wish of your step-mother that I address you personally."

She looked at him with eyes of inquiry. What had Matsuda Isami to say to her? She did not dream that a man as old as her father, and one who was so exalted in public opinion, would deign to propose marriage with her, so insignificant and humble.

"I wish to marry you," said Matsuda, bluntly.

Her lips parted and her eyes enlarged.

"Me?" she said, faintly, and repeated the little word. "Me?"

"Yes," he smiled. "Marry you, Azalea."

The colour came in a ^{igme.} flash to her face. She looked at him obedient and sister fearfully. Their faces were absolutely cold and impassive. In a flash she understood her step-mother's attitude of a moment since. It was all clearer than daylight. Azalea arose and bowed extravagantly down to the very mates. Then with her head almost at Matsuda's feet she said:

"The humblest one is altogether too insignificant and small to become the wife of so exalted a personage."

The words pleased Matsuda. Plainly this girl would make a most excellent and humble wife. He bent graciously

and touched her head, patting it. She slipped under his hand to her knees, and then to a sitting position. But her head was still bent far over, and if the suitor could have seen that dimpling face, its expression would have perplexed him.

He seated himself opposite to her.

"The marriage," he said, "can be speedily arranged. I do not like delays in any of my affairs."

Madame Yamada interposed, desperately.

"Time will be needed to make her marriage garments, to call together her august relatives, for maidenly meditation, and for preparation for the marriage feast."

"We can dispense with all these things," said Matsuda, suavely.

"Too early a marriage would be unseemly," said Madame Yamada.

"Madame Yamada exaggerates public opinion," was Matsuda's response.

The woman's voice was barely controlled in its harshness.

"You, Azalea, what have you to say?"

Azalea opened her fan and looked at it thoughtfully, almost as though in the painted pictures upon it she found an answer. Suddenly she raised her head.

"I do not wish to marry," she said, and added as an afterword: "— yet."

At that moment her step-mother could have embraced her.

Matsuda cleared his throat.

"When then will it suit you?" he asked, respectfully.

The girl's eyes were still upon her fan, and without raising them she replied with a slight shrug of her small bewitching shoulders:

"I do not know when. Maybe in one year; maybe in ten. I do not wish to marry—yet."

Matsuda arose.

"For one year," he said, "or for ten years, or as long as your caprice may make it, I will wait for you."

Azalea's fan fluttered closed. She bowed her head upon it.

"Excellency is very faithful."

"Once," said Matsuda, looking at her with half closed eyes, "your august samurai father deigned to call me 'Dog.' You will learn, maiden, that I shall prove my title to 'Dog' by my watchfulness and

faithfulness. I have sworn to possess you, and possess you I will."

The moment he was gone Azalea turned toward her step-mother, upon whose countenance a look of sweetest benevolence toward her step-daughter was slowly appearing.

"Mother-in-law," said the girl, "you need not fear that I will marry *him*. No, my father spoke true words. He *is* a dog. He has only the instincts of a tradesman, and as such he comes here to buy the daughter of a samurai."

"Your words are wise, Azalea," said the step-mother, "and you win my maternal affection. Matsuda is not the fit husband for a warrior's daughter. Yet Azalea, bear in mind that Yuri, your sister, had for father one less elevated than a samurai—one indeed who was a mere tradesman. She is well fitted to be the wife of Matsuda Isami. Therefore, you can help or hinder this our ambition."

"I will neither help nor hinder," said Azalea, crossing the room, and looking through the shoji. "Mother-in-law, I have no interest in the matter," she added.

Madame Yamada was behind her and had touched her arm, the arm she had lately pinched so viciously.

"Promise to be steadfast in your refusal of Matsuda. Promise that, Azalea, and you will find that harshness is an unknown quality in this household."

"Oh, I will promise that, easily," said Azalea. "I will not even look at or speak to the man. Other things now occupy my insignificant head."

CHAPTER V.

It was in the springtime, when the little leaves upon the trees were of the most entrancing shade of green and the wild plum and cherry blossoms blew in clouds of pink and white, making an impressionistic picture against the deep blue sky so lovely and entrancing, that even such a serious minded, earnest worker as the Rev. Richard Varley became unconscious of the sermon he had been writing and smiled out at the landscape.

Nature oftentimes from her very beauty distracts one from the work of composition, though one would call her

lovingly an inspiration. How could the young missionary continue the writing of his sermon, when the alluring breezes of the spring softly slipped into his room and insistently drew the pencil from his hand. And so he sat there smiling at his desk and dreaming. He was not conscious of his dreams. He only knew the world seemed very good and fair. His pen trailed over the paper for a space, then paused, to continue again. Idly, and unconsciously, he had covered a sheet of foolscap.

The slight noise of the opening of his sliding doors caused him to come to life with a guilty start. His usually pale face was flooded with colour, as for the first time he saw what he had written on the page. He turned it over quickly, though he did not lay this last sheet among the previous pages of his sermon.

A face of prodigious fatness was thrust between the shoji.

"What is it, Matsu?" asked the minister in Japanese.

"The girl Azalea," she answered. "I have told her Your Excellency is most busy, but she still stays."

"That is right," he said, quietly. "I am expecting her."

The servant pressed her lips and her round cheeks expanded till her little eyes were almost hidden. She muttered discontentedly. "Again, Excellency?"

"Yes," he said, "again. What are you waiting for?"

She shuffled unwillingly from the room, drawing the doors behind her. Suddenly she opened them again.

"Excellency," she said, "she is not truly converted—no! That is a lie!"

He smiled. The maid's jealousy of all his parishioners gave him amusement. She was envious even of their possible conversion.

"That will do, Matsu," he said. "Don't keep our visitor waiting."

The woman muttered ill-temperedly as she passed along the hall.

The minister waited in pleasing anticipation. He had not expected her at this hour. She came usually in the afternoon. He remembered with what fearful shyness she had first entered his house, and the tremulous, almost breathless fashion in which she had replied to his questions. He was of a hopeful,

sanguine disposition. Though he knew that his small congregation consisted of those induced by sen to come to church, those who came from curiosity and others still—young boys and girls, from mischief solely, still he believed that his labour would bear eventual fruit, and lo, at last a convert! She was very young, somewhat fragile, and in her own strange fashion lovely. From the first he had likened her to a timid wild bird. Even after she had entered his house, she had turned backward as though to retreat; then as his deep, serious eyes met hers she spoke as if urged by some impulse, and repeated her faltering words in English.

"Minister, I am convert unto you!"

At first her visits had been irregular and spasmodic. She would come as far as the hill, then turn back. Again, her courage emboldened, she would reach his garden gate, there to linger but a moment, the antagonistic face of the minister's servant affrighting her. But in the absence of the maid, Azalea would daringly pass beyond the gate. A few moments later the minister would meet her in the path and lead her into his house.

The minister hearing the light glide of her little feet now outside the doors, hastened to slide back the shoji.

She stood upon the threshold, her eyes widened, her cheeks glowing with the tremulous excitement that always assailed her upon the occasion of these visits. He held out his large hand in silence, and she, the colour fluttering wildly now over her face, slowly and timidly lifted her little one from the folds of her sleeve and put it into his. He drew her towards his desk. Still holding her hand, he seated himself and looked up at her, without speaking, but smiling very tenderly. Her eyes turned from his and her lips trembled. She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it firmly and then suddenly enclosed it completely with his other hand.

Fright assailed the girl. She slipped to the floor, her head dropping on a level with his knees. Then Richard Varley bent and spoke to her in his strangely tender voice, which somehow always seemed to penetrate and still her beating little heart.

"Azalea!" He spoke her name so softly. "Lift your face, my little girl," he

said. "I want to see it, while I tell you something."

She obeyed him like a child, but the eyes that met his were mutely appealing.

"What do you think I am going to say to you to-day?" he asked, smiling a trifle.

"About those honourable commandments?"

He shook his head.

"No. You already have learned them well, have you not?"

"Yes. You like hear me say them mebbe?"

"Not to-day. I wish to speak to you about another matter."

She looked at him apprehensively.

"Oh," she said, "mebbe your august God tell you I also visit at the temple that other day?"

He looked a trifle startled.

"What temple?—what do you mean?"

"Your God sees all things?"

"All things," he said, solemnly.

Her eyes expressed momentarily fright. She drew her hands forcibly from his and sat backward a little way from him, her head bent.

"Then," she said, "you already know about—about my—my lie?"

"Lie?"

He leaned forward in his chair.

"Yaes—yaes—your God told you."

"Tell me what you mean."

The face she raised was pitiful.

"Excellency, that was velly wicked lie I tell you wen I say that I am convert unto you."

He stared at her blankly. She could not bear the expression on his face and pushed herself nearer to him on her knees. Her hands fluttered above and then timidly touched his.

"Excellency, I sawry—sawry——"

There was a sob in her voice now, and her eyes were misty. "Pray you be like unto the gods and forgive that lie."

He stood up mechanically, then sat down again, turning in his seat toward the desk and resting his clasped hands there. She, from her kneeling posture, reached up to touch his arm.

"Pray——" she began and broke off, as though she could not finish. He turned his head and looked at her curiously. Still he did not speak.

"Listen," she continued in her low, almost sighing voice, which he no longer wished to hear. "I tell you only one lie—one liddle bit lie. Thas not velly much. Also I beseech the gods to pardon that lie—and I beseech also your mos' kind God pardon me." She broke off distressfully—"Excellency, will you not hear me?"

"I am listening," he said, heavily.

"Your voice so hard," she said.

His eyes were still stern. He spoke mechanically.

"I was going to say something—something personal to you to-day. You have shocked me. That is all. But I want to hear what you have to say. There may be extenuating—well, tell me, how it came about that you pretended conversion."

"I wanted moaney," she said.

She saw his hands clinch and shrank before the look upon his face. She shook her head uncertainly.

"For money!" he repeated.

"Yaes, I needed some velly much. Gonji say you pay big moaney to convert, and so—and so—I become convert."

The minister closed his eyes, then covered them spasmodically with his hand. Sitting back in his seat he remained with his face thus half shielded while she spoke on.

"But," she said, "you din not give me moaney; no not even one-half sen." She laughed a little, almost joyously.

"Ah, I am so glad you din nod give," she said. "I doan want that moaney. After that first day my honourable step-mother doan be unkind no more. Also she give me plenty to eat, an' new dress, also Matsuda Isami ask me marry wis him evelly day in those weeks."

The minister uncovered his eyes and looked at her. The expression of his face must have been less forbidding for she moved confidently nearer to him.

"What do you think now?" she asked.

His voice was husky.

"You spoke of marrying some one."

She shook her head.

"No. Some one want marry wiz me. I doan desire. But sinz he want, my honourable mother-in-law is mos' kind unto me, and I doan starve no more.

Therefore I doan wan no moaney—be convert now.”

“Ah, why do you keep up the pretense then?”

“Pretense?” She could not understand the word, as her English vocabulary was limited to words acquired from the minister’s predecessor, a woman missionary.

“Why do you still pretend to be a Christian? Why do you continue to come here if it is no longer necessary for you to obtain money?”

“Because,” said Azalea, smiling up at him, “I *want* do so. Also, I kinnod stay away. My august feet bringing me back all those times.”

He sighed. Her face with its quickly changing expressions became wistful.

“Excellency, I am glad thad honourable God telling you thad about those moaneys. Perhaps he also tell you that I *want* be convert an’ doan’ want no moaney.”

He wavered toward her a moment, and then turned his eyes from her. He had been beguiled too long.

“Mebbe your God doan desire me?—mebbe,” she said.

He did not answer. To recall him to her she touched his knee. His voice was hoarse.

“Salvation is free to all,” he said, dully.

She laughed almost joyfully.

“I make nudder confession,” she said, eagerly. “Sometimes I ’fraid of your God. The priest tell me he is evil spirit and I getting skeered. Well, wen I come unto your house I know that your God gitting hold of my heart, for it beating so hard, I doan know wha’s matter wis me. I doan know whether I liddar bit skeered of your honourable God, or—or—of *you* augustness. So that other day wen you take my hand this away.” She tried to illustrate, but found him unresponsive. Her voice toiled forlornly. “I so ’fraid of tha’s influence of your God. I run so quick from your house I kinnod see, and then I came to thad temple and prostrate myself before Kwannon and beseech her save me from all those powers of evil spirits. Then I go home, and I know I juss silly, foolish girl. Thad God you tell me ’bout is *not* evil spirit. No—*no!* *You* say

nod, an’ I jus’ foolish, skeered, because, mebbe jus’ because I am thad happy.”

“Happy! Why were you happy?”

He could not resist the expression of her eyes and almost unconsciously allowed her hands to slip back into his.

“Because *you* so kind unto me,” she said, “you touching my hand this way—so warm—so nize! Tha’s why I coon nod speag. Tha’s stop my heart.”

“I love you!” he said, the words escaping his lips almost without his volition. “I cannot help it. That was what I wanted to say to you to-day.”

She clung to his hands. Her lips parted. The colour was wild in her face.

“Oh,” she said, “you *love me!* Tha’s a most beautifulest thought, Excellency. Mebbe also your God love me—jus’ *me*—also?”

He drew her into his arms and held her there a moment. He forgot everything else as he kissed her willing, questioning face and little hands. Then after an interval:

“What does it matter—what does anything matter now?” he said. “I love you. I know that you love me. Your eyes do not lie.”

When he released her, her hands fell limply on his knees.

“No one,” she said, breathlessly, her eyes shining, “aever clasping me like thad.”

He laughed as joyously as he could. With his arm about her, as she knelt before him, he showed her the sheet of paper covered with his writing of her name.

“That,” he said, almost boyishly, “is how the Rev. Richard Varley wrote his sermon to-day—‘Azalea, Azalea, Azalea, Azalea’—nothing but ‘Azalea!’”

“Tha’s me! I am Azalea!” she said. “Oh, thas so nize be your convert.”

He laughed, then sighed.

“You will be that in time, I promise,” he said, “and meanwhile, well, meanwhile, we will be married.”

She looked up at him with frightened eyes.

“Married! You also marry me?” she asked.

“Why, yes, of course. We will make a little trip to a town where there’s another minister, or possibly I can have the ceremony here.”

"Oh! Pray you doan make other converts. *Please* doan."

"Why?"

"Because perhaps you also marry them—yaes?"

He laughed again and kissed the tip of her little pointed chin. There was a bewitching dimple in it, and he had always desired to kiss it.

"When you are my wife, you will, in time, become my helper. You too will make converts."

"You gotter git consent my honourable mother-in-law," she interrupted.

His face fell.

"Also," she said, "I gotter git those marriage garments, and you must buy me lots presents."

"No, I'll marry you in the gown you have on."

"This!" She touched it in dismay. "Why thad would be disgrace upon me."

"Very well, you shall be disgraced then. Now come—we'll go to your step-mother right away. There's no time to be lost."

She hesitated as they reached the door.

"Wait," she said. He paused with the sliding door half open.

"*You* bedder not come also. Let *me* speag to her alone. Tha's bedder. *If* she doan consent, then I skeer her and say I marry wiz Matsuda. She doan wish that. She desire him for Yuri."

"Oh, I see."

"Ah—bah!" (Good-bye!) she said, passing through the opening. He drew her back.

"Is that the way to say 'good-bye?'" he asked, reproachfully.

She was puzzled.

"This is the American way," he said, boyishly, and stooping kissed her.

"Tha's nicer way," she smiled. "I like say American good-a-bye all the time." He laughed and bade her "American good-bye" again. He watched her disappearing down the corridor. Her little steps were soundless. What a light, tiny, butterfly soul was hers, he thought, and how deep, how strong, how resistless the love he bore her!

He heard her voice outside. She was calling to him. He threw apart the shoji of his study and leaped to the ground outside.

"I want say 'American good-a-bye' again," she said, and raised her face upward to be kissed, her hands upon his.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TITLES AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

AN extensive monograph might be written upon the titles of novels, regarded as a serious factor in the popularity of the books themselves. But it would be largely a study of lost opportunities. The average author does not seem to realize that a successful title rests upon the same principles that underlie the whole psychology of advertising; and that when he chooses a name and inscribes it upon the cover of his manuscript he is really penning his first and most far-reaching advertisement. The title is really the author's most direct opportunity to address his prospective reader, his best chance to explain just what his purpose

has been in writing the book. If he has a clearcut central idea, he may embody it in one terse word or phrase, so unique and suggestive that it will refuse to be forgotten. Of course, the cleverest title in the world will not force a worthless book upon the public, any more than the cleverest street-car posters could make us go on indefinitely buying a worthless soap or baking powder. And, on the other hand, if a story has real genius in it, the readers will sooner or later find it out, in spite of a colourless or inane label on the cover. And yet, there is no doubt that a majority of novels are sent forth, handicapped with an inadequate, if not actually a misleading, title.

The best title is like every other advertisement of the best sort; it is not only the one which attracts attention and lingers in the memory, but it is the one which is the most truthful,—the title which most accurately describes the scope of the story. It is surprising how few titles there are which leave you with a feeling that they are not only adequate, but the best possible titles for the particular stories they designate,—titles that fit, not merely the opening chapter, or the second or the third, but every phase and aspect of the story from start to finish; strokes of genius that could not be improved upon. If you run over, in your mind, the whole range of English fiction, from Fielding and Smollett downward, with this thought in mind, you will find a few cases in point, but only a few. Here and there a title will leap into sudden prominence; the mere mention of it will seem to make the whole story unroll, like a panorama, in your brain. But for the most part, the older English writers had a fatal fondness for labeling their books with the names of hero or heroine, *Joseph Andrews*, *Peter Simple*, *Adam Bede*; or still more laconically, *Pamela*, *Belinda*, *Emma*, *Romola*,—and titles of this sort can never carry with them that luminous suggestiveness which the symbolic title conveys; except, indeed, in a few cases like *Don Quixote*, where the name itself has acquired a symbolic meaning that has passed into current use. Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* is a good instance of a title so appropriate and obvious that one feels it must have almost chosen itself. The very mention of it calls up a flood of memories; the statue of the dancing faun, the discovery of the likeness to Donatello, the mystery of the pointed ears, the whole problem of a dual nature, half instinct and half reason, which goes to the very heart of Hawthorne's story.

Oftentimes, however, the best titles are squandered upon unimportant books. A splendid instance is found in a story by James Payn, written fully a quarter of a century ago, and probably not easily accessible to-day. The name of the book is *Halves*. An old uncle, long absent in South America, has at last returned to his family, preceded by rumours of ~~his~~ wealth. It has been for a long time

tacitly understood that if he should win a fortune during his distant wanderings, he will divide it equally with his brother's family; but if he returns penniless, then half of whatever they have is his. The old man, however, comes back craving human sympathy and affection after his long absence. But he quickly discovers that the only interest his return has kindled in his brother, his brother's wife, or his nephew, is the sordid interest inspired by their greed. So he closes his lips, oyster-like, regarding the success of his quest for fortune; and the days and weeks drag by, while the family's suspense steadily augments, and they dare not question him for fear of giving offence and so losing even their chance for a share. Meanwhile, the thought that haunts their sleep at night, the one subject of their private talk by day, is whether the uncle will go halves, according to compact,—whether, indeed, he has any money to go halves with. The very walls of the house seem to echo back this one word, "halves," and the old green parrot, hanging in the dining room, has so caught the prevailing spirit that he can never see the uncle come into the room without croaking out, in sinister tones, "divide, divide!" In the end they become convinced that they are harbouring a penniless beggar, and thereupon deliberately poison him, by peppering all his food with chopped horse-hair; only to learn, at his death, that he has left a colossal fortune, safely tied up so that they cannot touch it. Here was a story which surely did not deserve to be retained in the memory for upward of twenty-five years, and which never would have been retained without its title. But no one, who has read it, can hear the word "halves" without recalling the whole story, and hearing again in memory the old green parrot croaking his ill-omened "divide, divide!"

A clear-cut plot and a clear-cut title usually go together; and in both respects the French are our superiors. Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit* is a bit of crystallised irony, serving as a perpetual reminder of the luckless wretch whose lips were set in an involuntary and endless grin. Some French titles are not only little miracles of clever symbolism, but they have actually enriched the vo-

cabulary of current speech with a new word or phrase. "A woman of thirty" has taken on a new significance since Balzac wrote his *Femme de Trente Ans*; and from the *Demi-Monde* of the younger Dumas to the *Demi-Vierges* of Marcel Prévost, it would be easy to pick out a score of similar, if less striking examples. Among the more recent, one recalls Camille Pert's race-suicide novel, *Les Florifères*, which gave the language a new euphemism for that type of Parisienne who deliberately chooses a life of sterile beauty; and Maurice Barrès's *Les Déracinés*, which passed into current use as a name for the horde of young men from the provinces, who flock annually to Paris, and having uprooted themselves from their native ground, droop and wither in the uncongenial soil of the capital.

In English, titles of this sort are hard to find. *Vanity Fair*, perhaps, has assumed a new and wider significance, since Thackeray borrowed it from Bunyan. *The Scarlet Letter* is a convenient and unmistakable euphemism; and *Innocents Abroad*, as a designation of a certain type of travelled Americans, common enough a generation ago, is one of the permanent additions to our national idioms. But it is one of the distinctions of Rudyard Kipling that he has coined more titles which have added words and phrases to the current speech than any other modern English writer. If we speak casually of "Absent-Minded Beggars," of the "Truce of the Bear," of the "White Man's Burden," of the "Native Born," or of the "Five Nations," the whole Anglo-Saxon world knows precisely what we mean, and the language is just so much richer for these telling phrases, and a good many others like them. But it is interesting to note that the titles which we remember and quote come for the most part from his short stories and poems. Kipling's genius has always inclined towards the short distances in literature. The sustained effort has always been, to him, something of a *tour de force*; and, when at last he did produce a wonderful, complex story of India, he could do no better than take refuge in the old-time device of borrowing the name of his hero for a title, and call it *Kim*.

As already said, the ideal title should fulfill a triple purpose. It should awaken interest; it should linger in the memory; and it should be a truthful and comprehensive expression of the book's significance. As a rule, the modern title does not sin in regard to the first of these requirements. On the contrary, it seems to have caught something of the flamboyant spirit of the poster art. It sacrifices real meaning to the desire to attract attention,—a picturesque sequence of words, a flare of verbal colour. It seizes upon some unimportant aspect of a story, some extraneous and irrelevant episode, and raises it to the dignity of a *Leitmotiv*. There are some titles which lead you to suspect that their choice was left to an outsider, who did not trouble himself to read beyond the opening chapter. The result is some such title as that of Alice Woods Ullman's recent book, *A Gingham Rose*, which seems to have no earthly justification, beyond the unimportant fact that the heroine once went to a fancy-dress ball in the guise of a full-blown rose, made from pink gingham. Here is a case of absolute lack of harmony between title and subject. The one suggests a millinery shop, so far as it suggests anything at all; the other, or at least the one lasting memory that you bring away from it, is a morbid picture of life,—mere remnants of life,—in a consumptive colony somewhere in the alkali deserts of the southwest; and roses, gingham or otherwise, have no place in the picture.

It would be easy to make a list of a score of recent books, the names of which are little better than clever cryptograms. They seem to have been designed solely to pique curiosity and to defy a rational interpretation. But they overreach themselves by excess of cleverness; for the omnivorous novel reader of to-day forgets with a fatal ease the name of the book he read yesterday, unless plot and title are so closely interwoven that he cannot think of the one without recalling the other. A seemingly cryptic title, on the other hand, which becomes clear as soon as the book is read, may deserve to be numbered among the genuine strokes of genius in the nomenclature of fiction. Henry James's titles are often of this sort. But a better example

than *The Wings of the Dove*, or *The Ambassadors*, is Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*. Here was a title which might mean almost anything, until you had read the book. But afterward, it became the one logical, all-sufficient phrase to designate the lack of that particular mental and moral leaven, which makes all the difference between the men and women who are really the right sort, and the Selma Whites of actual life.

Among the novels of the month, there happens to be just one which serves as a capital illustration of a title which fits the first chapter and the last, and all the chapters between, and that, too, in a symbolic as well as a literal sense,—*Love Among the Ruins*, by Warwick Deeping. It is too early yet to speak with much assurance regarding Mr. Deeping's chance of winning a wide popularity. From the professional critic, who regards a new writer with the same impartial interest that an entomologist bestows upon a new species of neuroptera, and hastens to transfix and classify him, Mr. Deeping is likely to receive a degree of attention somewhat beyond his deserts. He belongs to the small school of younger writers who are trying to follow in the footsteps of Maurice Hewlett; and up to the present, he is the only one of them whose success has merited serious attention. His *Uther and Igraine* had much of the delicate tapestry work which was the hall mark of Mr. Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*; and it had, also, that same curious and paradoxical effect of quaint old, mediæval figures, suddenly flushing into the warmth of life and youth and rebellious heartbeats. And yet it is too soon to say just how much of this is the product of true genius, and how much is merely a reflected lustre. In all cases of literary discipleship, the superficial and obvious little mannerisms and tricks of style are the first things which a young writer succeeds in imitating. And, in Mr. Hewlett's case, the idiosyncrasies of word and phrase are so glaringly prominent, so obviously the product of a deliberate and audacious artificiality, that to imitate them is well-nigh as easy as lighting matches,—but, unfortunately for his imitators, Mr. Hewlett's mannerisms are of the safety-match variety; they will give

back a responsive flash only when lighted upon their own particular cover. In a book like *The Queen's Quair*, one feels that the affectations of style have become almost a second nature, an integral part of Mr. Hewlett's mental equipment. In Mr. Deeping's books, one feels that it is still a conscious effort to write as prettily as he can; one is even filled with a vague wonder that he succeeds so well in keeping it up, page after page, without occasionally forgetting himself, and lapsing into everyday English. Take for instance the opening paragraph. You know that it was not written spontaneously, nor in a day or a week. It was weighed and measured and mulled over, in order to get just the right rhythm and cadence. And as a result, it is probably the most obviously artificial paragraph in the entire volume.

The branches of the forest invoked the sky with the supplications of their thousand hands. Black, tumultuous, terrible, the winds billowed under the moon, stifled with the night, silent as a windless sea. Winter, like a pale Semiramis of gigantic mould, stood with her coronet touching the steely sky. A mighty company of stars stared frost-bright from the heavens.

The opening line is more than Hewlett; it is almost pure Maeterlinck. It sounds like a reminiscence of the rain-drops in the *Princesse Maleine*, "tapping with their fingers, their myriads of fingers, upon the window pane." But, taken as a whole, *Love Among the Ruins* is undeniably a well sustained and interesting piece of work. It is a tale of feudal days, when neighbouring barons did not hesitate to settle family feuds by force of arms; when battering rams thundered against castle walls, and the victorious host would finally depart, leaving the vanquished to bury their dead beneath the light of their own blazing towers. It was in the midst of such a scene of ruin, with her inheritance streaming heavenward in "a pennon of vermillion flame," that the daughter of the dead Rual of Cambremont meets the man she is destined to love. It is in the midst of ruins that this love ripens,—ruins of stone and mortar, ruins of hope and faith and honour; and finally, after the man and the girl have been long

separated, and the cruel fortunes of war have robbed her of her glorious beauty, making her a "mockery of her very self," she finds that she has needlessly dreaded the day when she must "lift her scars to the eyes of Love," because her hero returns hopelessly blind, and will never have the pain of seeing how hostile flames have scared her features. And so, even to the end, it is still *Love Among the Ruins*,—the ruins of his lost eye-sight and of her blighted beauty.

The Villa Claudia, by John Ames Mitchell, is a good example of a lost opportunity in the way of a title. It is not misleading, or enigmatic; it is simply colourless. It conveys nothing in advance, beyond a vague inference that the story has an Italian setting; and after you have read it, and your memory begins to grow cold, you are as apt to think of it as the "Villa Augusta," or the "Villa Tiberia," or any other from the entire list of the Twelve Cæsars, as you are to hit upon the right name,—because there is no logical connection between plot and story. And really the story deserved better treatment in the matter of christening, because it is a deliciously whimsical piece of fantasy,—an extravaganza that will at one moment set you to thinking of Mr. Anstey's *Vice-Versa*, and H. G. Wells's *Invisible Man*, and then at the turn of a page will reveal an unexpected touch of sinister irony that suggests a comparison with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. It is a comparatively easy matter to tell a tale of concentrated horror, an out-and-out ghost story, with all the traditional paraphernalia of a deserted house, an adjacent church-yard, and the patter of unseen feet upon the stairs. But to introduce a strain of the supernatural into the broad daylight, and to do it as deftly as Mr. Mitchell has done, with a perfectly grave face, and yet with a sly twinkle lurking, one suspects, in the corner of his eye, is a *tour de force* that deserves a cordial recognition. To sum it up briefly, the *Villa Claudia* is a modern restoration of an ancient ruin at Tivoli, the "many-fountained Tibur" of Horace, and situated upon the very spot where the Roman poet used, centuries ago, to meet with his friends, and sing his songs, and drink the good, red Falernian wine. But there is something uncanny about the

modern *Villa Claudia*. In the parlance of the local guide, whose English is as unique as it is fragmentary, it is a "Ontaïda Ouse, Ouse of Spirite;" and he goes on to explain that its last owner did not die in the ordinary course of nature,—he simply vanished. One day he was, and the next day he was not; and no one knew the cause or manner of his taking off. They knew only that the last night of his life was spent in the chamber where Horace used to hold his feasts, and where a perfume of the old Falernian seems still to linger,—where, indeed, careful search unearths from time to time an amphora with its seal still unbroken, the priceless remnant of a vintage trodden out before the beginning of the Christian era. Strange things happen in this haunted room, and the real art of the story lies in the way in which these things are suggested, rather than directly told. Imagine a wine which through nineteen centuries has been slowly gathering an untold store of human joys; a wine so potent that he who drank but a cupful would live, in the dreams of a single night, through numberless years of mad revelry and measureless delights,—would a man be willing to quaff this cup, if he must barter all his remaining years for this one night of infinite but imaginary joys? This is a question asked and solved in various ways by men of different nationalities, whom the charms of a pretty American girl have drawn together at the villa; and the whole thing is done with so light a touch that you almost lose sight of the more serious purpose that lies beneath. It may be added that Mr. Mitchell is obviously one of those who love the blue sky, and light laughter, and vineclad hills of Italy.

Frances Powell is a comparatively new author, who won quite as much praise as she was entitled to, if not more, by her first story, *The House on the Hudson*. She is frankly a disciple of the Brontë school of fiction; and for a story redolent of sensational mystery, the title was not a bad one, because it suggested a kinship with *The House on the Marsh*, and *The Fall of the House of Usher*. *The By-Ways of Braith* is Frances Powell's new story, and so far as the title goes there is no fault to be

found, because it will linger in the memory quite as long as the merit of the book warrants, if not longer. Old English castles, with mysterious passage-ways and subterranean vaults, are not usually to be found on the banks of the Hudson; but it happened that the first Braithe who came to this country was an eccentric sort of person, who was not happy until he had built an exact duplicate of his ancestral home in England, down to the very last hidden stair-case and sliding panel. This first American Braithe had to his credit at least one magnanimous deed, for he saved, on the field of battle, the life of a poor Frenchman, named Rapelle; and henceforth every generation of Braithe was served by a descendant of this Frenchman, who shared with the head of the house the secret knowledge of the "By-Ways of Braithe." But with each generation the character of the Braithe degenerated, while that of the Rapelles improved; and at the opening of the story, when the last male Braithe dies, leaving a widow and three daughters, there is not a living being who can shed a tear of honest regret. The Rapelle of the present generation, who remains true to his traditional oath of allegiance, although he has amassed a fortune of his own, pays the debts that have almost overwhelmed the house of Braithe, and marries the eldest daughter, apparently as an act of charity,—at least, on her wedding day, she looks into his eyes and reads there nothing softer than "contemptuous pity." The story of a girl, married to the man whom she secretly loves and pretends to hate, while he in turn carefully conceals the fact that he loves her, is an old device, dear to the heart of the Duchess and Mrs. Forrester. But Frances Powell is probably the first to combine such a plot with an atmosphere of mystery and a labyrinth of underground passages that delude you into thinking you are renewing acquaintance with *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, or the Black Forest episode in George Sand's *Consuelo*. *The By-Ways of Braithe* is not without cleverness, but it seems out of place in this age and country. It should have had a setting of mediæval Germany or the Italy of the Borgias.

One thing may be said in favour of using the name of hero or heroine as the title of a novel,—it may lack originality, but it is never inappropriate. In earlier days it was the fashion to choose names that had a special rhythm, most frequently that of the closing foot of a Homeric line,—a dactyl, followed by a spondee, such as *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Midshipman Easy*, *Daniel Deronda*; the list could be expanded almost indefinitely. A whole essay might be written on the metrical cadence of titles, and the part they play in helping the reader's memory. At the present day, however, when the popularity of personal names as titles has abated, there really seems to be no good and sufficient reason for handicapping a good story with such a colourless name as *Nancy Stair*. The author, Elinor Macartney Lane, attracted some attention by her earlier novel, *Mills of God*. Her new book, however, is not only in quite a different vein, but it is a stronger and more careful piece of work, and in places reveals an unexpected dramatic power. The scene is Scotland of a century ago, when Robert Burns, the "plowman from Ayr," was a name on the lips of every Scotchman; and he plays no small part in the story. Yet it would be an injustice to class *Nancy Stair* with the so-called historical novels, for it is really a study of a young woman's character, as developed under a strictly masculine education. Nancy is the only daughter of Lord Stair and his half gypsy wife, who died in giving her birth. Her father and his two closest friends, one of them a crusty old lawyer, undertake the bringing up of this woman child with no definite system in view, beyond the determination "to keep her as far as possible from the influence of the usual unthinking female." The old lawyer, Hugh Pitcairn, at times has his misgivings regarding the wisdom of their method. "You can't make a woman into a man by any method of rearing," he declares, "for there are six thousand years of ancestry to overcome. That's somewhat, and with the female physiology and the Lord himself against you, I'm thinking it wise for you to have your daughter reared like other women." Yet even

Pitcairn changes his mind as the years go by and Nancy develops a remarkable talent for mastering the technicalities of the law, devouring the law books that he lends her, slipping away from home at every opportunity to attend the sessions of the criminal court, and showing a grasp of legal problems and an ability to argue them to a logical conclusion. He is forced to concede that Nancy is an exception to his favourite axiom, that "it is impossible to civilise a woman." But the defect in this thoroughly masculine training is, that when Nancy comes to decide the crucial question in a woman's life she follows her logical little brain, instead of obeying the dictates of her heart. It is not highly moral, she admits, to be in love with three men at once. Yet, instead of giving her heart into the safe-keeping of young Danvers Carmichael, and ending the matter once for all, she hesitates between a sentimental admiration for the poet Burns, and a "treacherous inclination" for the profligate Duke of Berthwicke. Young Danvers Carmichael has a hasty temper, and jealousy finally goads him into publicly threatening the Duke's life. And the next day, when the Duke is found dead with a bullet through his brain and Danvers's pistol beside him, there is strong circumstantial evidence on which to indict the latter for murder. Nancy, however, has not studied law in vain; here at last is a matter on which her logical brain and her impulsive heart may work in harmony; and the way in which she finally secures Danvers's acquittal makes an effective climax to a clever book. If Wilkie Collins had not already preëmpted the title, it might aptly have been called *The Law and the Lady*.

It is a rare delight, now and then, to come across a volume of such whimsical humour and delicate workmanship as *The Romance of Piscator*, by Henry W. Lanier. It is a book which must in-

evitably appeal to all who can appreciate that fine art which knows how to combine reality and idealism in just proportions; but it will appeal most strongly to those who are still in the heyday of romance and of poetry, and who have learned to hearken to "the siren voice of the reel." It is written with the enthusiasm of the true sportsman, and as you read of some fortunate cast on the surface of an inviting pool, of the sudden rush, the sudden gleam of a speckled streak of incarnate lightning, the breathless struggle, the final conquest, you find yourself tingling with contagious excitement. Fishing, however, is only a secondary consideration, as the judicious and unassuming title indicates. Romance is the serious business that commands Piscator's full allegiance. Once upon a time, fishing may have been the be-all and the end-all of life,—but that was before he met the Peri. Since that day, the gentle art of Izaak Walton is simply a makeshift to fill in the empty hours when the Peri is absent, a means of showing superiority over dangerous rivals, a theme of ingratiating conversation with the Peri's father. But the endless patience which is the cardinal virtue of the born angler stands Piscator in great stead. The Peri is wary, she refuses to fall an easy prey. One moment Piscator feels sure of his conquest, the next she has taken alarm and is off, in a mad dash for Maine, for Canada, for Newport or Narragansett, carrying her reluctant father, the "purple-gilled gentleman," triumphantly in tow. It is hard to do justice to a book of this sort in a brief paragraph; it is so full of half lights, of delicate shades of humour and sentiment, of golden gleams of poetry and tenderness. It is an unpretentious little book, done with a rare lightness of touch; and the fiction of the day would be better if we could have more books like it.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



FOUR BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

THE DIARY OF A MUSICIAN.*

ANY one who has seen much of artistic people knows that they often have all the sensations of genius without the least vestige of that quality itself. There is in fact a sort of dumb genius like dumb ague, and a complex inner emotional life full of shakes and fevers and despair and ecstasies without any means of effective communication. We once met a minor poet, whose internal condition we are sure was one of volcanic hullabaloo, but so far as the outward manifestations were concerned they were quite the usual barnyard note. This phenomenon is more common among musicians and players, we surmise, than any other classes of artists. Hence, while the hero of this book is represented as a man of actual achievements and great renown, that is not essential. He typifies a temperament quite apart from the minor details of success or fulfilment. Marie Bashkirtseff, of course, is the most familiar example of this spiritual disproportion. Much of that exquisite egotism, the huge artistic Me and the tiny universe, that glut-tony of the emotions confounding the nerves with the soul and the flesh with Heaven, in short of the whole peculiar Bashkirtseff compound of hysteria, inspiration, vanity, insight and fidgets which goes to make up that delightful but somewhat rickety thing which we call the artistic temperament is reproduced in the character of Herr X. in the *Diary of a Musician*, and satirised very pleasantly.

X. is the son of a Bohemian peasant with a gift for fiddling and a craving to escape his sordid surroundings and go to Prague, to learn the technique of his art. His entries record his self-pity. "It will be eleven hours before I must help feed the swine, and I shall lie awake all the

night, and that will make my flesh as if there were cobwebs everywhere upon me; and before the day the bedclothes will hurt my skin. I must sleep at the back of the bed—which is far better than sleeping between my brother and sister. I hope I shall soon die. * * * Oh God! To have a pillow all my own and to go to Prague: the thoughts are becoming inseparable. Should I ever live to be as old as my father, I swear to Heaven I will have a pillow—one pillow—that is mine." Then he learns that if the pigs fetch a good price he may go to Prague, so he feeds them feverishly. "I hear a symphony in the squeak of the swine. In every pound of fat upon them I behold Paradise." He goes to Prague and has a separate bed. "I have seen the world. My blood is on fire. * * * I seem to have lost my body and only to possess a soul. I write upon air with a dream pen." Success at the Conservatory soon follows. "I have had a beautiful letter from my father. The master has written to him; I do not know what, but my father's satisfaction is evident. He tells me that I am to have new clothing for the concert. I will follow his instruction; these clothes that I have look very well, I fancy, except that I cut a piece of fur from the jacket to pay for a talk through the telephone." Then follow many triumphs, artistic and amatory; all set down with the same air of personal irresponsibility. At first he disliked women. "I would be glad to know," he wrote, "if all the women are square at the tops and bottoms of their heads and across their backs," but later he found Ludmila, who was not square, and the Countess Maria Alexeievna, who was radiant, and Marion, who was "still," and Elise, who was humble and devoted. He is tortured by his inability to love Marion. "Sometimes I think that if she did not put her hand to the pins in her hair, with a trick of gesture that is hers, I should dislike her less."

* Edited by Dolores M. Bacon. Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1904.

August 15, 19—.

"I secreted Marion's shell pin; it was to no purpose. She abstractedly fingers the little tin pins in her hair as if the shell pin were present."

August 16, 19—.

"Marion has purchased a new shell pin. Oh God!"

There is the same petulance in larger matters. He writes of London—

"It is not alone the lack of something to eat, but the place, and the English get upon one's nerves. I wonder what impression music conveys to them when they think that they like it? If I were drowning I should expect to be saved if an Englishman were at hand; but I had rather be permitted to die enthusiastically by my own kind. The English have no folk-songs that I know of. A country without folk-songs is an abandoned country. This country's memories are recorded good and hard, in solid rock or bronze, or in something else as imperishable. There is nothing elastic about their souls or their history,—consequently nothing picturesque. They have crossed all their emotional T's, and have dotted their devotional I's, and an Englishman is a sadly happy man—full to the top with a lugubrious joy—and he likes to unveil monuments despondently."

London, May 29, 19—.

"What is a man to do in this London?"

But this is far more objective than most of X.'s entries. Not only does his character appear in them, but his entire nervous system. The "Diary" does what most actual diaries fail to do—writes down a man in full. It is an entertaining study in naïveté and nerves, art pains and genius-consciousness.

F. M. Colby.

II.

A GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICAN LIFE.

THE last work which Wilhelm von Polenz (deceased December, 1903) gave to his German countrymen was a most sympathetic account of his impressions of American life gathered during a sojourn of six months in this country. Polenz is favourably known in Germany as a novelist. Two of his novels, *Der Pfarrer von Breitendorf* and *Der Büttnerbauer*, entitle him to a high rank among the lesser novelists of his country. Unfortunately, the curse of theorising lay on

him, too—a curse that even prominent poets of modern Germany have not escaped. Polenz began his novelistic career with a theory. The substance of this theory was so natural and sane that the wonder is it should ever have been formulated as a theory. "Heimat-Kunst" as a genre of art which springs from intimate association of the artist with his human and natural environment, we all know and appreciate. Such art may be narrowly provincial, it may be widely human. It may depict provincial life in its isolation, it may also depict provincial life as a microcosm in which all the forces of the social macrocosm are at play. The larger possibilities of "Heimat-Kunst"—which poets of the first order will realise and have realised without much theorising—have in Germany in years past been the fruitless cause of much theorising. The reason for this was not and is not—as one might conclude—the absence of poetic talent of the first order, but the presence of certain conditions in the national life of Germany that produced isolated instead of related types throughout the Empire. "Heimat-Kunst" has, therefore, always suggested a problem to German poets from the early days of the nineteenth century down to the present. Indeed, the very term "Heimat-Kunst" now signifies a theory of art. As such it insists that the artist shall confine himself to forms of experience which are most immediate and intimate, even though he may intend to represent general truths of human life, and that these forms shall be those in the midst of which he has developed his personality. The nation shall mirror itself in the province, the world in the nation. With this theory Polenz entered on his literary career. And it may be said that he closed his literary work by giving us the record of those impressions which he hoped would assist him to put his theory into better practice. For if we mistake not, Polenz visited America and studied American life and landscape, that he might apprehend more distinctly the potential significance of German life and landscape.

Opinions may differ as to the exact influence for good or evil which the theory of "Heimat-Kunst" exerted on the novels of Polenz. There can be no two opinions

regarding the influence it had on his last work, *Das Land der Zukunft* (The Land of the Future). The book was evidently written as a protest against L. M. Goldberger's amateurishly scientific study of economic conditions in the United States, which was published a year ago with the title *Das Land der unbegrenzten Möglichkeiten* (The Land of Unlimited Possibilities). Polenz makes no pretense of scientific observation or scholarship. He observes and studies conditions in this country as a poet might and reproduces an ensemble of these observations and of his personal impressions that deserves wide recognition among the people of whom he writes.

As a historical critic of American development, Polenz is nearly always at fault. One instance of the use to which he puts history may serve as a typical example. From the fact that the South was settled by the "cavaliers" of England, the Northeast by English "commoners," Polenz argues that the South has always been aristocratic, the North democratic. Had he observed the life of our Southern States with as little historical bias and therefore as closely as that of the North and West, he would have arrived at an entirely different conclusion. For wherever Polenz relates personal observations and condenses these into conclusions, he is singularly broad-minded and just. He believes that America has something to teach Germans and would ascertain what. The magnificent scale of our life is fully appreciated, but its drawbacks are not overlooked. Often some phase of American life seems a drawback to Polenz which we regard as a good omen for the future, and as often he has words of approval where we have words only of regret. A few interesting opinions of this kind may serve to show how far we have to deal with a German writer and moreover with a writer who is using his observations as a means of understanding his own countrymen better.

On page 275 ff., Polenz discusses what he terms the mediocrity (*Mittelmass*) of American life. According to Polenz, our great men differ from the great men of Germany in that they are not original. They are not urged on by an inner impulse, by the genius of personal volition. Polenz calls them leaders who are led.

For he thinks they realise only ideas that "are in the air." Compared with the great men of Germany they appear to him dwarfed, since they do not develop out of their own individuality, but only out of the individuality of the nation. Surely if this criticism be true—and we could wish nothing better than that it were—we might indeed be proud of our country and proud of its leaders. We even hold that it had been better for Germany and better for German art if the same criticism had always held true of the great men of that country. Polenz stands upon the Old World ethics, of which Carlyle gave us the best summary and the most philosophical defense in his *Heroes and Hero Worship*. Many of us could find no greater cause for rejoicing than to be able to subscribe to Polenz's accusation that our leaders are virtually representative men as Emerson defined that term.

Or to take another example. On page 266 ff., Polenz speaks with enthusiasm of the popular desire for knowledge which prevails throughout the United States. Every genuine American, he tells us, has one great and noble passion, the passion to progress. The most characteristic expression of this passion he finds in the highly developed *Lerntrieb* of our youth. This desire for learning is, however, not directed toward the acquisition of theoretical knowledge. It strives for control over matter, for ability to do, for power to act and act efficiently. We Americans, if Polenz is to be believed, strain every nerve to acquire culture and refinement because culture and refinement are for us only synonyms for efficient, well-directed power. We have a more wholesome view of culture than the Germans, if not also a more noble view. American culture brings alertness and buoyant cheer. It makes impossible the "dreaminess" and "world weariness" which too often paralyse the energies of the youth of Germany. Here again one cannot help feeling that Polenz has been biased—though favourably biased—by the contrast between things German and things American. At any rate, some of us cannot but fear that the desire for power (*der Wille zur Macht*), which Polenz lauds as the source of our activity, is not an unqualified blessing.

But instances of this kind hardly detract from the value of the book and certainly add to its interest. The tremendous waste in political and economic life, the equally great recuperative power of national moral fibre and national common sense, are well analysed throughout the book in their various manifestations. Polenz regards America as the land of contrasts, but of contrasts that give birth to new ideals, new forms, new agencies for good. Life is here in the making. Processes that the Old World hides beneath the surface lie bare to the naked eye. No country in the world shows a more repellent form of jingoism, no country a more reliable patriotism. In no country are social distinctions more sordid, in no country is the spirit of democratic freedom more effective and sincere. In no country does immorality plume itself so unblushingly, in no country is the populace more truly moral. In no country does the home seem to count for so little, in no country has a higher ideal of family life been realised. In no country are fads more welcome, in no country is the winnowing of the wheat and the chaff more sure to follow. These are a few of the paradoxes of American life that the author of this remarkable book has noted. It may be said that the whole book establishes as the law of progress in America the winning of ever new harmony out of ever new contrasts. Indeed, it is with this law in mind that Polenz chose the title, "The Land of the Future." America is not to his mind the Promised Land, the Mecca of future generations. It is the land in which men live less for the immediate present than they do for the future, the land where all that is has its greatest value because we Americans regard and treat it as the germ of what is to be. We live in the present and act for the future. The progressive German lives in his dreams of the future and by virtue of his idealism seeks to act for the present. If Polenz believes that the Germans may learn something from his account of American ways, it is equally true that Americans may profit by the same account. A touch of American realism can help Germany no more than a touch of German idealism can assist us to better things.

John Firman Coar.

III.

THE DOUBLE GARDEN.*

IN the double garden of Human Wisdom and Human Ignorance, the Belgian mystic searches with peering eyes among the secrets of existence and ponders the mystery of life—that well-nigh hopeless struggle of the feeble reason with unknown nature. To the strange forces that circumscribe our life and destiny he is extremely sensitive; in the commonest of daily experiences he feels them at work. Nature's plan is still unintelligible. Human power and reason are constantly baffled and cruelly defeated by the mystery of the universe. The essential tragedy of man is "the universal and perpetual drama enacted between his feeble will and the enormous unknown force that encompasses him, between the little flame of his mind and soul, that inexplicable phenomenon of nature and vast matter, that other equally inexplicable phenomenon of the same nature." The supreme questions of life, in spite of thousands of years of experience, he still puts to luck and chance as the duel decides right and wrong. Against all this there is one hope held out—the progress of the human reason.

The sixteen essays that make up this volume easily divide themselves into two classes: six or seven are "nature studies"; most of the others deal with the author's conception of the mystery of existence—the will and laws of nature conquering man's finest moral forces—wishes, love, pity, prayer—and the feeble efforts of the human reason to overcome this will and these laws.

The first category includes essays on "Field Flowers;" "Chrysanthemums;" an interesting and valuable appendix to *The Life of the Bee*; a wonderfully subtle study, "Our Friend the Dog;" and another, very sympathetic and masculine, of feminine nature, "The Portrait of a Lady."

In the second class of essays we note the gradual awakening of an optimism that is still feeble and uncertain. An account of the gambling at Monte Carlo,

* *The Double Garden*, by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1904.

and an essay on duelling paint a picture, gloomy indeed, of man at the mercy of the unseen forces of the universe, which condition is a heritage of the theological systems which he in his groping ignorance has from time to time devised. But the grave illness of Edward VII. on the eve of the coronation affords a more hopeful theme. The king recovered to realise his ambition, and herein lay a true victory over the "incomprehensible actions of unseen forces." The princes of science "do not ask if it be God, Destiny, Chance, Justice, that comes to obstruct the road of the victim whom they raise." Human reason won the fight, and although it was but a small triumph over the will of nature which, if undisturbed, would have ended the king's days, it was a decisive one. The hidden idea of the universe (God, Chance, Justice, or whatever we may choose to call it) was baffled. Man lost one illusion and gained a certainty; he has gone a step further towards emerging from the murky cloud raised by his own ignorance.

"The Foretelling of the Future" is a psychological study of great popular interest. M. Maeterlinck undertook to find out all that he could on the subject of fortune telling and its kindred arts. He made his investigations among the astrologers, palmists, clairvoyants, prophetesses, mediums, and such ilk of Paris. The results were not sufficient "to decide whether it be given to man to rend the tissue of illusion that hides the future from him." The best we can do or even hope for is to accept a deterministic view; "already our reason is able to foresee a portion of our future, if not with the material evidence that we dream of, at least with a moral certainty that is often satisfying." There is, however, some interesting light thrown on the subliminal consciousness which appears to be the common property of all whom special circumstances permit to pry into it. The seer who locates a lost object, or recalls a past event in my life has simply the ability which I do not possess to get this information from my inner consciousness, whither my own waking consciousness has once transferred the knowledge or experience.

The author speaks of the consciousness as not being water tight, "it escapes and

does not belong to us." The "Inner or Unconscious Life" may therefore prove to be a purely external one in constant communication with the waking consciousness—a life joined in close unity to every other unconscious one. How it would simplify the problems of the soul if we should discover that it is entirely external to the body—a part of one vast Soul, an entity upon which every living creature leaves its impress; the consciousness, a sort of wireless telephone transferring the results of every act, thought and deed to where they exist, and mould a self correlative to our physical self. We die—the instrument is broken and laid away—the external self continues its existence and we enter into it free from the harrowing limitations of the human intellect, and in the closest of bonds with every other soul. Then, indeed, as M. Maeterlinck expresses it, would this life be an existence in "a spiritual market place in which the majority of those who have business there come and go at will . . . in a very different fashion and much more freely than we would have believed."

A fitting termination to the volume is "The Leaf of Olive," in which the author sums up his own peculiar sense of the world. It is his most mature contribution to this subject; nowhere else in his writings does he seem to have expressed himself so fully and clearly.

In the great religious period from which we are just beginning to emerge, mankind took a dark, pessimistic view of human existence. The great function of religion has been to reduce the virulence and obviate as far as possible the fatal consequences of "the horrible and monstrous morality of nature"—the adaptation of species to the environment, the triumph of the strongest, etc. But the antidotal elements are gradually being eliminated and in proportion as they disappear the purely human antidotes—goodness, pity, the sense of justice—gain in vigour and occupy the place abandoned by the evaporative forces.

Within this space must also be included the grand conception of the unity of nature, which though slowly taking shape is still formless and hazy, but the fact of its homogeneity seems to be assured, and only a flash of light is needed to illu-

minate the night of our intelligence, "a spark issuing from we know not what science will be enough to light it and to give an infallible and exact sense to our immense presentments."

In the moral field there is in the world to-day, as a result of the working of the human reason, a little more sympathy, justice, solidarity and hope, not only in the wishes of men but in their deeds; the sum of goodness is increased and the quality of the general conscience is improved.

Such up to now are the main results of the questioning of destiny and not its blind obedience. If the decay of theology has brought no other boon to mankind, it has enabled it to change its attitude towards the unknown. This is no longer one of fear but of boldness.

And what of the future? There are good reasons for hope. "Let us cherish them. Our predecessors were sustained by slighter reasons when they did the great things that have remained for us the best evidence of the destinies of mankind. They had confidence where they found none but unreasonable reasons for having it. To-day when some of those reasons really spring from reason, it would be wrong to show less courage than did those who derived theirs from the very circumstances whence we derive only our discouragements."

M. Maeterlinck has been fortunate in his translators. To Mr. Sutro and Mr. De Mattos, the work of both of whom appears in this volume, the labour has clearly been one of love, to which in addition they have brought complete sympathy with and understanding of their author.

George H. Casamajor.

IV.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S THE CROSSING.*

AS a constructor of novels, Mr. Winston Churchill augments with each new book his reputation for orderliness, respectability and dignity. He is producing a work of so many pages, containing so many words each, once every two years, and one cannot read that work without

* *The Crossing*. By Winston Churchill. New York, The Macmillan Co.

taking away a very vivid impression of the author's varied virtues. One sees that he is industrious, methodical, painstaking, conscientious—that he possesses a very shrewd sense of the value of data that are properly pigeon-holed, and that through sheer perseverance he has mastered the mechanism of every one of the stock tricks and contrivances of novel building. One realises that when he begins work of a morning his nibs are new and his ink of the proper shade and that consequently he is thoroughly sure of himself, of what he writes, and of the effect it will have upon his readers. By no effort of the imagination can one picture him at his table other than calm, imperturbable, self-possessed. We should no more suspect him of impatience and irritability over the lost word or the phrase that will not come than we should of tearing his hair or rolling over the floor in frenzy. Every page that he writes, whether it treats of the prattle of lovers or the belch and blare of cannon, seems to have been wrought with the same, unchanging, well bred sedateness. In short, when we think of him, the atelier of fiction, over which so many have been ironically sceptical, seems to take tangible form. But no mere atelier would suffice. Let it be a college, a university, with Mr. Winston Churchill as proctor, president, faculty and board of trustees.

The Crossing is a well-planned, well-constructed, well-written novel of six hundred pages—excellent and tiresome. In it Mr. Churchill attempted to express "the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which swept resistless over the Continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself." The book ends with the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon Bonaparte, although, as the author tells in an "Afterword," the original plan had been to bring it down through the stirring period which ended, by a chance, when a steamboat brought supplies to Jackson's army in New Orleans—the beginning of the era of steam commerce on the western waters. That dramatic episode, Mr. Churchill hints, is to be incorporated in a later work. Without it *The Crossing* is rich enough in historic material and personages. It describes the battle between Moultrie and the British fleet in the harbour of Charlestown, the blazing through

the Kentucky wilderness, the expedition of George Rogers Clark and his handful of dauntless followers into Illinois, the beginnings of civilisation along the Ohio and the Mississippi, and the treasonable schemes builded against Washington and the Federal government by the dissatisfied politicians of the frontier. In the course of the narrative the reader is brought face to face with all the historical characters of the land and period—Daniel Boone, Clark, Andrew Jackson, General Wilkinson—some of whom come into the tale naturally and as a matter of course, whereas others are introduced on the flimsiest of pretexts. Mr. Churchill's methods on occasions like these are precisely the methods he used for similar purposes in *Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis*.

There is one portion of *The Crossing*, however, which stands out strikingly as the best piece of work that Mr. Churchill has ever done. That is the first third of the book, which he has called "The Borderland," and which with very good results might be detached from the novel and read as a separate story. In the re-

maining two-thirds the author succeeds only in spoiling certain effects that he attains here. To "The Borderland" belong all the vigorous chapters telling of the heroic struggle of Clark and his men in their battle with the Indians and the wilderness. It is the excellence of this part of the tale that stirs the reader to exasperation over the interminable chapters toward the end. It is the reader's liking for the shrewd, brave little Scotch-American boy who drums new life and purpose into the spirits of the exhausted frontiersmen beating their way through tangled forests and swimming icy waters that arouses in him a certain resentment against the prosy, priggish David Ritchie of later years. It is the shadowy suggestion of the tragedy that is being played out at Temple Bow that makes the later affairs of Mrs. Temple and Harry Riddle disappointing and inartistic. "The Borderland" proves that Mr. Winston Churchill is a very good workman; the other two-thirds of the book prove that he has not yet learned when and where to stop.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.



A CLEVER MAN

THE clever people are forever analysing us ordinary folk, jeering at us or summing us up. We differ from one another in minor points such as teeth or the soul or length of leg, but to the clever people we are all one solid lump which they call variously Mankind, the Present Generation, the Average Man, the Reading Public, or Other People. To the clever people humanity is merely an unpleasant and very stupid mass in which you and I are imbedded. They stand outside and scold it. It is this exclusiveness that marks them so distinctly off from geniuses. There is always something a little common about a genius, which is the reason why such a big and vulgar world can sometimes feel at ease with him. But with the clever people you can never feel at ease. They do not wish you to. In proof of which I would cite Mr. Bernard Shaw, especially in his last book *Man and Superman*,* which in point of sheer cleverness goes further than anything that he has hitherto published. In fact it goes about as far as that hard and shining quality could take anyone. No better concrete instance could be found of cleverness, and there is a large number of clever people who can be safely graded in proportion as they approach the Shaw degree as manifested in this book.

Nothing is more delightful in Mr. Shaw's writings than his profession of a purpose. With most clever people it is impossible to associate any other purpose than the starting of little thrills along the spines of their beholders. But Mr. Shaw for example complains of those who "raise the fool's cry of paradox whenever he takes hold of a stick by the right instead of the wrong end," or who admire his style without giving a thought to his meaning. "No doubt that literary knack of mine which happens to amuse the British public distracts attention from my character; but the character is there none the less, solid as bricks." And though ready to die for principles, which ought to shake society to its centre, he

* *Man and Superman*. Brentano's, New York, 1904.

finds all the "force of his onslaught destroyed by a simple policy of non-resistance."

"In vain do I redouble the violence of the language in which I proclaim my heterodoxies. I rail at the theistic credulity of Voltaire, the amoristic superstition of Shelley, the revival of tribal soothsayings and idolatrous rites which Huxley called Science and mistook for an advance on the Pentateuch, no less than at the welter of ecclesiastical and professional humbug which saves the face of the stupid system of violence and robbery which we call Law and Industry. Even atheists reproach me with infidelity and anarchists with nihilism because I cannot endure their moral tirades. And yet, instead of exclaiming, 'Send this inconceivable Satanist to the stake,' the respectable newspapers pith me by announcing 'another book by this brilliant and thoughtful writer.' And the ordinary citizen, knowing that an author who is well spoken of by a respectable paper must be all right, reads me as he reads Micah, with undisturbed edification from his own point of view. It is narrated that in the eighteen seventies an old lady, a very devout Methodist, moved from Colchester to a house in the neighborhood of the City Road in London, where, mistaking the Hall of Science for a chapel, she sat at the feet of Charles Bradlaugh for many years entranced by his eloquence without questioning his orthodoxy or moulting a feather of her faith. I fear I shall be defrauded of my just martyrdom in the same way."

His purpose in *Man and Superman* is to show that "marriage is the most licentious of human institutions," that "a woman seeking a husband is the most unscrupulous of all beasts of prey," that woman's pursuit of man is as incessant as it is brutal, that the bearing of illegitimate children is in every way desirable, that conventional morality is abominable, that civilisation is founded on man's "cowardice, on his abject tameness which he calls his respectability." The hero of the play defies marriage and thunders against it on every page, but no one in the play can quite think that he means it (just as no one outside the play can quite believe in Mr. Shaw's apostleship) and the woman who pursues, catches him and

marries him. While the eloquence of the book is concentrated mainly on these points there are vigorous little side-thrusts at gentility, private property, medicine, modern science, sanitation, the illusion that the world has improved since the time of the Chaldees, vivisection, the eating of meat, democracy, armies, the national state, patriotism, and civilisation in its present form or in any shape dreamed of by Utopians. Finally there are the Maxims of a Revolutionist:

Do not do unto others as you would they should do unto you.

* * * * *

When a man teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, and gives him a certificate of proficiency, the latter has completed the education of a gentleman.

* * * * *

The vilest abortionist is he who attempts to mould a child's character.

* * * * *

If you strike a child, take care that you strike it in anger. A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven.

* * * * *

Self-denial is not a virtue; it is only the effect of prudence on rascality.

Mr. Shaw tells us that all this proceeds from a sincere desire to improve the world. "My conscience," he says, "is the genuine pulpit article; it annoys me to see people comfortable when they ought to be uncomfortable; and I insist on making them think in order to bring them to conviction of sin." It is the last deception of cleverness, this humbug

about improving people whom you wish only to tickle or stir up. A clever man attacks conventions not because they are wrong, but because they are conventions. A group of fat Philistines eating veal, and Mr. Shaw springs on the table and shouts "Calf murderers!" If they were eating vegetables alone, Mr. Shaw's heart would soon be bleeding for the mashed potato. Shine and be damned, is the involuntary remarks of clever people to their souls. Not that this awful thing ever happens. The clever man's soul is too Protean an affair to be judged seriously and too pretty a trinket to be wastefully consumed in hell-fire.

Which does not imply that clever people do not tell the truth. They always do—a part of it—but they do it in such a way that you say to yourself, What on earth have they done with all the rest of it? They neglect everything else for the piquant sport of rebutting platitudes. They burn with the thirst of little heresies and are never seekers after truth, but only fugitives from commonplace. The fanatic admits no exceptions, because he is not aware of them, but a brilliant writer will not let them in because they would spoil his sentences. This, perhaps, is the reason why we Philistines say on reading Mr. Shaw, What a charming person! and not as he would have us say, Shaw is my shepherd. After all it is better for him as well as for us. If adherents gathered he would change his faith, suspecting himself of platitude. The clever people do not really wish to lead; they only hate to walk abreast with Other People.

F. M. Colby.



WOMAN'S HUMOUR

I.

IS woman's humour so very different from man's? For, in spite of all masculine verdict to the contrary, woman knows that she is a humourist in her own right. "She has a little humour, whereas most women have none," writes Charles Reade, in a lately published letter on George Eliot. Yet we need no further proof of the humorous woman than Jane Austen, more perfect comedian than any writer of English prose, man or woman. Her prose, her good-natured, clear-seeing, kindly-amused detachment have no equal on the temperamental side among all the humourists of English fiction. George Eliot is not so sure an argument, perhaps; and if humour is not only the gift of seeing other people as they fail to see themselves, but the still more amiable faculty of seeing ourselves as others see us—Charlotte Brontë can scarce be numbered among the elect. We can easily imagine how Miss Brontë did not console herself for that awful evening when Thackeray ran away from the very dinner-party that he had given in her honour, and left the lioness, who was responsible for all the gloom of the occasion, conversing in whispers with the governess on the sofa. Of course we know how Thackeray would probably have appreciated the laugh on himself in a similar case. But I am afraid that when the author of *Jane Eyre* went home from the party with her headache, she consoled herself with some rather severe reflections on the emptiness of so-called "society" and her disappointment in the great Thackeray himself as a man. But why make so much of poor Charlotte Brontë? True, she was a woman, but then Shelley was a man. And there is nothing recorded of woman's lack of humour to equal the unabashed seriousness of his proposal to Harriet to join him and Mary on their honeymoon tour.

When we pass from English to American letters, our women-writers have been, almost without exception, humourists. Even Harriet Beecher Stowe who was a reformer and so, according to all precedent, should have been conspicuously

lacking in a sense of humour—was highly amused by the objects of her philanthropic enthusiasm. The negroes of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are not only epical figures, the victims of oppression, and all that (can we not imagine how Victor Hugo would have drawn them?); but Dinahs and Topsy—droll, incorrigible beings that they really are. Then there is—to quote living authors—Mary Wilkins, with perhaps the most dramatic gift of humour that we have at present in our literature. There is scarcely one of those situations on which her short stories turn which is not conceived as deeply in humour as in tragedy. This is the true creative gift, where humour is not merely the smile on the surface, but part of the vision of the mind. Why mention Sarah Orne Jewett or even the author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*? All are humourists, writers of a feminine keenness of perception but with the saving sanity that humour implies.

II.

Perhaps men have suffered so much from women's lack of humour that they have given up hoping for the humorous woman altogether. I can imagine times when a woman seems to them like some embodiment of the Stern Daughter of the Voice of Gods without the strict impartiality and acquaintance with life which make that lady's mandate respected. No doubt at such times they wish that she would not take her ideals—man being included among them—so seriously. For while a man rarely finds a woman too sentimental in her admiration of himself and his achievements, he frequently finds her too sentimental in her disapprobation of him. But I have a suspicion that men are really indulging a secret vanity of their own towards woman, when they maintain their humorous superiority to her. Perhaps they do not want to meet the humorous woman after all. Who knows? True humour has usually something of intellectual character in it, and the intellectual woman is an acquired taste with man. He does not care to feel the critic in her relation to him, and

how separate the critic from the humourous woman? At any rate the larger part—who have men for their authors—are wondrously innocent of humour. Take Thackeray's humourous women—they are of the really moving heroines of fiction, not certainly the women whom he loves; but Becky Sharp, or Beatrix Esmond in her old age, when she has outlived the love of men for their comradeship. I should say that the humour of Thackeray's women is a worldly quality in them which the better man resents. It is the same with Hawthorne—although Hawthorne is nearly as modern as Mr. Meredith himself in his plea for the equality of the sexes. Zenobia's humour is touched with cynicism and worldly wisdom and is exercised for the discomfiture of man; and it is Priscilla, the dupe of Hollingsworth's egotism and the sport of Zenobia's quick art, whom all the men fall in love with at last. Then there are Browning's heroines, and Hardy's heroines, and such of Mr. Howell's heroines as have really turned the head of their author (and these are all men modern in their kind)—but the ladies of their heart have no disconcerting humour to spoil the romance, or possibly the author's own sense of humourous superiority to them.

Shall we go on to say that when a man has admitted humour in a woman, it is a sort of confession of her intellectual comradeship with him? I believe that is what Mr. Meredith makes it; and surely humour lurks in the beautiful self-poised intelligence of many of his heroines, although it is often a gift which we assume from the character, rather than receive through the unquestionable evidence of the heroine's conversation. It is the middle-aged ladies after all, and not the young ladies, who talk well in Meredith. Shakespeare is certainly a great exception in that long list of authors who have naught but a paternal sentiment for the ladies of their affection. He has allowed his women more of his hidden intellectual personality, perhaps, than any author that ever lived; and Rosalind, who is yet shaped to stir the deepest passion of men, is the very genius of the play which is the soul of humour—Shakespeare's humour, that subtle, double-vision of life which haunts the imaginative.

III.

But woman is sometimes not so much the humourous comrade of men as a humourist in her own right, with a feminine wisdom of life in which man himself can hardly share; and perhaps no one has done more justice to this fact than the author of *Margaret Ogilvy*. Undoubtedly the sort of woman that Mr. Barrie loves best is not made in the image of man intellectually or otherwise; but this, Mr. Barrie would have us know, is her delicious advantage over man himself. True, there is much in woman that is food for the humour of man. "Aince a woman sets her mind on something to wear, she's mair onreasonable than the stupidest man. Ay, it micht mak them humble to see how foolish they are syne. No, but it doesna do't." Jess's vanity about clothes and the innocent arts of the most artless of women; Mrs. March's nerves, or the inconsequence of any one of Mr. Hardy's or Mr. Howell's heroines are such as to move all masculine persons to pat these charming heroines on the head—out of sheer love for their absurdity. But women, too, have their little laugh at the extraordinary childishness of men. "She is not interested in what Mr. Gladstone has to say," writes Mr. Barrie of his mother; "indeed, she could never be brought to look upon politics as of serious concern for grown folk (a class in which she scarcely included man), and she gratefully gave up reading leaders the day I ceased to write them. But like want of reasonableness, a love for having the last word, want of humour and the like, politics were in her opinion a mannish attribute to be tolerated and Gladstone was the name of the something which makes all our sex such queer characters. She had a profound faith in him as an aid to conversation, and if there were silent men in the company, would give him to them to talk about precisely as she divided a cake among children." "He is much more like a spoiled baby than other men," writes Mrs. Carlyle of her illustrious husband. "I tried him alone for a few days when I was afraid of falling seriously ill unless I had a change of air. . . . But the letter that came from him every morning was like the letter of a Babe in

the Wood, who would be found buried with dead leaves by the robins if I didn't look to it."

So, if man looks at woman paternally, she in her turn looks at him maternally; and was there ever woman who did not secretly exult in his helplessness? How much sly humour must support the wives of men of genius, from Jane Carlyle to the Countess Tolstoy, for the great airs, intellectual and otherwise, which their husbands give themselves! No doubt the Countess Tolstoy is very tolerant of the Count's prophetic pretensions—in which he feels so much her superior—when by a little womanish management, she contrives to let him indulge them with perfect safety to himself. And men? Perhaps they do not always mind the maternal playfulness which is the form of humour that love takes. The best of them like to be children now and then at night.

IV.

The sense of woman as a born idealist (and, after all, man would have the woman an idealist) interferes, perhaps, with our sense of woman as a humourist. Yet what serves the ideal better than humour? When we read Jane Carlyle's clever but caustic comment on her contemporaries, we are tempted to wish for a woman with duller perceptions for the follies of her kind; a little sentimental kindness then seems a very precious thing in woman. But humour is not all of one sort. Man's pessimism and his romantic disappointments in life are often served by his humour, as Swift and Heine and Hardy—in fact all the savage satirists, and sentimental cynics and sad skeptics of the world go to prove. But though I have known women in life with something of man's talent for irony, the ironical woman, it seems to me, is not so much the creature of her sex as the humorous woman of another description.

One recalls Rosalind again, and the way that almost every utterance of hers is in that vein of irony which runs through the play, and gives us Jacques, and foreshadows the bitter jesting of Hamlet. Yet, though Rosalind's quick wit beholds all the incongruities of love—

nature's sport with mortals—and applies the humour of the spectacle to her own malady of love, one never feels that her heart is touched by her own skepticism. Perhaps she can afford to laugh at the romantic absurdity of Orlando because his very extravagance is food for her heart; and to burlesque man's ideal of woman's fickleness, knowing in her soul what woman's constancy may be. She walks through the play, gaily uttering the sentiments of the most cynical dwellers in Arden, but in fact so ruling their destinies that she refutes them all. If Rosalind's faith in Orlando had been betrayed, do not suppose that she would have gone on jesting like Jacques or Hamlet. She might have sat "like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief"; but the smile would sooner or later have died away in heart-break.

It seems to me that woman's humour serves her faith better than her unbelief. It is a delicate way she has of facing the tragic facts of the world when otherwise she would be brutalized or broken by them. Often humour is the reaction of a sensitive spirit from its pain. It is man's feint of indifference for what is inevitable. But there is a woman's humour which refuses to accept the inevitable; we may find it in some of our own women writers who are humourists, and yet at the same time so very much idealists. Humour seems to me one expression of their tenderness; of their patience with life; their expectation that the tragedy is not so very tragic after all, their settled conviction that all the sin of the world is only a kind of childishness that can best be condoned smilingly. There are women who have the biting gift for satire—Jane Carlyle had it, but she was an unhappy woman. George Eliot had it at times; and there are sharp-tongued and clever-witted women always with us. But I suppose we should say that the humour which has in it most of the spiritual secret of sex is not theirs. It is to be found rather in the pages of Mrs. Gaskell, in the stories of our own New England writers, and in the company of brave and motherly women the world over.

Edith Baker Brown.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

William Hickling Prescott. By Rollo Ogden. American Men of Letters Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

When Mr. Sidney Lee was in this country last year, he remarked to the present writer that Prescott still remains among the American authors who are most read and admired in England. Indeed, it is but a very short time since a very elaborate edition of his complete works was published in this country with new introductions and annotations. There can be no doubt that his popularity in the United States is no less great and no less enduring; and therefore the appearance of this new biography will doubtless be welcomed everywhere.

Mr. Ogden remarks in his preface that he has not attempted to supplant the standard *Life* by Prescott's old friend Ticknor which first appeared just forty years ago, but rather to supplement it. He is able to do this because he has had access to material which was either unknown to Ticknor or was cast aside by him as not comporting with his rather old-fashioned views of the dignity of formal memoir-writing. The value of this material lies in the fact that it gives us a somewhat better understanding of Prescott's *vie intime*, of his playfulness and native humour, and lets us see him as he appeared to his familiar friends. Abundant extracts from his letters and journals are given, all of them interesting, though none of them of much significance: for, after all, they do not materially alter the concep-

tion of Prescott which we derive from Ticknor, to whom Mr. Ogden is obviously more indebted than he seems willing to admit. "His work has been drawn upon occasionally," says the preface; but this scarcely gives the true measure of Mr. Ogden's obligation. There is nothing of the least importance in this book which can not be found more fully given by Ticknor.

It is a disappointment to find that there is nothing new in the nature of a critical estimate of Prescott's literary work, of his style and his final phase as an historian. The time has come for such an estimate, and Mr. Ogden's special knowledge of Spanish literature and of Mexico in particular would have given value to whatever he might have seen fit to write upon this theme. But he consciously shies away from such an undertaking, and seems to think that it would be either superfluous or impertinent. Such will not be the opinion of many of his readers who would like to know just how the most scientific of recent historians regard the work of Prescott—whether as romantic history, or historical romance, or as embodying results of lasting value apart from its purely literary charm. But Mr. Ogden puts us off with a brief quotation from Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, and then goes on with his somewhat scrappy excerpts from diaries and letters. As the book stands, therefore, it is a convenient summary of Ticknor, enlivened and modernized by a skilful writer. *Harry Thurston Peck.*

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

New York.

Appleton and Company:

The Book of School and College Sports.
By Ralph Henry Barbour.

A compilation which is very much better edited than are most compilations. Mr. Barbour is exceptionally well qualified for the task and in Mr. Ralph D. Paine, who contributes the chapters on American foot-ball, he has an associate who is second to none in writing brilliantly and entertainingly of undergraduate sport.

A Story of the Red Cross. By Clara Barton.

Miss Barton, who was the founder of the American National Red Cross, and

who has been its president since 1881, tells in a simple and direct manner of the field work of the society through the many calamities which have befallen the American people. A photograph of Miss Barton, taken in St. Petersburg, July, 1902, used as a frontispiece, shows the decorations conferred upon her by the Czar and the Empress Dowager.

As a Chinaman Saw Us.

These letters were written by an educated Chinaman who spent some years in America to a friend in China. In a preface to the letters, Mr. Henry Pearson Gratton says: "In the unbosoming of this cultivated 'heathen' we see our fads and foibles held up as strange gods, and must confess some of them to be grotesque when seen in this yellow light."

Appleton:

My Li'l' Angelo. By Anna Yeaman Condict.

A delightful story of a little boy whose Italian father is dead and whose French mother, dying by the wayside, leaves her child in the home of a hard-hearted country woman. This woman's regeneration comes through the loving pranks of the child, and mother-love for him and for her own two children is born within her.

North America. By Israel C. Russell.

A condensed and readable account of the principal facts concerning the North American continent.

The Mother of Pauline. By L. Parry Truscott.

The author of this English novel, whose name is a new one in this country, has chosen an interesting theme, and one in which a master of psychological analysis would revel. It is the sort of plot that cannot be touched upon in a few words. The book will, however, be reviewed in a forthcoming number of **THE BOOKMAN**. It is published in England under the title "Motherhood."

Buckles and Company:

Brakespeare, or The Romance of a Free Lance. By George A. Lawrence.

A novel which was published in London about 1868. The publishers in a prefatory note remark upon the similarity of plot and incident between this book and several recent works of fiction. They have, therefore, thought it well to bestow honour where it is due by bringing Brakespeare out in its original form.

Crecy. By Edith Lawrence.

A story in the form of letters written in Revolutionary days. Lucretia Culpeper, "Crecy," is a Princeton maiden, and her letters are written to Peace Darrach, of Trenton, who lived in a Quaker homestead and answered "Crecy's" confidences quite regularly. These letters are supposed to have been found by the author.

Case (Nelson):

Constitutional History of the United States. By Nelson Case.

A medium-sized volume in which the author gives the essential historical facts which he considers necessary to gain a clear and comprehensive view of our national constitution as it exists at the present time.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Confession of a Club Woman. By Agnes Surbridge.

These confessions reveal the story of a girl who marries a Chicago grocer and begins life in a city tenement. Her husband rises in the financial world, and she grows socially ambitious. Club-life is the result and with it the struggle between club interests and domesticity. The book is dedicated to "That product of modern conditions wherein are commingled all the virtues and some of the faults of her sex—the average club woman."

Editor Publishing Company:

In the End. Being the Romance of Two Worlds. By Frederick Rogers, D.C.L.

A small book in which the author attempts to write a romance of this world and the next. One reviewer has gone so far as to say that Mr. Rogers's "conception is one that will meet with the approval of realists and rationalists, as well as of idealists."

Federal Book Company:

Katherine's Sheaves. By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.

Mrs. Sheldon is one of those who have come under the influence of Christian Science, and in her novel one may find the heroine an enthusiastic believer in and follower of Mary Baker Eddy.

Grafton Press:

Wings and No Eyes. By Philip Crutcher.

"A comedy of love," in which an erratic novelist and a book agent play the principal parts.

Harper Brothers:

The Adventures of Buffalo Bill. By Colonel W. F. Cody.

"Buffalo Bill," the small boy's hero, here writes of his actual adventures on the plains and fighting with real Indians. There are four chapters devoted to his "adventures," and six to his "life." This is an excellent way to advertise the Wild West Show.

The Givers. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

Short stories of New England life.

The Poems of a Child. By Julia Cooley.

The poems in this little book were written by Julia Cooley, between the ages of six and ten. Richard Le Gallienne, who has written the introduction, discovered this tiny poet in the summer of 1901 while he was visiting some friends in Connecticut. He describes her as "a simple,

happy child, as childlike as child can be, even more so than little girls of eight are apt to be in America."

Holt and Company:

The Diary of a Musician. Edited by Dolores M. Bacon.

These confessions are supposed to be written by a genius, whose irresponsibility and artistic temperament may account for the eccentric entries one runs across at a casual glance. Reviewed elsewhere.

America, Asia, and the Pacific. By Wolf von Schierbrand, Ph.D.

A book written with especial reference to the Russo-Japanese War and its results, and which contains a number of maps. It is the author's contention that the Pacific during the present century will become what the Atlantic was during the eighteenth and nineteenth, and the Mediterranean during the twenty-five preceding centuries.

Daphne and Her Lad. By M. J. Lagen and Cally Ryland.

A volume of letters which pass between two newspaper writers, and which unfold a love story that has something of the tragic about it. The publishers say these letters were not originally intended for publication.

Dante and the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. By Oscar Kuhns.

Professor Kuhns has for years been collecting the material for this work, part of which appeared some time ago in *Modern Language Notes*. He is Professor of Romance Languages in Wesleyan University, and author of *The German and Swiss Settlements of Pennsylvania*.

The Web of Indian Life. By the Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), of Ramakrishna-Vive-Kananda.

Miss Noble has for many years been a part of Hindu life in the city of Calcutta, and she writes sympathetically and understandingly of the Eastern woman. She also treats of the Caste system, "the synthesis of Indian thought."

Lane:

Land and Sea Pieces. By Arthur E. J. Legge.
Poems.

Leonard Scott Publication Company:

Pennsylvania: A Primer. By Barr Ferree.

A history and handbook of the State of Pennsylvania, which aims to present in a concise form the essential facts in that

State's history, colonial and provincial. It is profusely illustrated and contains a frontispiece of William Penn.

Life Publishing Company:

In Merry Measure. By Tom Masson.

A little volume of society verse uniform with *Rhymes and Roundelays* and *Taken from Life*. The illustrations are by Life's special artists, Charles Dana Gibson and Allan Gilbert.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Lychgate Hall. By M. E. Francis.

A romance by the English author Mrs. Francis Blundell. The story appeared serially in the weekly edition of the London "Times."

Macmillan Company:

The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton's romance of Alexander Hamilton and his time is here presented between paper covers, and belongs to the series of cheap editions of popular novels which the Macmillans are publishing at twenty-five cents each.

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill.

Another contribution to the series mentioned above.

Love Among the Ruins. By Warwick Deeping.

A romance of mediæval chivalry in England, by the author of "Uther and Igraine," who is being compared to Maurice Hewlett. A review appears elsewhere in the present number.

The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century. By Herbert L. Osgood, Ph.D. Volumes I. and II.

This work, by a professor of history in Columbia University, has a double purpose. It is intended to give an outline of the early development of English colonization on its political and administrative side; at the same time it is a study of the origin of English-American political institutions. The two volumes herewith deal with the American side of the subject, while the third volume, not yet published, will discuss the British side of the problem.

Richard Gresham. By Robert M. Lovett.

A story of the New England conscience. Mr. Lovett, like Mr. Robert Herrick and James Weber Linn, belongs to the faculty of the University of Chicago.

Whistler as I Knew Him. By Mortimer Menpes.

Probably the most important work yet published on Whistler. The present vol-

ume is a massive one, and elaborately illustrated with reproductions of Whistler's work. Some of the chapter headings are: "Whistler the Exaggerated," "Whistler the Painter," "Whistler the Etcher," "Whistler and the Royal Society of British Authors," "Whistler on His Travels." The book is also mentioned under "Chronicle and Comment."

The Woman Errant.

Persons who enjoyed "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" and "The People of the Whirlpool" will wish to read their successor, which is written in much the same vein. The scene is laid in the country home of Barbara and Evans. The author has something to say on the subject of the woman domestic in connection with the woman errant.

Selected Sermons of Jonathan Edwards.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by H. Norman Gardiner.

Besides the lengthy introduction by Professor Gardiner, there are seven sermons in this little volume, and a frontispiece portrait of the great preacher.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

David. A Tragedy. By Cale Young Rice.

A dramatic poem in four acts, brought out in an especially numbered edition. The author is the husband of the creator of "Mrs. Wiggs."

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

D'Mars' Affinity. By J. M. Bloomer.

After having been a farmer, a mechanic, a labour advocate, a lawyer, and an editor, Mr. Bloomer decided to become an author, and this "romance of love's final test in time and tide" is the result. The novel belongs to the sensational order. Of the illustrations, the less said the better.

Putnam's Sons:

The Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions, or The Development of Constitutional Government. By Sidney C. Tapp, Ph.B.

A book which traces the rise of local government and constitutional law. While the author has gone deeply into the subject, he has not made his work too technical for the general reader.

A Mediæval Princess. Being a True Record of the Changing Fortunes Which Brought Divers Titles to Jacqueline, Countess of Holland, together with an Account of Her Conflict with Philip, Duke of Burgundy (1401-1436). By Ruth Putnam.

"Only a very audacious romancer would dare to make his heroine pass through more varied fortunes than those actually experienced by Jacqueline," says Miss Putnam in a preface to her book, which she speaks of as footnotes of history. It is interesting to see the contemporary of Jeanne D'Arc receive some attention, as the princess has been somewhat neglected by posterity.

The English People. A Study of their Political Psychology. By Émile Boutmy. Translated from the French by E. English.

Mr. John Edward Courtenay Bodley, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, has written quite a lengthy introduction to M. Boutmy's work. "While this volume deals with British institutions in their relation with British character and British life," says Mr. Bodley, "every page shows it to be the work of an alien hand."

The Trail of Lewis and Clark. 1804-1904. By Olin D. Wheeler. Two volumes.

The author, a member of the Minnesota Historical Society, writes the story of the exploration across the Continent in 1804-06, and describes the changes found a century later. The volumes are profusely illustrated.

A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States. In the Years 1853-1854. By Frederick Law Olmsted. Two volumes.

In 1853 Mr. Olmsted made this journey through the Seaboard Slave States, and published an account of it in the New York "Daily Times," under the signature of "Yeoman." Since that time the author has made a second and more extended visit to the South, and these volumes are the result. Professor William P. Trent has written an introduction, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., a biographical sketch of the author.

Revell Company:

Ballads of Valor and Victory. Being Stories in Song from the Annals of America. By Clinton Scollard and Wallace Rice.

In this collaboration may be found about fifty poems, most of them with a patriotic flavour. Among others, there are a number of ballads on the incidents of the war with Spain. The authors are both well known.

Scribner's Sons:

The Illustrators of Montmartre. By Franklin Emanuel.

The third in the Langham Series of Art Monographs, edited by Selwyn Brinton, M.A. The illustrators of Montmartre mentioned in this little imported volume are: "Steinlen, Caran D'Ache, Lautrec, Balluriau, Vallotton, Morin, Huard, Wely, Malteste, Forain, and Leandre.

Sir John Vanbrugh. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by A. E. H. Swain.

An imported volume in the Mermaid Series. Besides the introductory and biographical matter, the book contains the four plays of Sir John Vanbrugh, which were admired during the whole course of the eighteenth century. These are "The Relapse," "The Provok'd Wife," "The Confederate," and "A Journey to London."

The Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby.

An imported volume in the Caxton Series of illustrated reprints of famous classics, printed on Japanese vellum.

Man and Woman. By Havelock Ellis.

An enlarged and revised edition of a book which first appeared in London in 1894. In the preface to that edition the author says: "To the best of my ability I have here presented an anthropological and psychological study of those secondary sexual differences which recent investigation has shown to exist among civilised human races." The book is one of a series on Contemporary Science, edited by Mr. Ellis.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Real New York. By Rupert Hughes.

Mr. Hughes has written his book in a light vein, and the artist, Mr. Mayer, has illustrated the text with drawings of the various types familiar to real New Yorkers. The book is adapted for summer reading.

Street and Smith:

The Show Girl and Her Friends. By Roy L. McCardell.

Another volume of stage stories by the author of "Conversation of a Chorus Girl." The book is full of Rialto types and Rialto slang, and is written for the sole purpose of amusement.

Wessels Company:

New England in Letters. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

An illustrated volume by the author of "Rambles in Colonial Byways." Mr. Wilson has visited all the noteworthy

literary landmarks of New England, and the reader may travel with him through Longfellow's country, Whittier Land, Hawthorne's Salem, Cambridge, Boston, the Berkshires and Connecticut.

Boston.

Ginn and Company:

Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. By Mrs. A. S. Hardy.

A book for very little girls, appropriate for this season of the year.

Page and Company:

The Watchers of the Trails. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

In his preface to this book of animal life which is in a way a sequel to "The Kindred of the Wild," Mr. Roberts says that these stories are avowedly fiction, and that they are at the same time true, "in that the material of which they are moulded consists of facts." Mr. Roberts spent most of his boyhood on the fringes of the forest, as he expresses it, and the "earliest enthusiasms which he can recollect are connected with some of the furred or feathered kindred." The volume contains many illustrations by Mr. Charles Livingston Bull, and it is dedicated to Ernest Thompson Seton.

The Sign of Triumph. By Shepard Stevens.

A romance of the Children's Crusade, in the thirteenth century. This is a period neglected by the novelist seeking historical background. Therefore, Mrs. Stevens has the field to herself at the present time. In this tale the author has followed the fate of the French children in their march to the sea.

The Bright Face of Danger. By Robert Neilson Stephens.

An historical romance by the author of "An Enemy to the King," which relates the further adventures of Henri de Launay, son of the Sieur de la Tournoire. Among the best selling books for June we erroneously credited Mr. Stephens's story to another publishing house, instead of to Messrs. L. C. Page and Company.

Azalim. By Mark Ashton.

Jezebel, Queen of Israel, is the chief character in Mr. Ashton's romance of old Judea. Contrasted with her are the prophet Elijah and the shepherd Azalim. Like this author's earlier work, "She Stands Alone," the entire story is founded on Biblical history.

The Second Mrs. Jim. By Stephen Conrad.

Mrs. Jim is a good-natured, quaintly humorous step-mother, having married a prosperous farmer with two boys. She tells her own story in her own kind of dialect, and probably owes her being to the success of "Mrs. Wiggs."

Hemming, the Adventurer. By Theodore Roberts.

The first book of Mr. Roberts, who, by the way, is a brother of the author of "The Kindred of the Wild." The scenes are laid in London, South America, the West Indies, and in New York, and the plot is a sufficiently interesting one to keep the reader's thoughts from wandering.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States, 1787-1904. An Historical Review. By Edward Bicknell.

A very small book which gives briefly the story of the acquisition of territory by which the states along the Atlantic coast have grown into the United States of America. This is the third edition, revised and enlarged.

Brooklyn.

Brooklyn Eagle:

Being Done Good. By Edward B. Lent.

This rather clumsy title stands for comments on the advance made by medical science during the past five thousand years in the treatment of rheumatism. In a note prefacing the book, Mr. Charles M. Skinner expresses the opinion that Mr. Lent's chapter on homeopathy is one of the most searching since Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Currents and Counter Currents."

Cambridge.

Riverside Press:

Book-Lovers, Bibliomaniacs, and Book Clubs. By Henry H. Harper.

A privately printed book which the author kindly sends us with his compliments. He has long mingled with publishers, booksellers, bibliophiles, collectors, and bibliomaniacs, and what he has to say on the subjects indicated in the title should prove of valuable assistance.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

Uncle Bob and Aunt Becky's Strange Adventures at the World's Great Exposition. By Herschel Williams.

The story of this rural couple's trip from Skowhegan to the goal of their am-

bition reads something like a comic opera. They leave home in an ox-cart and return in an automobile, and their experiences in the meantime are conducive to mirth and laughter.

McClurg and Company:

A Selection from the World's Great Orations. Chosen and Edited with a Series of Introductions by Sherwin Cody.

In this volume, illustrative of the history of oratory and the art of public speaking, the editor has chosen orations by Demosthenes, Cicero, Savonarola, Bossuet, Mirabeau, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Grattan, Webster, Beecher, and Gladstone. Other volumes in the same series are "A Selection from the World's Greatest Short Stories," and "The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe."

Stone and Company:

Painters Since Leonardo. By James William Pattison.

A history of painting from the Renaissance to the present time, handsomely illustrated. In the making of this history, Mr. Pattison has made almost no classification, but he has allowed the great men "to stand on their own feet," while he has not neglected to keep in view the relationship of one man's art to his fellow's, or the relationship of schools. Mr. Pattison's photograph is reproduced under "Chronicle and Comment."

Cleveland.

Clark Company:

The Philippine Islands 1493-1898. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylor Bourne.

Volume XIV. covers the period from 1605 to 1609. See preceding numbers of **THE BOOKMAN** for further notice of this work.

Early Western Travels. 1748-1846. Edited with notes, introductions, index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites.

Volume III. in the series of annotated reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary works of travel.

Cincinnati.

Phonographic Institute Company:

The Phonographic Amanuensis. By Jerome B. Howard.

A small volume which presents the Pitman system of phonography. It is especially adapted to the uses of business

and other schools devoted to the training of shorthand amanuenses.

Hamilton, New York.

Ewart (Frank C.):

Notes on Rostand's "L'Aiglon" with Introduction. By Frank C. Ewart.

A pamphlet containing notes which make possible a better appreciation of Rostand's play.

London.

Stock (Elliot):

Books Condemned to be Burnt. By James Anson Farrer.

An imported volume of unique interest. The following chapter-headings will give an idea as to the scope of the book: The Sixteenth Century Book-Fires, Book-Fires Under James I., Charles the First's Book-Fires, Book-Fires of the Rebellion, Book-Fires of the Restoration, Book-Fires of the Revolution, and the last chapter on Our Last Book-Fires tells of the abolition of this custom in the eighteenth century.

Louisville, Ky.

Sheltman and Company:

Under the Sun, or, The Passing of the Incas. By Charles W. Buck.

A story of Old Peru by a former United States Minister to that country. The book first appeared about two years ago.

Philadelphia.

Johnson and Company:

The Life of John Marshall. By Henry Flanders.

Mr. Flander's "Life of Marshall" was originally issued in his "Lives and Times of the Chief Justices of the United States," but it has been deemed expedient to make a separate book of it. Mr. Flanders is a member of the Philadelphia Bar.

Constitution of the United States. By Henry Flanders.

A brief treatise which in its present revised and enlarged form is in its fifth edition. It has been adopted for use in the United States Military Academy at West Point as well as in the schools for officers in the United States Army.

Lippincott Company:

Saul and the Rise of the Hebrew Monarchy. By the Reverend Robert Sinker, D.D.

The Age of Daniel and the Exile. By the Rev. A. Mitchell Hunter, M.A.

Two new volumes imported in the Temple Series of Bible characters and Scripture hand-books.

Moore (Charles Leonard):

The Red Branch Crests. By Charles Leonard Moore.

Three dramatic poems, entitled Déirdre, Mève, and Cuchulain.

Teignmouth, Devonshire.

Speight and Walpole:

The Golden Trade, or, A Discovery of the River Gambia, and the Golden Trade of the Æthiopians. By Richard Jobson. 1623. Now reprinted for the first time; edited by Charles G. Kingsley. With woodcut ornamentations based on West African designs by R. Morton Nance.

An imported volume, the first of the Mary Kingsley Travel Books. The edition is limited to three hundred numbered copies.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order to demand as sold between June and July, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Lure of Gold. Millard. (Clode.) \$1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00 net.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. A Little Union Scout. Harris. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.25.
3. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Susannah and One Other. Albanesi. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Transgression of Andrew Vane. Carryl. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Anna the Adventuress. Oppenheim. (Little-Brown.) \$1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Anna the Adventuress. Oppenheim. (Little-Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Adventures of Elizabeth. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant. Shaw. (Stone.) \$2.50.
5. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. Guide to the Birds of N. E. Hoffmann. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50 net.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00 net.
5. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Rebecca of Sunnysbrook Farm. Wiggins. (Houghton.) \$1.25.

Chicago, Ill.

1. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano's.) \$1.25 net.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Quintessence of Ibsenism. Shaw. (Brentano's.) \$1.00.
4. Romance. Conrad & Heupper. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Double Garden. Maeterlinck. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.40 net.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00 net.
3. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Dallas, Texas.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. A Texas Matchmaker. Adams. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Heart of My Heart. Meredith. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Ouray Jim. Stickney. (Ledger Pub. Co.) 75c.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Grafters. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) \$1.50.
5. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Little Union Scout. Harris. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.25.

4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Pamela Congreve. Matthews. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
3. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.

New Haven, Conn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. A Daughter of Dab. Taylor. (Century.) \$1.50.
3. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Bright Face of Danger. Stephans. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.19.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.19.
3. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.19.
4. Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Pub. Co.) \$1.19.
5. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.19.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.19.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Uncle Mac's Neb. Leighton. (Holt.) \$1.25.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Robert Cavalier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Givers. Freeman. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Kin O'Ktaadin Day. (Small-Maynard.) \$1.00 net.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00 net.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Romance. Conrad. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.25.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Adventures of Elizabeth. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Double-day-Page.) \$1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) 25c.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Dorothea. Maartens. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Faith of Men. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.50.

Toronto, Canada.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Copp-Clark.) \$1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (Morang.) \$1.25.
5. Brave Hearts. Fraser. (Morang.) \$1.25.
6. The Imperialist. Cotes. (Copp-Clark.) \$1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Appleton. \$1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Seiners. Connolly. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Watchers of the Trail. Roberts. (Page.) \$2.00.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10	
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 308
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50 105
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50 78
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50 62
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) \$1.50 49
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) \$1.50 44



Vol. XIX

AUGUST, 1904

No. 6

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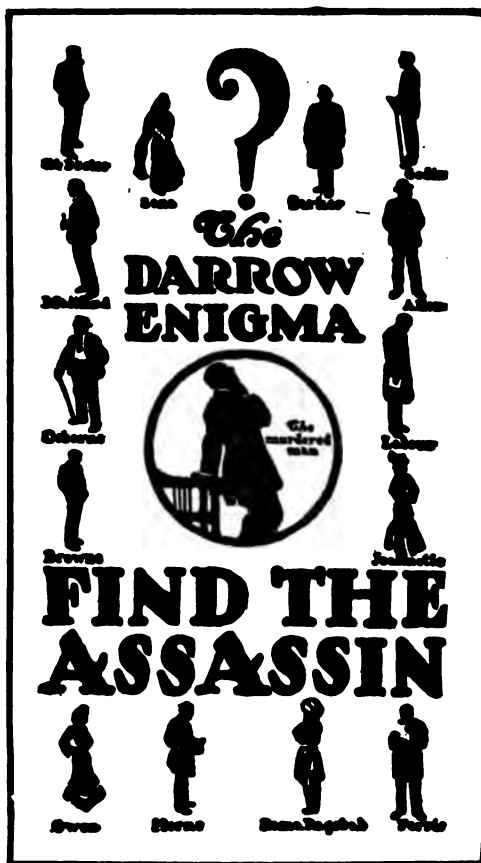
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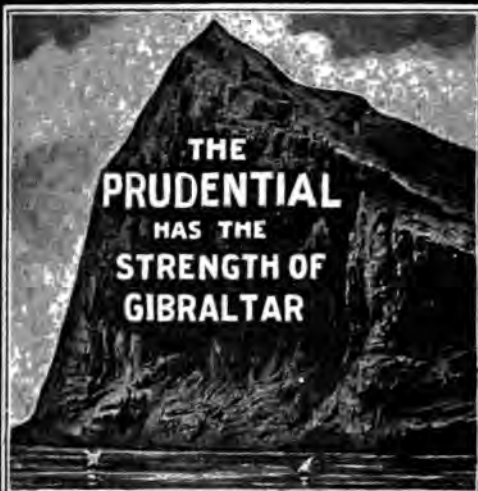
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